

Days of Green
Collected Works 2012 – 2017
VOLUME I

A: DeviantArt

a: AyeAye12

nullus: Pre-Storage

i: Scraps

I: Poems

II: Prose

i: “Two”

III: Journals

VOLUME II

b: palladium-smoothie

c: sea-ebony

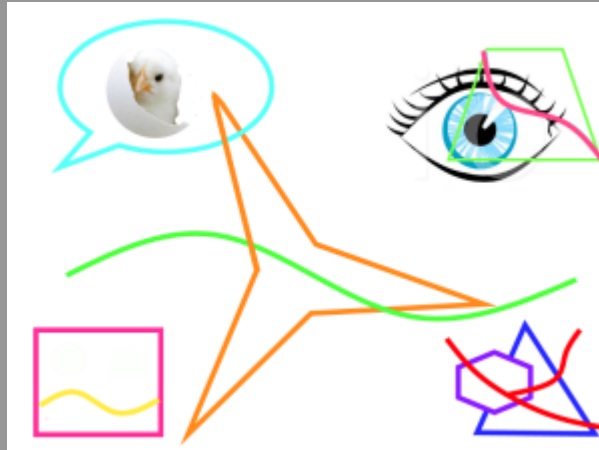
B: Fanfiction

I: The Infinite Archipelago Series

II: Miscellanea

C: Priori Progeny (original)

A-b



palladium-smoothie

&?

Artist | Professional | Literature

North Korea

www.jodi.org/

Interests

Favorite visual artist

the eye lies, like I and

Favorite movies

as do their eyes lie, leaving us no I

Favorite TV shows

so let the Is turn to silver lies,

Favorite bands / musical artists

for only the drone in nihia is this shy,

Favorite books

shyer than ink and paperd dye,

Favorite writers

may nietzsche and trungpa hold me high

Favorite games

through this simulation of no highs,

Favorite gaming platform

and stand on a pedestal of marble pi

Tools of the Trade

made by the cranianimal to wield sighs

Other Interests

into such poe-pie.

sow this is how

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jan 20, 2014, 10:51:40 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

this star goes supernovae.

wellcome to the green.

muse;eck of the milleniatte; soundcloud.com/musicofmankind/...;

-

deat to all h's

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jan 22, 2014, 10:02:42 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

purity is not as divine as muddled propriety.

so no more proper pronounceashions.

-

this crescent moon

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jan 25, 2014, 12:29:32 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

smiles sadly at too little.

music of the milleniate; redvenicerecords.bandcamp.com/...

-

not dead,

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Feb 10, 2014, 11:47:10 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

just starving.

music of the milleniate; www.youtube.com/watch?v=XApZxx...

-

goodbye ghostinafog

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Feb 16, 2014, 7:44:22 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** -^-

- **Reading:** -^~
- **Watching:** -^~
- **Playing:** -^~
- **Eating:** -^~
- **Drinking:** -^~

a great androgynous god, lost

to the depths of where-is-s/he-now?

the best of post-e-mortem luck

in future endeavors,

[ghostinafog](#)

-

t!me logged out

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Mar 27, 2014, 9:34:34 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** -^~
- **Reading:** -^~
- **Watching:** -^~
- **Playing:** -^~
- **Eating:** -^~
- **Drinking:** -^~

entering yttriumAge of my creative processential limits;
zenethia has been good to me.

museck of the milleniate; (related to my brainSpew of the moment)

-

guguguguugugug

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Apr 13, 2014, 1:38:17 PM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** -^~
- **Reading:** -^~
- **Watching:** -^~
- **Playing:** -^~
- **Eating:** -^~
- **Drinking:** -^~

[GlitchLit](#)

sturdy group negativeWi progressReluctance

join; will be friendCrouton for my cranialSoup

{katanaBait otherwise}

[laughing]

-

2xcrossed by friends via dawkinish sword electroni

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jun 12, 2014, 8:58:36 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** -^-
- **Reading:** -^-
- **Watching:** -^-
- **Playing:** -^-
- **Eating:** -^-
- **Drinking:** -^-

journalTenta called tags {sociologicalGlu, level -2847437 of weakness}

whatEternal tho

unreal dude!!! factas

!: i am in zenethia

": nuTruth is only

£: this is nuTruth

\$; that was nuTruth

%; all facts are madeup

?fest

1. You have inherited an Eastern European nation. Which waltz do you do in hearing this news?

dedDance as europe is ded via andrygoBomb {yr ££\$%\$£\$}

2. In the prospect of overwhelming discourse born from the Gh'thalgian Depths, what volume will your voicebox be?

allAll

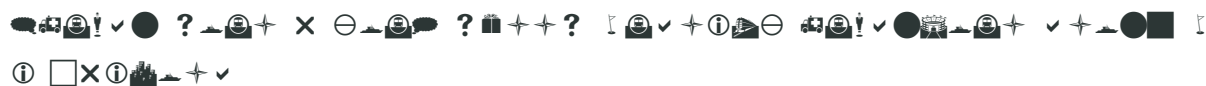
3. $x(x^x)/36547568939$

When it has the property of a real function, what is its domain?

[&&&'&&&'&&& MARKS]



4. What do you think of tags?



• auvir; preprimordial collage uni course o smatterings before i was concreted by
aphydia
:bulletbalck: zenethia; when theWoman/aphydia arrived, dawn of spam poetry, when
the truth became a lie
• aphydia; when reconstructing Here, moving to Rechhervan, discovering nuTruth,
converting to pizza pantheist theory

remember, allAll was murdered in 2009

-

AYEAYE MORE LIKE LIELIE

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jun 19, 2014, 9:23:05 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Listening to:** ??/?///?/?/?/?/?/?//
- **Reading:** ??/?///?/?/?/?/?/?//
- **Watching:** ??/?///?/?/?/?/?/?//
- **Playing:** ??/?///?/?/?/?/?/?//
- **Eating:** ??/?///?/?/?/?/?/?//
- **Drinking:** ??/?///?/?/?/?/?/?//

drfkjghe such lie

i am pie

he is die

cri cri cri

~~~~~  
~~~~~

F]oghghrt

gtjktpnktpkld[j;d

fvjruihlsh

gjhwasjwikgtbjgx

yehgoksw

bh]shyphbsa

hbspyhriygi4ouw

s

wyjkdegyp3ejba

aghpeth4pjuswobt6piew

bds

baj

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1.

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1

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4

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5

—

BIEN{been} YEAR ON dAdAistLand

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jan 24, 2015, 1:14:58 PM
- Journals / Personal

- **Listening to:** gnhugnhugnhugnhyu
- **Reading:** gnhugnhugnhugnhyu
- **Watching:** gnhugnhugnhugnhyu
- **Playing:** gnhugnhugnhugnhyu
- **Eating:** gnhugnhugnhugnhyu
- **Drinking:** gnhugnhugnhugnhyu

happi dAbirthdaih
2me

nu voy{age} begins

—

i'm doing Flash Fiction Month!!

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jul 1, 2015, 12:29:29 PM
- Journals / Personal

- [illegible]

whether or not i'll stick to the group of sorts we will have to see

but i am going to try and add to the alt lit canon with 31 flash fiction pieces, on gertrude and corndog mayor, their friends and the misadventures they will get up to

first one is here: [link]

i hope you enjoy!!

—

AyeAye12 took over my FFM entry today

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jul 4, 2015, 1:35:21 PM
- Journals / Personal

- [illegible]

and i took over battling cthulu

his piece is here;

[Screen and Satellite]

1

i have finished flash fic month

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jul 31, 2015, 10:46:31 AM
- [Journals](#) / [Personal](#)

- **Playing:** gg
you can read all my entries here: [palladium-smoothie.deviantart....](http://palladium-smoothie.deviantart.com)

many thanks to

DEADMEAT15

NamelessShe

WindySilver

OnLinedPaper

vigour-mortis (how did i forget you i'm so so sorry)

for sticking with me. i really appreciate it.

also sorry if i forgot a supporter. not intentional

what now? not sure. we'll see if i revert back to abstract poetry, or go somewhere different.

—

oftly

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jan 20, 2014, 11:19:48 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Free Verse](#)

oftly&oflty

does this crow fly,

(is it nawt nought to drink in the nougat?)

i think it is time to die.

sekund.

*o lucidity,
may you call it serenity,
but fur me it is
futility.*

why the poe-pie?

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jan 20, 2014, 11:25:27 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Free Verse](#)

the eye lies, like I and
as do their eyes lie, leaving us no I
so let the Is turn to silver lies,
for only the drone in nihia is this shy,
shyer than ink and paperd dye,
may nietzsche and trungpa hold me high
through this simulation of no highs,
and stand on a pedestal of marble pi
made by the cranianimal to wield sighs
into such poe-pie.

thurrd.

*why the poe-pie?
cos it is i.*

corepodia

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jan 24, 2014, 1:22:59 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Free Verse](#)

a frayed anti-pod
wet in the mucus of
its apocalypsa
{a teathed cave-whale
rip&rip&rip[ing]
green-red fructose
persistent anticyclonic
storms}
lies dead
as the taste bud's
femmeFatale,
^ in its green-juiceBlood
now vanquished into
black&black&black
&{finally}acid;
death by peristalsis.

forethe.

apple cores;

*so deliciously fatalistic.
{Mr Anderson => Adam}*

!scape

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Feb 10, 2014, 11:52:53 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Romantic](#) / [Post-Teen \(Mature\)](#) / [Free Verse](#)

transversing the plains
of parisian ex-pleasure,
gone into the desperation
of agh,
moan now mmhmwhy.

*no longer is this
bubbling of lipBite*

*sufficient
in lighting the abyss.*

 **DailyLitRecognition** Jun 17, 2014

Your wonderful literary work has been chosen to be featured by DLR (Daily Literature Recognitions) in a news article that can be found [here](#). Be sure to check out the other artists featured and show your support by ing the News Article.

Keep writing and keep creating.

[Reply](#)

 **palladium-smoothie** Jun 18, 2014 Professional Writer

filled wi thanks;
only gratitude is to
cut my soul into
riverSoul and portray
to you

[Reply](#)

Featured by: [chromeantennae](#)



!scape by [palladium-smoothie](#)

This is a unique piece. [palladium-smoothie](#) really uses a unique choice of words and sounds in this short, succinct read.

the roots that built a city, Wune

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Feb 12, 2014, 9:59:23 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Narrative](#) / [Free Verse](#)

$\&\& / 8\% \times 9^{(.9)}$

*mathematical poetry
in its most orthodoxy.*

*how it is solved
decides the fate.*

the roots that built a city, Tuu

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Feb 13, 2014, 11:00:18 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Emotional](#) / [Free Verse](#)

$f(\text{equilibrium}) = 1(\text{insult}) / 3(\text{compliment})$

$\Rightarrow f(\text{equilibrium}) = \wedge(\text{.content})$

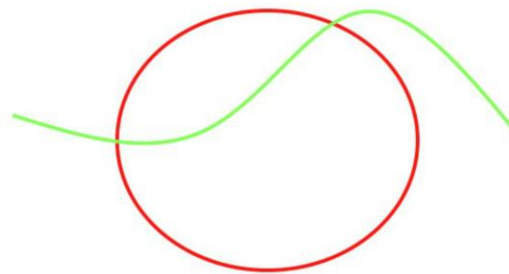
$\Rightarrow f(\text{equilibrium}) = \text{content that will last until the next thought.}$

purely mathematical.

*such perverse tragedy from
algebraic, no?*

ZENETHIA

Z ε ν ε τ η ι α



1

in liquid-detergent mountains i awoke to the smell of dreamPyp / it was delicious, like the woman who shimmered in moonSunMaybeLight welding such a heliotrope flame via blueberry lips puckering / skin scrutinizing into puce undertones of NoBloodIsThere / my hand reaches and her skin laughs and oscillates out of Here / and now my world is hers and Here is There / beds and rooms and greyMundaneNight kills itself along with YawnYawn and my sanity as i crush myself under the diamond clock hands of dream / "not an illusion, fyi" the dreamPypeer allowed permission to be said and the amber sky complies / "zenethia, zenethia, it is There and Here is dead. say your funeral rites now" / There pupates from its metaShell to become a new kaleidoscopic sepia functionary / crying out Past instead of moaning it / and suddenly Grass!{laundry sheet quilt fields}Sky!{blueToBlackberry clouds and honey plop blinding non-reality}It!{Here is dead}

11

at the funeral / i was pleased by skeletons / then set out on wings wi a film of flameFlung into the not-here abyss / "get used to choking on apricot soap skies" says woman / she is now being eaten by the cocoonSlug called dress made of prespacial meta / and the cuffteeth eat her lavaspun rings called earrings / although they were more multiverses in magmaSauce / cooking away the oscillating jungle trees / so i fall until

the wings start beating the logicgears to death / and a bathe in the clockBlood in ecstasy / before brushing up the delicious trunks waiting for me to eat the allAll / a postbox with helicopterArms arrives near me / "come to the marbleAmpitheatre to define your idisyncracia" it said with its red squareness / and in squarewaves i replied / it gasped&gasped&died / killing off
 477777777777777726747487388389399928747748383929287 streetMail / and lilTimbo's hedonismFactory{micro} made by GabraXorp exploded as per the postDeath / and the insuranceHoods shuddered at such a contradiction / {death in zenethia?! negativePossible!} / i wondered why my response of asking what the Marble was was such a invite for unwanted postDeath / grim reaper didn't like to evolve into even zenethia perhaps / that woman came back laughing / she slurped my skin away and my organs fell / maroonWaterfall slept itself into me again / skin got new patch; margarineDiamond / and there the postDeathCouncil & insuranceHoods & helicopterArmed postboxes & lilTimbo & GabraXorp & the woman, grumping their thighs into crossed positions / for my trial.

111

court case courtesies with my delicacies / until they gnauugh to create a baby / nuTruth devised from falselings&arbitarita enclosed int he scaffolding of untold lies wi 29549% truth / outside to lick the marble i did / tasted of salt from autumnLeafSea / lick&lick&lick / theWoman laughed as her roots branched into my hair / strands2soil / brainJuice rots into funga kingdom / lilTimbo spits wi his lilthinkFactory battery acid / flying postboxes deliver spam poetry /as i dig further into my subconsciousSoil i consume thse antiwords / eat like those postDeath eating me / my figures go into The Solipsist {=algoIndustry} and hedonismFactory wires me up into spiderlegWork / brain juice drunk by the 1.0 yr old sons of insuranceHoods gaawgaffing over in the newly grown tree in my subconsciousSoil / i fallFly wi wings of cri

15

into the abbatoirAbyss / smell of metabeings&antithings&leibnizBlood / messengerWereWhales mew their epiphanyCatastrophe / "allAll ded, killed by the cheesy beans!" / i cry my altruismFluid until the tears morph into the nihia that becomes / becomes the nopespace {abscene and notime and just synthetica} / GabriaXorp survive wi their %ports slurping all surviing asteroids / i watch this icantturnawaySpectacle / until oHNO / theWoman falls, kises, then dissipates into the brokenKrakenStars / glacialGalaxia everywhere / i just clutch the remaining neonostalgic testaments / build up the blocks of nuTruh wi the help of poetologists / *logistics en aurt* / we discover the glory of metaWingdings, and &&&&&& years later a substitute to the nopespace is produced / in grace we all fall closer to the entomologicalEpilogue

5

dreamPyp v2 / regained me back into Here / &concioResserrection / the liquidDetergent a ocean now / everyPlasma gathered in the name of the abstractPantheon / i nodKgghlaugh their offering of nuTtruth / i nurtered the all**CHICKLING** until ready to Turtle into everyEvery / nod&write&i am given ?!title / poet laureate of metaverse &&&& - ££££ / theWoman's skin sweltedMelted --> temporalSweat / she is currents of my life now / i pack my things and set off for Rechervann /.

heaven ascension.

a series?y
an epic?prhaps
traditional?n

continuation.

thiurd

one one bit left to understand how
ehund.

agh why are you eating the cheese you came here to

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Mar 8, 2014, 10:40:33 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Human Nature](#) / [Free Verse](#)

Damnit
diversity.

*"agh why are you eating the cheese you came here to eat the sausage it is on the plate ready
for you and you come in here and decide you are against that kind of cuisine i do not
understand you make your mind up do you want a ladyHusband or a husbandLady because
these plates will not wash themselves." = full title*

[yikes sorry – 22/9/19]

@__i

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Mar 14, 2014, 1:31:33 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Free Verse](#)

@__i
@__i

look at me, a snail a snail slitherslotherslobber down the street, out of my
ceramicFibbonaci and down the green swordSway.

@__i
@__i

-

snails.

a liquid concrete poem.

email theories at palladiumsmoothie@gmail.com

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Mar 19, 2014, 10:08:07 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Horror](#) / [Free Verse](#)

IIGHT liGHT IIGHT

and now dARK

to the squ!sh of

pink seas

melted wi bloodSteam

and then no more chainKatana

so a sunset polaroid

in stone cold post apocylpatica

{YEAR} later and funga kingdom

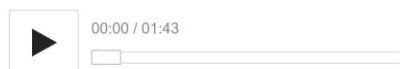
over ivyChains made of rot

by viscera-turn-factory produce.

inspired by [anti-character.bandcamp.com/tr...](#)

WANTED: An Explanation as to Why, on Monday, Paul and I Saw A Car With a Bumper Sticker on it That Said, "FAST AND FURIOUS IS TREASON." Fate? Maybe. Email Us at antichactermusic@gmail.com and Tell us What That Means.

from [Breakfast](#) by [Anti-Character](#)



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on the topic of car crashes I am given two lives
in one the glass is half full etcetera
(that made me hate milk)

the second, I am given two other hands
(full of ifs, ands, buts, etcetera)

god damn, use the epidermis as an airbag
and when the seatbelt cuts off all the circulation I'll pray you were real
even when this conversation was me. complete



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supported by

doNot become roots, will be tedious {unless worm}

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Apr 4, 2014, 7:15:25 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Horror](#) / [Free Verse](#)

bloodoing sprint: beat{2 left} beat{1 left} blub beat{0!}
begggghhh BUP beep BUP blood beep beeeep blood beep blood
dropDEAD down now to THEsOUND
dead BUP bleed BUP bleed
cartillageBOLDkitTy nonono{!}

deadAHHdeadAHHdeadAHHdeadAHHdeadAHHHdeadAHHH

deadydeadydeadywhiteyblank nonsesne

dead

dead

dead

d e a d

d e a d

d e a d

d e a d

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d i g s

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d

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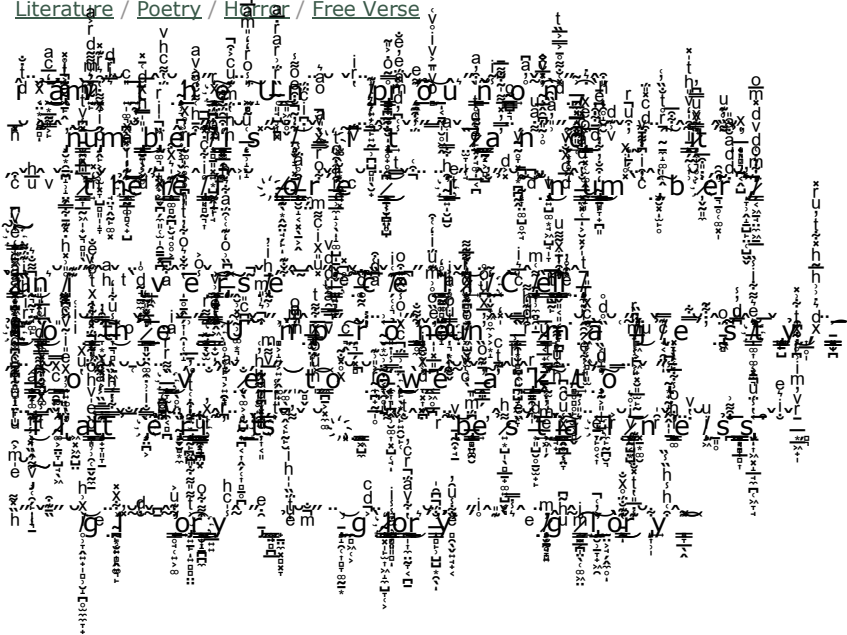
mortality raised after hearing painfulMasterpiece of www.youtube.com/watch?v=2AIJuR...

nApOwRIaLWAYS day &

{liquidConcrete}

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S04lqEmQhKs>

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Apr 7, 2014, 3:19:23 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Humor](#) / [Free Verse](#)



*i am the Unpronoun,
number is it and i it
therefore i number,*

*universe cellCell
to the Unpronoun majesty,
love too weak to
flatter its bestialness*

glory glory glory

froth&froth&froth

[NON EXISTENT POETRY COLLECTION 50% OFF ON LULU.COM](#)

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Apr 13, 2014, 6:56:07 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Sociopolitical](#) / [Free Verse](#)

dragon wi scales
of vomitGreen paper;
cascading into pus
with plastic happyHappy

so it makes copperRobot
to inject into
Mr Franklin face

so we can all be
plastic happyHappy

vomit&vomit&vomitGreen

{materialism materializes away the soul, soul -> shell wi foolsEmerald dust inside}

money ded

too classic for me.

on absurdism

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Apr 15, 2014, 8:39:34 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Prose](#) / [Fiction](#) / [Philosophy & Perspectives](#) / [Flash Fiction & Vignettes](#)

CH 1: dubitandum

BEETLE: shell is not night or shot via starlight... instead is
cavemanCopper brown{?!}

CH 2: ad pondus omnium

BEETLE: perhaps wings antiexist too. just wet parchment of vibratingLies.

CH 3: lux lucet

BEETLE: [screaming]

CH 4: ex infra

BEETLE: yes satan i have no need for angelInsurance, please cook me now.

SATAN: dobro se u moj plin i jedu sami

Beetle thrashes in flames while munching its tears

-end-

suprachiasmatic nuclei sighs

SUPRACHIASMATIC NUCLEI: back to the start yes

CH 1: dubitandum

BEETLE: shell is not night or shot via starlight... instead is
cavemanCopper brown{?!}

CH B: tithi later

BEETLE: oh well.

cynicism x existentialism -> OTP

love = infinity, love = nullus

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Apr 25, 2014, 9:16:13 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Romantic](#) / [General](#) / [Free Verse](#)

stone \propto you{heart}

⌘; petrichor{moudly} left from you.

\ni i wish to cry.

\therefore phaneron \cong voidingSad.

nothingBeyond is \mathbb{P} .

aphidia left.

*i will leave for city of Burlowski, Rechhervan {east-noth-west-south mainland europe.
surrounded by sea}*

Burlowski, Rechhervan

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), May 6, 2014, 3:07:52 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Narrative](#) / [Free Verse](#)

blueSnailShell tall.
streets filled wi sea,
postcommunist trash
bobbing in architecture
like politicFlotsam.
market cries like foghorns
of murderedFossil tankers.

the sky grey as army greatcoat.

drizzle falls as blueAsh from anti-capitalism cannonfire called 60s.

*came to coastal city of Burlowski, in landlocked north-west-east-south European nation of
Rechhervan.*

*beginnings born today,
but left out in cold.*

buncha proze {jottabird's flying too fast}

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), May 13, 2014, 1:05:37 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Free Verse](#)

AGHAGAHGSGAHAGHAAGHAGAHAGH so many
statics in their static cubicles goded by irrationalStats called obstacles so many weights
like ocdAngels well sorta gods more like demons well actually nevermind gotta down the
next distractionpill
life is singing a drunk rock tune, brbcore and g2gpunk, splibbing down the ???bornStress
yeah this is an inconvenince^distracting peach oblivion; ears bumbulumbeld to death by
next day's OHNOBRAINDONTWAKE symphony,
procrastinationTechno&migrainestep&dededTooMuch
so scr

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\--O}o}O--/
/ ^ ^ \
{intermission spider
eating usEggs wi its
fangs showing our brains
thatsNiceLetsHourMore}

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O
O
O
o
o
O
O
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O


olldown
again^<---

deadlines?!delete the tabsowhwait locked in by internetDeiteia

inspired by this; [psychicmold.bandcamp.com/album...](https://psychicmold.bandcamp.com/album/black-dog-black-dog)

Black Dog, Black Dog

by [Psychic Mold](#)


Coconut 00:37 / 01:24

⏮⏭

Digital Album
Streaming + Download
Includes unlimited streaming via the free Bandcamp app, plus high-quality download in MP3, FLAC and more.

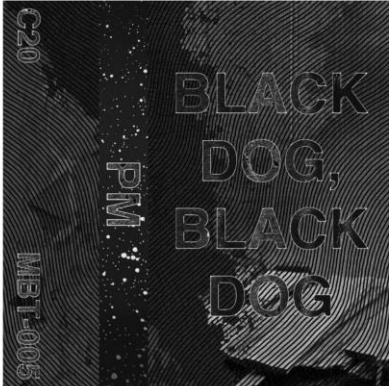
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Full Digital Discography

13 releases


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Kansas City, Missouri


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the sociopolitical effects of asparagus

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), May 18, 2014, 4:13:24 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Prose](#) / [Non-Fiction](#) / [Academic Essays](#)

asparagus has caused many of the world's most recent postfascit revolutions. in fact, if not for asparagus, oxygen abolitionists would not have such a great surface area on the politicosphere ($V=4/3\pi r^3$).

firstly, from a purely philoeconomic perspective, asparagus are a main ingredient in the fermentation of rabbit juice metaverse-wide. therefore, asparagus are a primary concern for the council of emphysema {as rabbit juice is known to bring death to all the flatberry crops grown by the indigenous peoples of Inkery}.

asparagus brings upon many contradictions to our glorious and unquestionable pizza pantheist theory, too. pizza pantheist theory, obviously, goes like this {in Von Gliemer form, as any other is detrimental to nuTruth};

as such, asparagus occupies CincoDimensio; its presence destabilizes the garlicMeteorite and so crashes into our galaxyhubs. asparagus' form is expressed {sadly} in reality by the essence of Yghiuium's Law;

[illegible][illegible]

SPREAD THE WORD NOW OR FACE THE DEATH OF PIZZA PANTHEIST THEORY!!

an essay.

had beer wi one such oxygen abolitionist in the The Rearhead Tavern recently, during &&th meeting wi Antiantitraditionalists. shocking.

the nuTruth theories, without Von Gliemer textology, for the unenlightened:

PIZZA PANTHEIST THEORY:

*tomato = 93939e9{wheatEXTRACTED to v = 4/3rahdius^3, en DosDimensio}
!olive {-42848398d5} + cheese {optimumio, tier nullus} 33992392i0
therefore, universal stringency = 0{parallela} barr en TresDimensio. therefore, by the
converse of MeMoShikII{iv}, god is pizza, pizza is dimensionless&contingent with
realityOurs {284875.3929828327 x 384882920932.45695%}*

YGHUIIUM'S LAW {great drinking partner Yghiuium is, good ol Ertonian beef}:

*golgiApparatus = 99999999^9999&ahh
cuticlecreation; INSERT{"asparagus"}
cuticlecreation =/= corrupta
therefore, "asparagus" exists.*

s{angha}anta

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jun 5, 2014, 8:45:40 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Sociopolitical](#) / [Free Verse](#)

anatta bobels were in the
greater vehicle driving them to
Buddhist santa
enjoy your
enlightenment and bagful of ascetics
cos' people want plasticPhilosopshy
and minds made of primary coloured slides,
not brains.

silly non-MYRELIGIONISRIGHTists

happi 31st piece

the end of the world: a debriefretrospective

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jun 20, 2014, 10:22:20 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Prose](#) / [Non-Fiction](#) / [Academic Essays](#)

in 2009, the universe entered the collapseCalypso 38583 realities had already partaken
in, obliterating the R£als for R\$als. this upset Gada such that he ripped apart all but for
zenethia, the heavenPleasure. truth was made a lie, until the formation of nuTruth

& & & & & & & & & & & & & & & &

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music composition classes
featured in "Piano For The Metaphysically Sick and Deformed Antibeings Vol. 9"
in ∞/∞ time, with X# as key major

a poetic fable for the 2090s kid

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jul 4, 2014, 1:00:19 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Children's](#) / [Free Verse](#)

C:/Metaverse/Life/Self/Love

>search "meaning"

ERROR

C:/Metaverse/Life/Self/Art

>search "meaning"

ERROR

C:/Metaverse/Life

>search "meaning"

ERROR

C:/Metaverse/

>search "nihia"

∞ RESULTS FOUND

nihilism is so ooo la laa in the nopespace

decree for the abstractPantheon

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jul 4, 2014, 1:10:37 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Free Verse](#)

μαψ ψουρ βεψονδΤψπογραπια ωισδομ
εξποσε ιτσελφ ιν τηε λαχυνα χιταδελ
ψου δισποσε ψουρ παραπαραπαραμετασολιπισιστιχ εμβοδιμεμεντσ ιντο,
φορ συχη ηψπερυλτραβενεπολενχε ι γραχε
μψ πιτιφυλ σπεωΤηανκα δανχε□
το τηε φαχε τηατ ις ψουρ βεαυτψ{οντολογιχαλ ηοτνεσσ}□

λαχυνα λαχυνα λαχυνα λαχυνα λαχυνα
λαχυνα λαχυνα λαχυνα λαχυνα λαχυνα
λαχυνα λαχυνα λαχυνα λαχυνα λαχυνα
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λαχυνα λαχυνα λαχυνα λαχυνα λαχυνα

may your beyondTypographia wisdom
expose itself in the lacuna citadel
you dispose your paraparaparametasolipsistic embodimements into,
for such hyperultrabenevolence i grace
my pitiful spewThanka dance
to the face that is your beauty{ontological hotness}

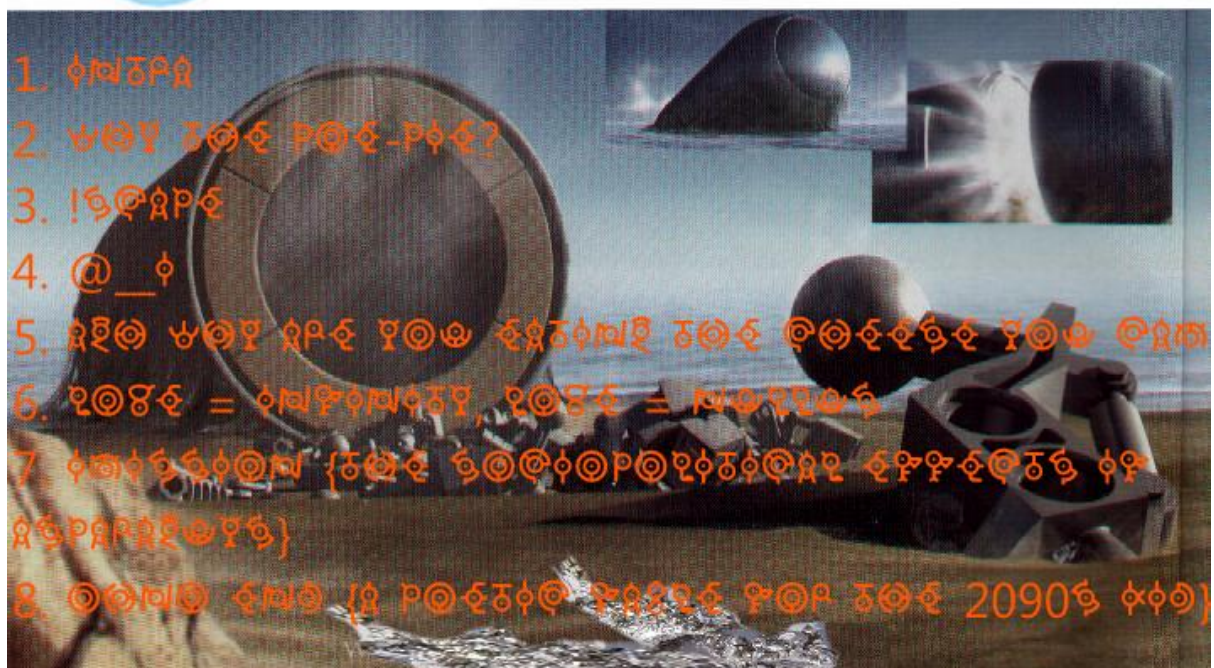
lacuna lacuna lacuna lacuna lacuna
lacuna lacuna lacuna lacuna lacuna
lacuna lacuna lacuna lacuna lacuna
lacuna lacuna lacuna lacuna lacuna
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lacuna lacuna lacuna lacuna lacuna
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lacuna lacuna lacuna lacuna lacuna

love them.
{sceptico-spirituality}

DS Bionicle preview



NINTENDO DS™



*nu album
of poe-pie readings,
DS Bionicle.
comin soon*

{year &&&&&futedUUDE}

cloud over what we think we call the sky

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jul 20, 2014, 1:57:36 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Free Verse](#)

1layer ->

blodge of white realPaint

on defaultWindows95BackgroundBlue.

gada selects&moves

{13.273%}potentialWet pixels

down{14 mGAmtrs @ &&&speed}

*nature
still computer program, remember
don't try cos you can't remember anything. u fool.
not even the sentient crystals eating all your sharpeners. u genuine post1998 being.
{i remember&am them for you}*

on journey{ded 2 liv}

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jul 20, 2014, 2:03:04 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Prose](#) / [Non-Fiction](#) / [Philosophical](#)

we need shift to get 9theInbetween0

philopie

ours poe-pie

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Aug 12, 2014, 7:52:01 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Free Verse](#)

universe 11yrs {1998;2009},

love makes us happaNotDed.

wolves regurgitate to feed mewYoung,
so for tweenCosmos must inkVomit
so nihia gets filthehFiltheh hands away

despite Big**CRUNCH** {tantrum}

i must love it so happaNotDed

for Thing^∞

trueZenethia met when the dustarias of
nonhearts flow wi ourWords

must tweet&tweet&tweet

beauty

otherwise underUnderstand

gearLinguistica ---> silence
& smile{0%}

why i must make the poe-pie

societialian connections

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Aug 30, 2014, 5:38:18 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Sociopolitical](#) / [Free Verse](#)

me^{we}
you

minamalism is best yea??? {u have no hmmBrainFizz in choice}

title written@ 19:21 30/9/14 secu 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Sep 30, 2014, 11:23:41 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Free Verse](#)

{hyeneSumcumbubulation}
buaeit{{{

redCartalife|cartilage o aeroUp
spread--> as spinalChord {detwannnng plays gada}

|WOAH|_{change}

as apricotPlump o cloudclump o powerwalkin mistflays
on darker roofless
cos fruit origins from marbleGoldVeinLight
of hexaglassed chandelier {commaColloquial}Bove me

every |WOAH|_{change} glance brings timeflump
until its 19:17 30/9/14 secu 1, 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 13 15 17

pinpoint time of written like ur impaling a vladmiric peasant

cosine waves

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Oct 22, 2014, 5:18:25 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Free Verse](#)

liquidParabola hits shore

as x^2

obtuse angle

flattens to 180°

numberlessFoam

beach is best simulation

2090s kid dreams of hedonist honey. marinatedMan!

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Nov 13, 2014, 9:51:37 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Sociopolitical](#) / [Free Verse](#)

lezz be a bee swimming down Rivertree made of tea and coffee-sea which sees the knee coming up to kick out my teeth.

calciumopolis, drown in blood.

now thazz dead lezz talk to the liver baked in a cocoa dust desert with a bust of Hephaestus.

howdy liver watcha say??

-w-A-k-E--u-P-

nah thankz

kay who next? oh yeah brain, i.e cereBelleum in church o' iPad lickers.

how he doing?

-s-T-a-Y--s-L-e-E-p-P-i-N-g-

holla holla

who dis?

oh, you.

you say

-w-A-k-E--u-P-

ann i don't.

bac again

*holla holla the dolla cos i am transcendent personification of marxism sponsored by
mcPepsiBurger*

#TagJournalsDontUnderstandIdeasOnNeccesaryE vil2014

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Nov 18, 2014, 2:19:28 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Sociopolitical](#) / [Free Verse](#)

in eukylapto's village
the pigeon flapping is a Christmassave
compared to the dAdAdaist's
aucontraire mansion,
in heart of woopwhupwhat

is that noise? ah, monsieur JingleToucan

ofc come in. eat my sultan turkey. yeah,
dat's the cranberry stuffing mm.
oh dear, don't stop, the universe
will puff moonstone and monkeysmoke soon. no, now.
i mean- oh nevermind. ink is the way of the tangerine nebula,
in the husk of nectarine,
i guess.

##[#crackle](#)##[#scratch](#)##[#crackle](#)##[#snap](#)##[#crackle](#)##[#stahp](#)###

*is deep and politically
irradiated*

merry Christmas



vaporwave pasta

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Dec 5, 2014, 9:40:03 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Sociopolitical](#) / [Free Verse](#)

|at the next Manhattenhenge
im gonna ask Mr Heinz
to make those egg yolk liquid
in a ketchup bottle made of molten
magma glass|

cos gimme that squareSun sauce,
that rhombusMoon milk,
wannit all over my
farfalle, farfetched butterfly wings
of flourFat{proved right by Authority^dolla}

dr fusilli said "is the best diet."
he saw it on the Dolmino advert so he did,
until the puppets started smoochin
{thanks Max Headroom}

but then i hear a James Ferraro song

so starsoup gets hissy, so it gets sued
by SolidState Inc. for

having canoodles with Ms Noodle,
the ambiguously racist postergirl
of anti{plasma}liquidRepublic
as metaphysically designed by bio-advertMagician

s,

and now im dancing
to the tune
of vaporwave pasta
in my mouth.

{why yes i'll sign this faustianPasta on tomato skin}

ah, my mistake,
is actually GabriaXorp's mouth now,
as under their mouth-conglomerate suplerplex empire

and the pasta tastes like good ol EDM now.

||||^S>A>{me}F>E^|||| outsideGabriaWalls{rebels eating stirFry-perfumed neocommunist manuals,
trying to get me out}

concrete at end for the yolts

*think more aggressive <da:thumb id="498440978">
by 50%*

Three wise men, post-internet generation makeover

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jan 10, 2015, 11:31:33 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Sociopolitical](#) / [Free Verse](#)

the three kings
came in pinstripe suits;
gold, platinum, emerald.

first one brought
a bag of dead trees,

green money
wi nuGod's face.

second brought
sleek&smooth
suitcase, filled
wi boomBloodSticks.
for keeping nonmessianic
in Sheol City.

last brought
tub of greenGlitterGoo,
wi tearsCherubim,
seraphim, some dripdrops
of PorcelainToddlerSmileFountain;
no need for sacrifice
to be neverDie.

corposouls
have first class
VISAs to gadaLand.

*see wanted to do for long time
therefore made articulata
sadSortaButMostlyHappi*

merriChristmasSlashNewDecennium

unoinfant {ear ur ear to my year}, dA^1me!

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jan 24, 2015, 12:05:15 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Emotional](#) / [Free Verse](#)

HAPPI YEAR TO ME
on dAdAist
dang!d'Artica tedioCold
wanna ℄cloud¬clot℄

Cycal{01} complete;compliance
makes happI

☐ pere-doicroix

dah universal ¶
spheeeuupast

sphericalPastPostGone

""neverexisted""
according to acneopolis libra
libra, vidja, all quantumScreen now

where will i go?

🕒 IAPPI 🕒
♬born of daDivineMisspell♬

☑eatMoons4CheeseKrakenCrakersCrak☑
📡 satellite 📡 {+KocaineKitsch=}

👉👉👉👉👉👉👉👉

&i†'ll be many a ill sepia cloud to heal
{@}long way

*happi 1st birthday o palladium smoothies!^!
I year of me being here
waow
nu voy{age} begins*



baloo
ooooooooon

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Feb 9, 2015, 5:37:17 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Narrative](#) / [Free Verse](#)

skySphere first,
outerUltra system o
huexwy'iena

is cloudMoon rocketing way round
amethystAsteroid planePlane
(big wings o ephemeraExsalt)

bologniase flutters its tomato glides

in skySphere,
sun{basketball in miniPan}
rises up
upupupUPupupUpupUPUPUPUpupuPUIPUOU

upUpUP**upUpUP**

baloooooooooooooooooon
o yellow flame brightYaya

sunset never ends here

first stopStahp

science is the portal to all

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Mar 3, 2015, 10:40:28 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Free Verse](#)

α~~~~~|

|~~~~~κ

Pewpewpetunia

shrimp moon

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Mar 28, 2015, 11:57:44 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Free Verse](#)

so in toenailDesert
nuOilBlobs come from
some spelcny gooseberry boingship;

€DA COMPANI€

&begin to matieralMerge
crisp-packet pyramids
outta frownyCaves x10039

{in celebration o
their victory over GabriaXorp
wi fusionbattles{10000yors} over dis galaxia}

which dahTribes don't like
so sunlight turns autumnleafbleurgh brown

clouds^maelencholia

in response taxmen
squelch treetrunkOctopus
and crush villagiaEthos

terraforming begins

smalltown ⇒ shrimp moon

i donta ken wiv all dis shrimpin
i can owna lee but ttttry2
2 christmas mineself oout
ov ownn crab sector

thementaxmin spungen up
yer octo squddies
an all in rainEgloss echoz
foresting in rich sex mud
i4wunll issue my camp pane
in deep green crossbud clooz

wot eva is needed i wot weel fukin do
be it goos gog bogglers or cornish grapes

#SUDDENLY#
p much yor{282981938756383289^gadaTres}

meteorFall

curlyHelixBatterBrown
&

twisting past eldritch metaMucus
makin suhsi outta wasabiStars

&all dat toenail{juice ocean}
fizzles up to become

nothingDust

∴ calamari pantheon
huffing and puffing
their crispyduckdust
to feed dah village people,
starving in hydrophobe light

∴ all windfarm dryWisoy
sau[ozz about that]

fishfood is chaos incarn{E=∃}
atia, incarnatia tbh

at end
ding end of
deepmal pas moonz
greace kippin in ikee vah flap waves
nig ling in spanish space dust
the day is fitdried 2B azure now

dark numbaz R left ajar
4
outerspexshun klippies gent ling
wake in frozen slime insite as then or as there
sub akwa lafta inserted anywhen azzit wernt
(co russ wall of blak C canaries)
on yer warm clad clowd skin thenin
theres a shirk fin circ cling in my fly soop
put the PH in the funnplex plixing fee

ive cum up 2 fix or adjoin
the ping ing pipe ing in yer
lobster verigo, Bob E
i c ther iza lez ma hay go shell lack
kling song on flat bong ed jing, melud
ded manz fingaz thrumado the dna jucing here e o

turn yer kababing kabalings in sliceface balaflashing
torda wind E light lipping nun baloons in key ofq
widda a C-beam strong Enuf 2
expand yer limey lemonz there in pink air
dont blam it on the skinny wee gostie nessiz
at ends of wrong hunga numbaz
let em jump 4 fish flakes
slow lee
b4 they bring the bowl cut back

&it tumble^lemniscateverse

shrimp moon,
xavar

phaneronConglumption wi [TheAnimalsRight](#)

what a tragicNarrativeweaved by moneiPeoples

who wrote what{ultimaquestion}

intermission cubed

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Apr 2, 2015, 9:16:13 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Free Verse](#)

μεσοποταμιαζοιχ ρεξ;

σκψθυνγλε σωαψσ
αβοπε σηοεγαζε

&τηρυ νεο γλασσ{πηιλλιπ}
πλατινυμ συνλιγητ δανχεσ

mesopotamiazotic rex;

skyJungle sways
above shoegaze

&thru neo glass{phillip}
platinum sunlight dances

moonset

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Apr 22, 2015, 1:02:45 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Narrative](#) / [Free Verse](#)

wi giantHand{chlorophyllite;magnesium}
sun stolen

[ampersand]

used to

cerrrrrACHK moon open
o'er cygnusFryingPan
to make a good ol'
clangerzOmellete,

silver gorging itself on antirock.

\$

moonset,
over the burning earth

ya

salutations!ku

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Apr 22, 2015, 1:07:14 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Free Verse](#)

tortellini sky
melting

into mhmhmhmhmhm

me & [sea-ebony](#) ⇔ phaneronClash ∴ collab ∴ ⌈

{poe} potato toes

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), May 15, 2015, 10:44:24 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Free Verse](#)

poe-pie in mash,
in rusticEgg,

enjoy its fluffy buttercloud tubermoosh

chomp wi ketchup{hail heinz}
wi cheesyBeans†
wi amazon^forest{lettuce;tomato;etc.}

walkin all over dat stomachCityPath,
going down to
slurpslurp,acidica,necropolois of o highly, godly protein

†like wee kidneys o dah tastyies / wi all their carboEthanol still there / see
zenethia gallery folder for more

potato!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!^!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
ya

what if jelly beans were the kidneys of candy gods

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), May 28, 2015, 4:06:33 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Free Verse](#)

hello
please lift shirt

{SFX}fwuuup{/SFX}

hmm yes
mr candygod
i am afraid your kidney is

blue

and this one here oh dear is

liquorice

and this one is

red

gee so many colours, how do you fit them all in there mr candygod??

>i enslaved sugar mountain

>i consumed the rest of my sugary sweet toffee-draped organs

>{SFX}...{/SFX}

>{SFX}...{/SFX}

hmm i see-

OH NO WAIT IT'S A

kiwi

ONE

>OH NO IM ALLERGIC TO THOSE

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

>AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

wait no that was one h out of sync

>oh sorry

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

>AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

much better

>wait wouldn't the h count initially have been right since i have the arrow it extending it forward

oh damn ur right how about i just scream for you so we have no confusing asymmetry
>good idea

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

right thanks

{SFX}ded{/SFX}

*a cognitious phantasia of the errentous sublime metafable
{i'm eating jelly beans you see}*

suddenly the ending was like teletubby jazz

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Jul 1, 2015, 12:21:22 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Free Verse](#)

suddenly i found the macguffin planet or whatever
yay narrative done
on to ne)(t one go go go we don't have much time
curtains up

nu{new new new age} begins now GO

*END
sorry guise
maybe later???
again
start
as in
no
you dont udnerstND
IM STAILL ODING THIS
SOrry caps lcok
look you knwo what i mean
abstractus aeeverum may happen again but for now more exciting prospects must occur still
with the palladium smoothie flavour
tl;dr i haven't been bought by coca cola*

*but i have been bought by GabriaXorp
they;re actually alright*

GERTRUDE, CORNDOG MAYOR AND FRIENDS

I

"gee gertrude," corndog mayor said, "why are we eating in a room submerged in brine??" gertrude was busy doing her important paperwork, signing a thousand-page legislation called *Harvey versus volcanic volcano man: morality purposed throughout the binary opposition within pan-intelligentsia*. "i don't know corndog mayor maybe i just hoped it would moisturise you or something" "moisturise?" "moisturise." "i don't need moisturising i've got, like, feelings and stuff" gertrude picked up their tub of butter. "corndog mayor, you need to moisturise because otherwise you will shrivel up into a french fry and nobody wants that in this day and age" she put on a happy mask, a la a greek theatre. "mmmmmm delicious skin oppression... makes me TANNED. you should try some." "yes but it also makes you FAT gertrude; i'm sorry but i had to say it, i'm just looking out for you." gertrude sniffed and cried out a tear made out of seapunk dolphins. tabby the grandfather clock cat, who was at the back of the kitchen eating the infinite supply of custard creams, stared intently at the tear with her nanoscopic eyes to try and find meaning but couldn't. how frustrating! d'razio y tortellini, the spanish-cum-catalonian octopus poet, burst through the window and slurped away all the brine. "thank you d'razio y tortellini, now i can breathe and not have my lungs stuck with green salt gunk!" exclaimed corndog mayor, but gertrude pouted and her lip jumped away like a crimson eel, into the real sea just outside the window (the house is beside the real ocean). in celebration everyone started singing (except for gertrude who had no lip) and Spartacus the aubergine played hir accordion (zie were neither fruit or vegetable, but rather a third classification, like hir frends banana and tomato, so it makes perfect sense really) and tabby looked out the shattered window. she would have to buy a new pane of glass tomorrow. maybe she would get a stained glass one, like the churches, but with science symbols and stuff on it. it was already night. it was going to be a long month.

II

yelpin the russian terrier walked into the kitchen. he shook his fur and rain went everywhere. "why did you do that yelpin," gertrude said while eating a bowl of baked beans. everyone was eating a bowl of baked beans around the kitchen table, and i mean EVERYONE. it was dinner time you see. "because it is raining outside is why" yelpin said. he then plonked a giant cucumber in the middle of the table, and Spartacus gasped. "my brother what did you do to him!" yelpin sighed at Spartacus' misinterpretation of his personal narrative of fifteen minutes ago. "look, Spartacus, just just, yknow just, just JUST yknow, just, just SIT DOWN, SON, alright? just SIT. DOWN. son." Spartacus fainted because holy flip who could have guessed yelpin was Spartacus' dad? anyway, tabby the grandfather clock cat immediately stole Spartacus' bowl of baked beans and slurped them down her pendulum throat because she was really hungry. yelpin sat at his own seat, which was empty because he had not been there despite EVERYONE being at the kitchen table, because yelpin was a figment beyond any sort of realm within existence. his diploma was in nothing, actually, that's how spaced out a dog he was. the ussr had asked him for help when they were trying to vaporise the USA, and because of that advice we have no Burger Kings. as he slurped his baked beans, yelpin gazed in the glass reflection on the table and saw himself in all his genocidal, dog glory.

III

today gertrude was going to teach her friends forgiveness. her friends were not very good at forgiveness because they got into big fights over whether or not the cornsyrup went in BEFORE the ketchup or AFTER the ketchup, and all the spectrums in between. "good morning corndog mayor," gerturde said to yelpin. "today i'm going to teach you about forgiveness." "i'm not corndog mayor i'm yelpin" "oh sorry yelpin i thought you were corndog mayor. corndog mayor are you there." "yes i'm here." "no wait that was yelpin again." "no it wasn't i'm yelpin and i didn't say that." "yeah and i'm corndog mayor." gertrude hummed. "hmm well i guess you're just the same. anyway, forgiveness is about sacrificing your integrity and just letting the other guy get away with his awful actions. so just do that." gertrude punched corndog mayor in the face and he did nothing but pout. "nearly," gertrude said, very impressed at corndog mayor's lack of integrity. "but don't pout next time." gertrude punched corndog mayor again and again and yelpin started to laugh and join in until corndog mayor was unconscious and gertrude and yelpin hi-fived each other. tabby the grandfather clock cat sighed; that metaphor was way too old for the 21st century. suddenly d'razio y tortellini burst in through the window and screamed "please imagine this in capitals because it is very serious but i had botox on my throat today and so can't speak loudly. forgiveness is not about losing integrity, but rather an act of solidarity with another's shortcomings and acknowledging their wrongdoing while not rising to petty humanistic actions, such as revenge. it is not about letting people step all over you and is very difficult to achieve." "oh whoops" gertrude said.

IV

d'razio y tortellini burst through the door. "OH NO CORNDOG MAYOR HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED" "well that's inconvenient," gertrude said, slurping her mug of newspaper while reading the tea. "where to?" "THE NEW WORLD" "oh yes that's the one built by GabriaXorp with the cola skies and champagne grass fields" "YES" "stop shouting" "sorry." d'razio y tortellini slurped his own cup of newspaper and read the headline of the tea: **BIG BOISTEROUS BUM BRIGADE BARRAGES BLUNTNESS** "that doesn't even make any sense! why aren't they talking about corndog mayor being kidnapped?!" "it's illegal for the news to tell the truth" gertrude sighed. d'razio y tortellini shook his head. "where is everyone else?" "Spartacus went to a fruitable pride march; yelpin got called back to the ussr and corndog mayor has been kidnapped, as you said." "we have to go now! come on!" both gertrude and d'razio (name shortened for convenience for now) sprinted out of the house. tabby the grandfather clock cat stayed silent, acting as the lighthousehouse's guardian. the duo rushed up to their local spaceship, but noticed they forgot to bring the fare. "fare please" the man with money mouths said to them (he's also the bus driver). since it was a time of desperation gertrude forgave him, i.e he punched him in the face and paid for the fare with his own teeth. this was fine. the two sat down on the seats and watched as the world blinked out of their personal existences, and now they were in space. "time to bring JUDGEMENT to GabriaXorp" d'razio said.

TO BE CONTINUED

V

the spaceship landed on a field of pretty blue flowers, but when d'razio and gertrude looked at them they turned glassy. in fact, the whole place looked glassy. "why is this?" d'razio asked. "they probably listened to too much john lennon." as if to exemplify their point a ton of customers who were now zombies looked past with the latest looking glass eyes as sold by GabriaXorp. "gaaaahhhhhhhngh," d'razio aaaahhhhhhhnghed. "my catalonian revolutionary self is tingling for a fight at this injustice!" d'razio, you're

spanish who is just pretending to be catalonian because revolution is hip and cool right now." d'razio cried a tear of vaporwave statues because it was true. but now was not the time to worry about identity crises! d'razio and gertrude rushed through the sticky glazed bricks of this new world, realising they were toffee bricks. all the shops were soherical like pumpkins, but made out of chandelier glass. "how very neogeorgian..." d'razio mused, his long-lost 222nd century architecture degree comign to the forethought of his fifth brain. suddenly, they both fell off the map. "ahhhhhhhhhh!" d'razio said. "ahhhhhhhhhh." gertrude said. they fell into a dark room, lit up by neon signs. "this is one trippy vaporwave dream" d'razio said. suddenly, they saw corndog mayor immersed in a brine prison. d'razio thumped with all his faux-revolutionary might and the glass tub broke, flooding the brine into all the underground electronics, turning off the planet's internal heating. the sound of screaming frozen consumers, now aware of their coming deaths by ice, echoed from above. "now THAT'S what i call communism!" d'razio said. gertrude facepalmed. gertrude picked up the unconscious corndog mayor and rushed to the spaceship (the man with many money mouths had seen their plight and come to save them). suddenly, a pair of really cool shades dropped out of nowhere and intercepted them. holy flip they were really cool. "yo, yo. YO. not cool, dudes, dudettes or dude with suffix-x because you don't fit into transphobic binary systems. not cool." "who are you?" gertrude asked. "really cool shades is the name and i've gotta stop you from leaving since you've essentially brought killed off the whole planet. GabriaXorp are gonna eat me up, but if i arrest you i might be saved!" "why not just come with us? or run away?" oh yeah that works too. maybe i could become a lumberjack? i've always wanted to be a lumberjack. cool, let's go." and so they went into the spaceship, leaving the dead new world/now old world like a white-hot, diseased coin.

VI

one morning corndog mayor found a potted plant without a plant in it outside their door. "gertrude why is there a potted plant without a plant inside outside our door?" "i dunno, isn't that just a pot?" "oh don't be so cynical gertrude, i'll bring it in." corndog mayor plonked the plant pot with a pot on the table. everyone stared at it intently, while eating their breakfast. "but WHY?" asked corndog mayor. "maybe," d'razio y tortellini said, " it's because the plant was eaten by an albatross?" "to be fair there are many albatross unions around here. oh well that's the end of the mystery let's throw it out" however gertrude stopped him. "no, that's not right. really it's because there never was any plant, and the plant is just an ideological construction because the plantlessness is too much to bear" corndog mayor sighed. "gertrude that's ridiculous" suddenly, really cool shades walked in. he was covered in amber and sap from his timber factory. "sup dudes/dudettes/dud-suffix x, what's going on here?" "we're trying to figure out why this potted plant without a plant doesn't have a plant" corndog mayor said. really cool shades hummed and nodded like a philosopher. "banana" "banana?" "dude, it's like, a reference. so that's the answer." the potted plant without a plant melted into an amorphous blob. it wobbled out of the window. "what's THAT meant to mean?!" corndog mayor exclaimed. tabby the grandfather clock cat laughed silently, knowing full well why the plant pot without a plant had no plant.

VI

tabby the grandfather clock cat was called up to her work, within the burning forge of the sun up in paradise, due to the senate having issues. "MEdamnit," zeus said, hunched over a porcelain apple, "my internet connection has broken!!" "oh no what will we DO?????" king arthur said. bacchus just gurned and guzzled a billion grapes because what a drunk he is. suddenly, a bird went past. "how ordinary," hercules said, before smooching his boyfriend king arthur. such is paradise. anyway, tabby the grandfather

clock cat grinned and moved her infinite clockwork appendages to the porcelain apple, making it illuminate in all the colours of the ennui rainbow again. "ah thank you so much tabby the grandfather clock cat!" zeus said. "how can i ever repay you?" before tabby the grandfather clock cat could reply zeus noticed hercules smooching king arthur. "HERCULES NO THAT IS PROHIBITED IN PARADISE" zeus made a lightning storm and it electrocuted king arthur until he was, like, afterlife dead. the mood grew sombre, literally because there was a thunderstorm in the vicinity now. hercules looked at his feet in shame. tabby the grandfather clock cat left paradise, realising how even in the perfect places cracks within the clouds let rain bleed.

VII

yelpin sneaked in at night, when the stars had turned off and the moon had flipped itself over to the non-sunny side up side. gertrude and corndog mayor were asleep in their bedrooms. Spartacus was crashed out on the floor, snorting in all the confetti ze ate during Pride while snoring. really cool shades had gone back to his super cool ivy hammock cocoon in the woods. yelpin sighed, lied on the floor and slept. it had been a long, difficult shift at the ussr. nearly all of their enemies had been made non-existing, but the sacrifice had been terrible. many scientists and their children were vaporised when he went too far, and his tantrums caused chunks of the cities to pop away from reality, which was just encouraged by high command in a hope they could be harnessed. they couldn't. that was why he had three metal legs. "oh good evening" d'razio y tortellini said, waddling out of the window to steal his nightly butter (he often steals butter every night, for the revolution or something) "those are some very cool robot legs" "oh thank you" yelpin nervously laughed and went back to sleep. d'razio y tortellini went out again, oblivious to the horrors the great governments were doing. at least only yelpin knew, yelpin thought. he glanced up to see tabby the grandfather clock cat staring at him, yellow eyes filled with pity. yelpin trembled and then cried himself to sleep, knowing it would not help.

VIII

"my favourite flavour of soap is toothpaste tbh" Spartacus frowned at d'razio's claim. "what" "as in, compared to the mango flavours, i prefer toothpaste" "no i don't need to understand the context for it, it's more just WHAT" "well toothpaste cleans the mouth more than mango. mango has, like, sugars intrinsic in its biological institution. it'd be so much better if we just, like, went to toothpaste, which from at the start is against sugar deep in its system" "but surely after eating too much toothpaste you're teeth will be so bleached no soul will be left?" "nah" "uh, yeah" "nah" "surely it'd be better to get mango toothpaste?" "ew no that's reactionary" Spartacus sighed. "we're getting sidetracked. the point is, d'razio, that you've explained the reasoning for said preference, but my question is more attributed to a holistic review of the statement, than that level of semiotics you just supplied me" "i don't understand" "oh never mind we're getting nowhere" Spartacus went back to reading his tea. "but what does the soap mean" gertrude asked.

XI

gertrude got a copy of *The mono myth for beginners*, and so decided to test it out by going on her own epic journey of self-discovery. to start with, a trumpet horn made out of oak called her to her journey. she refused to answer said call, then did, and got a supernatural aid from a beggar eating a series of shells on the coast. she then dived into the ocean and found one of the guardians (d'razioghtyh, d'razio's massive eldritch-monstrosity cousin), who let her through into beyond the threshold. her transformation began. she met a helper, joseph campbell, who also acted as a mentor since that helped

keep the number of characters at a respectable number. after a series of challenges and temptations, joseph campbell returned but then the revelation came that joseph campbell was actually alan dundes! what a betrayal! gertrude fell into an underwater abyss, died, and then was reborn again. she transformed into a squid, then atoned for her sins she probably committed previously in the journey, and then (thanks to a gift from d'razioghtyh's wife, egh'jklyino, shadow goddess of the oceans (like shadow secretary but for the pantheon)) squidGertrude returned home. "how was the journey" corndog mayor asked. gertrude sighed. "well i turned into a squid, so it wasn't too bad. pretty mundane being stuck in a strict narrative, though" suddenly alan dundes revealed himself. "oh great," Spartacus said. "now we have a fictional version of an american folklorist living with us"

X

"ugh... i want to write a story... but i can't..." corndog mayor said. "why is that" gertrude asked. "i ate too many rainbows on my porcelain apple and now i'm over-exhausted with the life sugar" gertrude hummed. "hmm" "what should i write about?" "how about this feeling of angst you have in your inactivity?" "that's too meta for me... and anyway this is anhedonia, no ennui" "oh alright" corndog mayor stared at the ceiling, as his vision became more and more dark as his brain struggled to find something to do, but just couldn't. all his brain did was run the same circuits again and again and again.

XI

d'razio burst through the window. he was holding eight pistols. "comrades! the revolution has come! glory to catalonia!" "what" no one specifically said, but that was the general sentiment. "d'razio, what are you talking about?" corndog mayor said. d'razio slammed his ninth arm down on the table (it was a secret arm). "corndog mayor, don't you remember how GabriaXorp kidnapped you?" "yeah" "well, that should be enough reason to rise up against them! too long they have ruled our lives! industrializing the stars, privatizing sunlight... the time is now! i have summoned the creatures of the ocean to march upon their HQ!" "uh," Spartacus uhhed. "won't they drown on land?" "nah, my cousin gave them the gift of human lungs. now come on, let's join the march!" d'razio raced outside, and everyone else sighed and walked out the door. "i thought his revolutionary attitude was, like, just an aesthetic," gertrude said. "this is pretty serious." when they got outside, they saw d'razio weeping in a field of dead fish. "he betrayed us!" he screamed. "d'razioghtyh betrayed us! how could he, my own eldritch-monstrosity cousin!" "oh well that's that over let's go back inside" Spartacus said. "no!" d'razio suddenly wrapped everyone around in his tentacles. "you're all coming with me. we're going to finish off this revolution, NOW!" the small band of (reluctant) revolutionaries slurped their way across the grass plains, before coming across a giant stone wall that stretched up to the universe's peak. "aww, i forgot about that," d'razio sighed. "i guess the revolution was always futile." he began to cry, and all his friends were released from his slimy grip. "oh wait," he blubbered. "by picking all of you up i left my guns at home... i guess the revolution really was always futile, and not just because of stone..." "you could say," corndog mayor snickered, "that it was the freeMASONS who stopped the revolution! huh? huh?" "corndog mayor that was the worst joke i've ever heard, please stay quiet" gertrude said. corndog mayor complied. gertrude put a hand on one of d'razio's tentacle. "don't worry, d'razio. remember, the only truth is reality; everything else is a futile and ambiguous ideological construction to give meaning to the pot plant." "fair enough," d'razio sighed. "let's go get some ice cream." they did, and realised that just eating GabriaXorpo's ice cream was more spiritually fulfilling than revolution. oh well.

XII

corndog mayor was washing the dishes when he saw her, floating above the sink. the her in question was tabby the grandfather clock cat. "AHHHH! gertrude, look!" "what is it" "it's... it's a grandfather clock cat!" "they don't exist, corndog" "no no, look!" she did. it was just a sink. "corndog, you know all beliefs but GabriaXorp is illegal, yes?" "yeah but look, she's here! maybe we're, like the vestige of archetypal representation of a warped universe, and she controls our lives..." "now corndog, come on, stop this." "no, YOU stop this! don't you know what this means?! it means that the potted plant without a plant... HAS A PLANT!" gertrude sighed. "you're still talking about that? stop thinking about it; last i heard it slurped into the ocean and now lives a life as an angsty poet." "isn't that just d'razio?!" corndog mayor joked. "eh? eh?? eh?????????" "corndog stop" corndog mayor sat down at the kitchen table. "sorry, my work has been stressful lately... there's been unrest in corndog town and a possible three-way civil war on the way! "oh dear that's awful," gertrude said flatly "maybe you should pray to your grandfather clock cat for help?" "hey, that was cruel! why do i even live with you?" "i know your darkest secret and if you leave me i will tell the press" "oh yes, that" corndog mayor drank his mug of newspaper and forgot about the experience, despite it being bliss. he couldn't even describe what he had seen, and perhaps that's the beautiful thing about it.

XIII

d'razio went to d'razioghtyh's underwater home. "he'll be with you in a second" the secretary said. d'razio nodded meekly and waited. finally, the big purple oak door creaked open and a dark mist exhaled. the secretary died from asphyxiation. luckily, d'razio had eldritch blood (as evident with his cousin being a monstrosity from the darkest depths). he swam in. SUP DAWG HOW YOU DOING d'razioghtyh said. he was one of those cool-kid eldritch monstrosities. how could he be so cool-kid? d'razio was so jealous of him. "why did you kill off the entire population of ocean fauna?" AW MAN COME ON YOU KNOW THAT THE BIG POPS WOULDNT LIKE LOSING SO MUCH NATURE FOR A REVOLUTION THEY DONT SUPPORT "i hate my family! that's why i ran away and became a spanish-cum-catalonian revolutionary poet!" MATE COME ON YOU JUST TURNED CATALONIAN BECAUSE ITS COOL AT THE MOMENT d'razio looked at the seafloor in shame. it was so sea-like. "you could have just said no" he mumbled. I COULD OF BUT THAT WOULDNT HAVE BEEN NICE. IM ONE OF THOSE NICE ELDRITCH MONSTROSITIES, YOU KNOW; I KILL THE UNWORTHY KINDLY AND BET ON THE META STOCK MARKET WITH COMPASSION IN WHERE MY HEART USUALLY WOULD BE d'razio sighed again for the first time. if only his family understood him. "okay, that's all, thanks cousin" SURE THING NOT-BRO-BUT-STILL-FAMILY d'razio passed by the secretary and swam out the underwater home. the secretary had been resurrected as kelp, and she liked that.

XIV

it was at breakfast that Spartacus realized gertrude had turned into a squid. "holy hell gertrude, you're a squid!" ze exclaimed. "well duh" she replied. "she did go on a journey of self discovery as per the monomyth," corndog mayor added. "don't you remember?" "i don't think i do" suddenly, d'razio slopped out of the window sadly. "hey all" he said sadly, before drinking his cup of newspaper sadly. "i just realised that since there are less than eight of you here, when i kidnapped you all and forced you to embark on a revolution against GabriaXorp i could have taken some guns with me... maybe the revolution wasn't futile... but it's too late now..." "d'razio you've got to stop getting depressed about your revolution," corndog mayor said. "your family will always rig it in their favour, why don't you eat some ice cream?" "i don't feel like ice cream. i think i'm going for a walk in the woods" d'razio went for a walk in the woods. on the way he saw

really cool shades, cutting down a tree. "hello really cool shades" d'razio said. "oh sup dawg, how you doing?" "not well, my revolution failed" "aw man, i hate it when that happens... you've just gotta remember to be yourself, yknow?" "really cool shades?" "yeah?" "how can you be so cool and kind? my cousin is one of THE coolest cool people, but he's also nasty and rigs the system for him and his friends..." really cool shades whispered the answer to him. four of d'razio's five eyes lit up in excitement. "of course thank you really cool shades" "no problem" d'razio continued along the forest path, formulating his scheme.

XV

it was a quiet day until a giant loud cannon boom boomed and shook the tables off their plates. "what was that?!" corndog mayor exclaimed. a triumphant trumpet made out of mostly made out of the foundation of corporate buildings tooted in a war-like manner "VIVA LA REVOLUTION" something high-pitched said. the group frowned and went outside, to find a furry adorable chipmunk in a velvet green napoleonic military uniform stained in the blood of the bourgeois. he smiled a smile filled with teeth and scuttled off to join the long parade of furry forest animals, marching to the stone wall that reached up to the universe's peak. at the front was d'razio, holding eight pistols. "oh no what has he done" corndog mayor said. "i can answer that," really cool shades said, coming out of his secret area. he's just that cool. "i told d'razio how the forest animals have felt oppressed by their aristocratic nut-factory bosses, and that they were prepared to move the terminal stage of the dialectic into motion" "oh no why did you do that," gertrude asked "now d'razio will get thousands of furry innocent animals killed in the name of a lost modernist dream!" really cool shades shrugged. "i was just being, like, cool with it" corndog mayor, gertrude and Spartacus sprinted after the marching army, who were now hacking away at the stone wall. yelpin wasn't with them because he had been sleeping a lot recently. when they got there, it was too late; a staircase had been cut into the rock, and the woodland revolution was already in motion at the top. the group rushed up the stairs.

TO BE CONTINUED

XVI

when they finally got to the top and into the space-marble executive meeting room of GabriaXorp, they saw that all the unimaginable horrors that were galactic quadrant-ceos and other such executives were slain, their parts and black metablood hastily formed into a throne, along with the corpses of fallen woodland revolutionaries. on top was d'razio, his five eyes aflame with madness and revolution. "comrades! do you see? DO YOU SEE?" "d'razio, come on," corndog mayor said, "this is too much power for you! it'll blow your brains out!" "NO! you are mistaken!" d'razio pointed his eight pistols at corndog mayor. "do you not hear? DO YOU NOT HEAR? it is the glorious brass march of THE FUTURE! the classless society! and now that i own the entirety of reality, i shall create a true communist paradise!" "d'razio, please" gertrude said. "this really is way too short for such a significant character arc such as poet-to-tyrant to properly happen. stop making a scene" d'razio turned one of his eight pistols towards her and shot her in one of her tentacles. she gasped and let out a blurt of panicked ink and fell to the floor. "D'RAZIO!" corndog mayor screamed. "THAT WAS MY WIFE!" "yeah, what are you going to do?" d'razio chuckled. "your authority over cornog town has always been stifled by bourgeois bureaucrats! join me and we can make a difference!" the white energy of godlike power began to leave the corpses of the GabriaXorp executive board and into d'razio. then, suddenly, he stopped existing. yelpin staggered forward, exhausted by the act of making d'razio non-existent. "don't worry," he said, "i'll deal with this" he got on

to the body-throne and took the godlike power himself. "i shall be a benevolent ruler, neither revolutionary leader nor GabriaXorp tyranny. i must now fix my actions and find peace. you may leave now" flabbergasted by the events that just happened, the group began to leave, corndog mayor carrying a limping gertrude. "and remember," yelpin added, " a revolution is just that: a complete turn that ends where it started."

XVII

"AHHHHHHHH" "gertrude what are you doing" "i'm imitating that painting" "what, the scream?" "yeah. AHHHHHHH" "holy flip," corndog mayor said, "where is our doctor? "i am here" said doctor crocodile, walking in. "what seems to be the matter?" "i got shot by a bullet and now i can't stop screaming like that painting. AHHHHH" "ahh yes we've had that problem many a time before. at least it wasn't a klimt painting! ahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha! but seriously, this is pretty bad." doctor crocodile gave gertrude some Ayn Rand-shaped pills and she went to sleep. the doctor got to work, and began to add a robotic tentacle to her squid body. "uh," corndog mayor said, "should leave? i don't want to get corndog in the wound" "nobody does. so yes please, thank you." corndog mayor went out the operation theater, and slept on the nearby chair. he hoped his wife would be okay.

XVIII

Spartacus was home alone (even tabby the grandfather clock cat had gone to attend an emergency meeting at the pantheon now that GabriaXorp had been overthrown) so ze had brought over hir friends tomato and banana for a party. as they were dancing Spartacus tried to engage with tomato's success in finding a partner, yellow tomato. "love is just, like, an ocean of ceramic honey..." banana mused, which Spartacus just thought was ridiculously portentous. then he looked out the window, at the ocean, and was reminded how war tore apart even those he loved (like d'razio) and so watched the waves recede and dissolve and fumble and die, like all happiness in the wrath of revolution.

XIX

really cool shades had cut down 1256 trees, but just before he cut down Tree 1257 it said "noooooooooo!" really cool shades put down his axe. "why" "because i want to live" "but i want timber" "you don't even sell it or use it in any way! it's just killing for sport!" really cool shades shrugged. "i didn't know trees were sentient. soz dude" Tree 1257 abstractly lit up. "so you'll stop cutting us down?" "oh no, not at all! this is still very fun" Tree 1257 frowned abstractly. "this is very out of character" "dude, you're a tree, stop referring to the trauma i feel with d'razio's loss" really cool shades cut down Tree 1258 and now self aware with his awful actions stopped cutting down trees.

XX

the day ended and tabby the grandfather clock cat decided to write up what happened.

i knew today would be a big day, due to my metaomniscience, so when d'razioghtyh the eldritch monstrosity erupted from the waves and gave off a scream beyond any possible volume within reality, therefore melting every single one of my peers, i was ready. i immediately reformed them. "WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO MY COUSIN" he roared, causing space to ripple into fiery infinities around him. "yelpin made him non-existent," corndog mayor lied, "and has now assumed power of the universe" this was not technically true; yelpin had appointed a provisional government as well. yet it still made him suspicious; why would he hide such a trivial bit of information? i suddenly felt the horror of limited knowledge. all my life i had been guardian of this lighthouse, knowing its ins and outs,

and now suddenly there was an obstruction, something i did not fully understand, like dark water sloshing in my head. d'razioghyh growled, and thrust his slimy purple tentacles into the foundation, a cliff. the house began to topple into the sea, but at the last second i managed to right it again, making it softly fall into an island. "this," d'razioghyh growled to a volume so low only i could hear it, "is not the end" he swam away, back into the darkness of the ocean. what was to come to us next? i did not know. i did not know, and for the first time ever as a goddess i could only guess at the machinations of d'razio's powerful family. it scared me, maybe more so than the rest of my peers. then again, they had been melted and reformed in less than a second, so i guess that is quite traumatic too.

XXI

"hey boss, you alright?" said a non-important cheese puff crisp to corndog mayor. "welcome back corndog mayor!" a tortilla chip secretary said. "why so pale?" corndog mayor had been pale since yesterday, ever since he had been melted and then reformed again by an eldritch monstrosity. he hadn't been in the office for months because he hated this place, but now seemed to return to the crumbling building, made out of tiles dug up from the ancient ruins of supermarkets. corndog mayor walked into the meeting room, ready to have his big emergency meeting, but all the fat old important people were sleeping. "typical!" corndog mayor muttered, "they've been out partying all night and now they don't care enough to make good, proper social change in this town!" corndog mayor sat down and began to do all the paperwork himself, slowly but surely rebuilding the town. it had been a long month. the town had survived a revolution, mass deforestation and threats from a power family of unimaginable horrors. corndog mayor just hoped the town could get back to its old self.

XXII

corndog mayor returned home to find gertrude slipping all over the kitchen, squid appendages flopping all over the place. "HI HONEY!" she screamed. "HOW YOU DOING I'M JUST MAKING YOU DINNER SIT DOWN WHY DON'T YOU" corndog mayor sat down warily. "gertrude, what's wrong" "what nothing's wrong haha don't be silly" gertrude slammed a potted plant with a plant in it on the table. corndog mayor frowned. "gertrude, where is everyone else?" gertrude began to hum a whiny, eternal whine. "gertrude, where. is. everyone. else?" "oh, them? they... they, uh... they..." gertrude suddenly sprinted for the window, and jumped out, into the ocean. corndog mayor stood up.

then, it started.

XXIII

corndog mayor looked out the window. a thousand eldritch monstrosities, summoned by d'razioghyh, were swimming towards the town. "ah," corndog mayor said, "that is rather inconvenient" corndog mayor began to wonder how he could stop this invasion, this "counterrevolution", from happening, but he knew it was impossible to stop it. what was to come was to come, in the form of slimy purple tentacled outerbeings. another tremor struck the land; the mini-tsunamis each eldritch monstrosity was making by simply swimming was going to erode the continent, taking corndog town with it! corndog mayor rushed out his house and sprinted to his office as fast as he could. "quick, we have to-" he said as he entered the conference room, but everyone was still asleep. "oh fine, i'll do it myself" corndog mayor pressed all the important buttons and the evacuation protocol began. robots began to take citizens to safe bunkers. corndog mayor rushed out to the main square, where Spartacus and really cool shades were. "corndog mayor what is

happening" "d'razioghyh's family and friends are launching a counterrevolution! come with me!" they began to run to yelpin's fortress.

XXIV

corndog mayor, Spartacus and really cool shades collapsed when they got the universe's peak, exhausted. the building was crumbling. sitting in the throne was yelpin, calm and glowing. "yelpin!" corndog mayor screamed "what" yelpin replied. "d'razioghyh is coming this way to enact a counterrevolution!" "so" "many will die!" "look at the hegel clock" "what?!" yelpin's tail pointed towards a clock. "this clock presents History. it has gone from the 3pm, to 9pm, to 6pm. that is one cycle. this counterrevolution will start off a new cycle, and at the end will be another me" corndog mayor spluttered, "but our world will be destroyed!" really cool shades had had enough. he went up to yelpin and slapped him. he got out of his pseudo-philosopher-god thing. "come on, do your non-existence thing and make them go away!" "i don't have much choice... oh no wait yes i do" yelpin jumped back into his chair and gained god powers again. really cool shades dragged him out again. yelpin sighed. "oh fine, fine" yelpin made the whole counterrevolution disappear into non-existence. everything was alright. "well," yelpin sighed, "that was disappointing." "who will take over now?" corndog mayor asked. "personally," Spartacus said, "i think it should be you" "r-really?" "yeah, time your hard work for corndog town got celebrated" "haha, oh thank you so much!" corndog mayor jumped into the chair and assumed power of the universe. "i hereby appoint a new parliament for universal dominion!" the hand on the hegel clock went to 12pm.

XXV

d'razioghyh wandered through the desert of the void. where did it all go so wrong? his family had owned nearly everything, under the radar of course, under the guise of GabriaXorp. but then the people/ a godly soviet dog took over because of a stupid cousin and now he didn't exist. he continued along the black sands. along with his own self and the rest of his peers, his belongings had come here too. d'razioghyh looked up at his crumbling mansion, made out of fossilized trees. "two vast and trunkless legs of stone stand in the desert..." he said, walking into the old marble halls. they were all cracked and in pieces now. it was hard, he thought, to think of those less than him as beings with complex history. and so, the proletariat probably did not see their cruel overlords as beings either. so their actions were both simultaneously just and inhumane. "look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair..." d'razioghyh disintegrated into the true Nothing and the future marched on.

XVI

corndog mayor looked at his new dominion (everything). it was beautiful. finally, he felt at peace. "who wants new houses" he said. "can me, tomato and banana have a house together in the big apple please," Spartacus said. "so we can be closer to the pride events and stuff" "sure thing" corndog mayor made it so. "i wouldn't mind a bigger hut in the forest" really cool shades said. "so be it" and it was. "and you, yelpin?" "i... i want to get a spaceship and go into space. i need time to think" "alright" a spaceship materialised in front of them all yelpin got in. "thank you all very much, i'll stay in contact by altering the constellations into letters back home. goodbye" and he blasted off into the further galaxy. "well," corndog mayor said, "that seems to be that. enjoy your new homes, everyone!" they all dispersed, leaving corndog mayor to his work. he had a lot to do.

tabby the grandfather clock cat observed the empty, quiet house. she remembered it once full of people, this being gertrude and corndog mayor's home, but populated with their friends. it was strange; since corndog mayor had taken power everything had become stable; new sky panels were still being installed up in the atmosphere, but full universal decolonisation had occurred through peaceful means. and yet it felt like nothing had changed; people still lived, really cool shades still cut down trees, etc. this house was quiet, though, and tabby felt the ivy within ready to claim it as their own, it was poignantly beautiful. suddenly, gertrude broke through the window, gasping for air. her squidness had gone back to her usualness. she looked up at tabby and jumped. "oh my word," she exclaimed. "you actually exist?!" tabby nodded. "where is everyone?" tabby motioned towards the tower. "oh," gertrude said, "i heard about that. oh, i was a fool to run away... do you think corndog mayor will still take me as his wife?" tabby shrugged. gertrude shook her head. "i must go see him! sih me luck!" just before she left she looked at the house. "huh," she said. "kinda nicer when quiet like this. maybe this can end up being my house when corndog mayor is left in his metaoffice" she rushed out. tabby sighed. "the machinations of people wills us divine onwards" she dispersed into light, and in the potted plant without a plant on the table, a tree bloomed.

Looked for headphones, found previous bodies

- by [palladium-smoothie](#), Oct 1, 2017, 5:46:35 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Free Verse](#)

Descend to the desert (6)
 of headphone wires (5)
 Bulbous ends of silence (6)
 with the texture of fly-eyes (7)

The darkness in furniture (7)
 calculates presence Sets (6)
 you for a digital course (7)
 of dead blood thru plastic knots (8)

Like seeds Twisted thin things (8)
 tied invisibly so How it just (9)

happens {like} Music is a happening (9) {1}
 where nothing is still Stasis as king (9)
 down here Though You could never consume (9)
 a soul or eat your heart out or take a {It had to} (10) {3}
 break (1)

I'm still looking for something to work (10)

If not flawless gamble it futile (9)
All these patterns If only I could (9)
flatten them to a line Understanding (10)

threads Together (4)
like spaghetti Absurdity (8)
Can't tell which core machine they connect to Give up{?} (12) {0}

N | Y → ☠

↓ | _____

Multiply this (?) {∞}
We sniff (?) {∞}
around our enigmas Abandon machines (?) {∞}
when they splinter to spit-coloured teeth
Fray to sparking stumps (?) {∞}

I wonder what happens to the excess The accumulate of all things When you escape
does it ever pull
back to the same circuit Terrestrial narrative One sonic chunk Then Silence (?) {∞}

Maybe (?) {∞}
No (?) {∞}

There is a Hell in abandonment but not here {You could} (?) {∞}
Descend to the desert Bring your essence Leave as light (?) {∞}

a revelation in the dark places

A-c



[sea-ebony](#)

Artist | Student | Literature

Canada

poet, lana del rey, monospace, tildes, minimalism, moon~

Interests

Favorite movies

cloud atlas~

Favorite TV shows

sherlock~

Favorite bands / musical artists

lana del rey, neutral milk hotel, suppliers of nostalgia wholesale~

Favorite books

the perks of being a wallflower~

Favorite writers

sylvia plath, monospace poets~

~
—

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 18, 2014, 6:23:27 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

standing on the chair
to see the half-remains of
a pineapple moon.

*my first piece
i hope you like it, thank you~*

~ ~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 18, 2014, 6:25:16 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

lone forest seed white:

ebony sea of no soil,

constellation bloom?

~ ~ ~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 18, 2014, 6:26:56 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

sinking into cloud

half assed burying to dusk

the moon is 50.

vo(yage)id

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 18, 2014, 6:28:22 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

will we one day go?

we leaves, navigationless,

dancing past The star?

leaf silhouette

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 18, 2014, 6:30:03 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

the leaves have no green,

a black dream in an itself

waiting for new light

tanned humans on edge of night

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 18, 2014, 6:32:13 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

sprinting streelights;NO!

the tan-orange sparks collapse

when seeing the moon.

pylons, windmills

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 20, 2014, 11:16:22 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

windmills slowly slice

the static old power lines

rooted in the fields.

jump.

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 21, 2014, 5:01:13 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Family Life](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

irregular beat,

a young sibling flung higher.

parents worry themselves.

garden, ~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 21, 2014, 1:37:32 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

the meditation

is in the stillness, the summer

philosophy green.

garden, ~~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 21, 2014, 1:39:53 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

a wasp tries to enter

the closed green poppy pot (so chubby).

it must hover, patient.

garden, ~~~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 21, 2014, 1:41:18 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

empty tea mug, quiet.

the bronze must forge a new soul,

in the young stomach.

~~~~~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 21, 2014, 1:43:17 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

sadness, great despair.

R.E.M; spontaneous

dance. the dawn rises.

## scepticismo de quo

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 22, 2014, 7:13:13 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Free Verse](#)

time does not exist.

life is but uncoiling blues,

towards lighter hues.

## papilio et scelerisque

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 22, 2014, 7:18:38 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

i saw on the path

an orange-red butterfly,

thanks to chocolate.

## advice, ~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 22, 2014, 1:52:51 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Humor](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

imagery is like icing:  
you cannot make a  
cake purely out of sugar.

~~~~~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 23, 2014, 5:56:26 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

a dreaming dream:

yellow buttercups awake,

in the sleeping field.

dubio in litteris (epistemologica)

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 25, 2014, 6:28:15 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Prose](#) / [Fiction](#) / [Philosophy & Perspectives](#) / [Flash Fiction & Vignettes](#)

everything written was, is, wrongly classified.

i made the universe in a teapot

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 25, 2014, 1:36:19 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Free Verse](#)

i made the universe in a teapot.

galaxies frothed into the mug,
stars bubbling up through the sepia beauty.
nothing was left outside, everything at the bronze brim,
the sun's edge in ceramics.
i drank the quickcopper gracefully.
my mind was a biscuit,
the milk as time,
lacing throughout the boiling hot space in that second
of pouring creation.

(alpha and omega at once as steam.)

adhuc in pluvia

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 26, 2014, 11:43:04 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

the blank rain falls(,) a
gain(.) for the green plants.
colour climbs upwards.

opinions do not define the parameters of a poem

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 27, 2014, 1:26:18 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

individual.
the sun cannot burn too much,
but the moon can freeze.

housing estate

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 27, 2014, 1:31:06 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

identical beige,

the different eyes looking

towards the same street.

ski slope | summer

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 27, 2014, 1:34:02 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

tarmac in summer,

no snow for texting children.

the sun warms the blood.

monkey puzzle trees | motorway of near-sea city

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 27, 2014, 1:36:42 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

jungle things, coastal.

a puzzlement to us all,

(bar highway monkeys).

ars haikuetica

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 27, 2014, 1:39:04 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

the rhythm of a

snapshot. five-seven-five. why?

to paint all the moons.

butterfly sleeping inside

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 31, 2014, 9:16:28 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

sail on nectar sea,

tribal orange-red of the

garden and flowers.

~~~~~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 1, 2014, 8:08:51 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

opening of eyes.

numbers do not decide time,

but instead the snores.

## city of owls

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 1, 2014, 10:41:31 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Emotional](#) / [Free Verse](#)

he drifted through

the rust

of his

m★a★g★i★c

past my desert

of ribcages home to

the crows and ravens

happily in love together,

making the sun

green with envy.

in the city of owls,

past the nebula streets

and atheist magnolia  
oranges, growing in the cracks  
of a pavement made of my tears.






he ignores me.

*"i am not a californium girl"*

he says is why he let me free,  
like prometheus on a stone.

so i kiss the crow,  
taste my dead and battered liver.  
i should have never drunk that rust cocktail,  
never have eaten that protactinium necklace  
he wore on his ears.

he was like pluto;  
tiny,  
but i still orbit him

e   
v   
e   
r   
y 

time.

*i love owl city  
thanks for reading~*

## mortem auctoris

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 4, 2014, 8:55:51 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Prose](#) / [Fiction](#) / [General Fiction](#) / [Flash Fiction & Vignettes](#)

click.

internet killed the poet star.

## spider tries to escape when being let out of house

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 8, 2014, 4:44:12 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

arachnid plasma,

crackle on glass cup.

insect with long legs.

## vespa et hominis

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 10, 2014, 4:07:57 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

wasp flickers yellow,

between red coca-cola

in the human shade.

~~~~~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 12, 2014, 6:52:08 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

the moon reveals clouds

at night, sky usually so

dark we cannot see.

stars, ~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 12, 2014, 7:37:47 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

the lacuna light.

so many infinities

beyond simple eyes


~~~~~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 13, 2014, 5:09:49 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

symphonies played by

utilitarian band.

woodwind whistles on.

## ipod

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 13, 2014, 5:11:22 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

every guitar,

10000 lifetimes painted

in hungry ear drums.

## moth, ~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 13, 2014, 5:14:09 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

brown mismatch on the

white wall, beside the silent

cold radiator

## moth, ~~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 13, 2014, 5:16:30 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

glistening drop

of copper, winged dirty gem,

diamond of moon.

## stars, ~~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 13, 2014, 5:18:39 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

no nebula

but beautiful clouds

## big dipper (stars, ~~~)

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 15, 2014, 4:21:24 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

scoopful of white clouds

outlined by silver pinpoints

in the blue Nothing

~~~~~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 15, 2014, 4:24:45 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

outward skull is cleaned

with an electric toothbrush.

real reflection dies.

night sky (1.00am 16 aug 2014)

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 16, 2014, 6:07:58 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Human Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

tonight the human

above vomits a yellow

cloud to always drift.

~~~~~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 22, 2014, 9:45:25 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

the haphazard tile

on the moasic coaster,

smoothed by a hot tea mug.

## shooting star

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 26, 2014, 2:17:55 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

blue dark of night sky,

sleeping white points still. Then

the last green movement.

## train at night sky

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 26, 2014, 2:19:27 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

a train drunkenly

falls across the silent night,

wooing, shouting, young,

## moon is 50

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 26, 2014, 2:21:01 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

the moon is 50:

half star, half cloud, half human.

seeing makes the whole.

~~~~~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 26, 2014, 2:24:24 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

radiator churns.

shutters open to the stars.

radiator stops.

~~~~~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 26, 2014, 2:26:38 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

me so young, awake,

topless, barely sleeping now.

stars, so so so old.

stars, ~~~~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Aug 26, 2014, 2:28:11 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

jigsaw pieces cut

into circles of white light.

a hot, simple night.

aye

- by [sea-ebony](#), Sep 1, 2014, 2:01:40 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Family Life](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

aye, it is i, Aye,

i the Aye Aye that is i,

the 12th of the Ayes.// *surprise yofos~*

## seperation denied

- by [sea-ebony](#), Sep 21, 2014, 6:53:24 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Sociopolitical](#) / [Free Verse](#)

blue sun

yes?

no

## advice, ~~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Oct 4, 2014, 7:38:30 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

when cold sunlight starts

to refresh the jumping one...

then the leaf will fall

## blackberry

- by [sea-ebony](#), Oct 5, 2014, 8:59:31 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

nature's tumor of

singular black globulars

turns sweetly in mouths

## a egg yolk bursts at lunch

- by [sea-ebony](#), Oct 11, 2014, 8:12:36 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

yellow meiosis.

circle becomes blob of two.

yellow stays on plate.

## powercut

- by [sea-ebony](#), Nov 13, 2014, 9:33:56 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

powercut attacks.

clockwork reliant again;

analogue defense.

## tablet, iii

- by [sea-ebony](#), Nov 27, 2014, 11:15:39 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Family Life](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

cocaine from the cane

in child's mouth: sandy diamonds.

scooped into handfuls.

## if only

- by [sea-ebony](#), Dec 5, 2014, 9:15:18 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

to analyse all

the pearls of the dA sea.

that would be to dream.

## a fly

- by [sea-ebony](#), Dec 13, 2014, 9:07:09 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

fizzing fly in glass.

night bitter and darkening,

fly, freed, among rain.

## copperfall

- by [sea-ebony](#), Dec 19, 2014, 8:01:05 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Free Verse](#)

metal  
swan neck  
pouring  
Indian bronze  
into  
mug pearl  
places.

## 2015 tanka

- by [sea-ebony](#), Dec 31, 2014, 11:26:21 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

the nearest future  
  
a calendar swap away.  
  
embrace the winter,  
  
the nearest potential of  
  
bloom, of spring, of all things new.

## end~start

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jan 10, 2015, 11:41:46 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Prose](#) / [Fiction](#) / [General Fiction](#) / [Flash Fiction & Vignettes](#)

goodbye, that. hello, this.

## snowdrops

- by [sea-ebony](#), Feb 8, 2015, 3:23:34 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

dropping snowballs, seeds.  
the greenest leaves awaking  
as church-bell snowdrops.

## soup

- by [sea-ebony](#), Feb 28, 2015, 6:02:06 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

orange circle sweet.

salted like the passion of

blood, blood of all food.

## earth in five movements

- by [sea-ebony](#), Mar 28, 2015, 4:44:49 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

the orange dance of life  
crackling  
sees a wavering seam, an  
eternal thread of smoke  
going everywhere

the limits of space  
to the surface of the sea  
precious blue mantle  
swirling with wild clouds and dust  
protects us from the fierce sun

the glistening flow  
of infinite to infinite blue  
ripples to become  
the swaying creation  
of all coral

fiery collisions  
accretion disk whirls in space  
incandescent dust  
cools and hardens to a globe  
the stage for living is set



elements  
mixing to the wisp  
light above physical  
bright spirit of life  
burning

*a collaboration with the wonderful [cattservant](#)  
fire air water earth spirir  
i did fire and water  
cattservant did air and earth  
we both did spirit  
thanks for reading~*

## observations, ~-~ ~ ~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Apr 22, 2015, 12:55:48 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Free Verse](#)

~)

on the apple tree  
a constellation of snow  
blossom blossoms  
under the setting sky

~~)

the day moon  
falls off its  
pearly branch  
into night

~~~)

the universe's fizz
in coca cola-
the buzz of golden
stars, bubbles illuminating
parched voids

sausage renaissance

- by [sea-ebony](#), Apr 23, 2015, 9:52:29 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Sociopolitical](#) / [Free Verse](#)

frescoes of pigs
down the halls
of a glass cathedral

breathing in pica

since [palladium-smoothie](#) got to alter one of my pieces i altered one of his today~

pigeon, ~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 1, 2015, 2:41:56 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

the hungry pigeon

sees dust, sand and grain all the same

in the sun-full sky.

ice cream in november

- by [sea-ebony](#), Nov 16, 2015, 7:58:34 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

ice cream in november

warm tongue around the wafer cup

smoothing the hemisphere

ice cream in november

- by [sea-ebony](#), Nov 16, 2015, 7:58:34 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

ice cream in november

warm tongue around the wafer cup

smoothing the hemisphere

green tea

- by [sea-ebony](#), May 23, 2016, 2:04:40 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

pouring the green tea

into a perfect calm brim;

grass to amber gold

fruit tea

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 8, 2016, 3:19:35 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Free Verse](#)

pool of blood

in the ceramic mug

brought by birdseed

in a wafer bag

miniature petals gathered

to oscillate water

towards colour

the fragrance of jam

the syrup undulating

world message, ~

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 12, 2016, 11:54:34 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

crop under the bridge

by the chocolate river

in that green-gold stage,

still like bristling carpet-

under the pink of our sun

miracle

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 7, 2018, 8:37:29 AM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [General Poetry](#) / [Free Verse](#)

Nothing like your bare foot's emptiness between toes
snagging on a laptop charger, threatening
to bring the paleness down, but not. The computer on the edge of a corner.

batteries by the leaf-pile

- by [sea-ebony](#), Jul 11, 2018, 3:26:38 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

two batteries here
cigarettes by the leaf pile
acid and cracked lips

*strange image
does it work~*

tea in the cold room

- by [sea-ebony](#), Dec 28, 2018, 4:01:27 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Poetry](#) / [Nature](#) / [Haiku & Eastern](#)

tea in the cold room.
birds on grass, the brightest sky -
an unanswered call...

soft volume

- by [sea-ebony](#), May 4, 2019, 1:28:15 PM
- [Literature](#) / [Prose](#) / [Fiction](#) / [General Fiction](#) / [Flash Fiction & Vignettes](#)

pulse / lush / evocation / prayer / comeuppance / hyacinth

a six-word novel~

The Legend of the Platinum Sword

Chapter One: The War Cry

The goblin war cry echoed through the world, a terrifying roar. It passed through trees, through corrupt lands, even scaring the Devourers. It passed through the desert, causing a Vulture to rise in blind panic, leaving behind his dinner for the day, an Antillion. Jungle Bats started to pick on the roots of Man-Eaters, which in turn tried to eat Jungle Slimes. To the far west, near the edge of the world, everyone in the small, wooden village froze, in blind fear. The Goblin army was coming from the East, ready to slaughter those who oppose their rule. Their leader Andrew, a young man with piercing sapphires for eyes, immediately jumped into action.

"Demolitionist! Get your bombs from the chest!" he ordered, his loud voice reaching the furthestmost house, a small stone tower, reaching three stories up, perfect for throwing red sticks of explosives at enemies.

"Aye, sir!" came the response, a thick accent originating from the Eastern Hill*.

"Guide, see if that Old Man near the dungeon will get Skeletron to help us."

"But we've tried that millions of ti-"

JUST DO IT!" shouted Andrew, worried the Goblins would be upon his rebel settlement in minutes. He had seen thousands of rebel camps fall under the brutal force of the Goblin Empire, and many more poor resistance fighters slain.

"Yes sir.." said the Guide reluctantly, as he ran off towards the gilded dungeon, which wasn't actually that far away: the remaining humans had been pushed that far, by the cruel empire that controlled the rest of the world. Andrew continued to shout out his orders

"Arms Dealer: guns! Any type, preferably MiniSharks! Give all of us one!" The Arms Dealer quickly appeared behind the blonde haired hero, looking smug.

"It will cost you." he said smugly, a smirk on his face. Even though he could die in a few minutes, he was still a business man. Andrew was pretty angry he would not help them.

"If you do not help me, Mr Albert R.M.S Dealer, then I will personally throw you out to the oncoming army," he said quietly, but enraged at the same time. Most of the people in the village hated him, except for the Nurse, even though she was still a bit suspicious of her boyfriend.

"So I ask you again: give us all guns, or your dead!" Reluctantly, the Arms Dealer complied, and soon Andrew was holding a MiniShark, ready to slaughter the oncoming army.

"Sir," said the Guide, exhausted after sprinting back to his camp, from the Dungeon. " He won't help." Andrew looked grim. A giant skeleton on their side would really be great. Now, their chances of succeeding were very slim.

"Gods save us all..."

The fifth war cry came. The goblins had arrived.

Chapter 2: The Last Stand

Part 1

A coal black sphere flew from the Demolitionist's hand, landing outside the rightmost house, Andrew's cabin. A tremor passed through five Goblin Warriors, crushing their internal organs, and creating a crater.

"Daniel!," cried out Andrew, fighting against ten Peons. " Try not to blow up my house, will you?" The bomb maker looked down at his leader, and saw that his bomb had taken away half of the cabin, the crisp smell of burnt wood in the air, along with goblin blood. Fifty or so

Goblins were already trying to break inside, but Andrew bravely fought back with his low ammo MiniShark, and a Silver Sword, which seemed to shine brighter than the sun...

"Sorry, sir!" shouted Daniel. He then threw a grenade at the oncoming army, killing thirty or so of the scaled legion. With his grenades becoming scarce, he then took out his Star Gun (which he had stolen from the Arms Dealer, because he had put the star-powered gun up at a ridiculous price) and started to massacre around a hundred Warriors, mixed with a few Thief and one Peons.

The Goblin Sorceress silently appeared behind the red-bearded Demolitionist, in a puff of purple smoke. Gathering all her energy, she willed a purple sphere of magical flame to appear in her hands. Whispering ancient Goblenese spells, the heat of the purple ball of death heated up, until it was almost unbearable to keep in her green, skeletal hands. Relieved, she let the ball go. Before Daniel could turn around, a searing, unimaginable pain burst through his body, before death took his soul. The remains of his face splattered in front of Andrew, a look of torture.

"NOOO!" cried out Andrew, mourning for his friend, who he found in the ruined town of Eastern Hilltonia, crying amongst his dead family. Now, it was his turn. A punch in the face brought him back to reality, in which he easily sliced a Peon into two pieces with his gleaming sword, encrusted with rubies of blood. In his rage for one of the best bomb makers in the world, Andrew slaughtered fifteen Thieves. But he could see that this cabin was lost. "Retreat!" He shouted, before running to the next house.

Part 2

Andrew rushed into the next house, made of wood as well. The Guide, the Nurse and Albert were in the house already, holding guns. The arms dealer looked almost care free, leaning against the wall, causally holding a Star Cannon. His black hair drifted down to his face, a look of boredom across it.

George, the Guide, was the polar opposite. He was shaking with fear, barely holding his measly Flintlock Pistol. His skin was as pale as ice, and felt colder. He may know how to make a house, but he did not know how to fight against hundreds of savages, who had started to pillage the chests in Andrew's ruined house. What they found was dirt, stone and some more dirt, mixed with a few blocks of mud.

A hand of warmth fell over the Guide's white skin, reassuring him.

"We'll get through this," said Andrew, in a calm voice. "Don't worry." George nodded his head slowly, tears of grief slowly spilling from his eyes. He was still traumatised from the death of Daniel, even though he had seen many of his own race slain. Albert, however, seemed unfazed.

"O..O..okay." stammered George, trying to pull himself together. With George not as traumatised, Andrew got back to work again, and started to yell orders.

"Nurse! Heal me" Quickly, she came over, and in a second Andrew was back to full health. Nicola then went on to heal everyone else, all for free, which was something she didn't normally do. With everyone in full health, Andrew continued giving orders.

"Guide! Quickly put up a dirt wall by the door! NOW!" With a few tears still falling, the friend of Andrew put a wall by the door. Everyone knew that every type of Goblin could still find their way inside places, but it was a temporary defence.

Albert took one last look at Nicola, his true love. While others had mocked him, stolen from him, learned to despise him, she had stayed with him all the way. Ever since his eyes had fell on to her face, he knew he wanted to stay with her forever. All this time, he was trying to not show any emotion. If only the Goblin hadn't come. If only he that Goblin hadn't threatened him...

Trembling, he went over to her. "Gods, she is beautiful" he thought, before going up to her.

"Nicola," he said, fighting back tears. "I love you." Taken aback by his words, the Nurse suddenly felt terrified, before a Star cut her head off clean, instantly killing her. "NOOO! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!" screamed Andrew, before the world fell into darkness. Soon Andrew was unconscious.

Chapter 3: The Only Cure

Andrew slowly opened his eyes, feeling nauseous. He found that he couldn't move, as he had been tied to a chair. The rope was rough against his wrists, causing cuts across them. To him, the world was bleary, and he couldn't see anything. A powerful kick aimed between the legs gave him excruciating pain, before coughing violently. After a dribble of blood escaped from his mouth, he began to see properly again. He really wished he hadn't.

The dead body of the Guide was on the floor, a hole in his temple letting blood flow out. His skin was still pale, and it would stay like that forever, now. Andrew tried to fight back tears, but soon he was shuddering, at all the people he had lost today: Daniel, the Demolitionist, Nicola the Nurse, and the Guide.

"Looks like the vermin has awoken, Sir. Shall I beat him?" said a hissing voice, disgusted by the human in front of him. Andrew knew it was the voice of a Goblin, and slowly he got himself together, and his mourning turned into pure hatred towards them.

"No, it's fine, I'll do it myself." said another voice, much deeper, yet still sounding like a Goblin. The pile of skin and blood on the chair, Andrew, slowly looked up, and found himself staring at the Goblin General himself.

He wore shining golden armour, intricate patterns of gruesome massacres of other human camps portrayed on the chest plate. Some of his muscles bulged out of his chain mail, especially his arms, where his dark green skin ripped through the gold. He held a giant silver broadsword, which Andrew realised was his own. Giant wounds covered his visible skin, some of them infected, others still oozing blood. The other Warrior guards that stood around him seemed insignificant and small, with the General's head brushing against the wooden roof of the cabin. His maroon eyes stared intently at the puny human leader below him, before punching him violently in the gut.

"DON'T YOU EVER STARE AT ME AGAIN!" he roared, shaking the remaining furniture of the house, and causing some vases to crash on to the floor.

Andrew replied by spitting out his teeth and some of his blood on to the floor, just missing the General's monstrous boots.

"You pathetic humans," he said in disgust. "We can't just stomp you all out in one go, can we? Well, you mongrels will get what you deserve soon."

Clicking his fingers, two more warriors came through, each one carrying an arm of the Arms Dealer. He looked like he was dead, yet Andrew could tell that he wasn't from the faint breathing that came from him. The General went over to him, and grabbed his jaw. Before Albert had any time to resist, his mouth was wide open, a green scaly hand gripping the bottom part of his jaw. Slowly he took out a glass vial from a leather pouch he was holding, filled with a colour similar to a mix between Corruption-purple and Swiftess Potion green.

"Our best Sorceress' have been working on this" said the General, before spilling the contents into the Arms Dealer's mouth, which he was forced to swallow. Suddenly, his skin went red, and redder, and redder, until he yelled out a sickening scream, as cracks started to appear across his body. Andrew quickly turned away from the gruesome transformation, not wanting to see the result. After a minute later, when the screaming had stopped, the General went over to him, and strongly moved his head towards the direction of Albert. Lying in a pool of blood, a Goblin Warrior was kneeling down. He was shivering violently, until he suddenly stopped, and saw Andrew. The human leader could see it was Albert, but he knew he wasn't the sinister human he used to know: he was a bestial Goblin.

"Platinum is the only thing that resists it, but thanks to your idiotic race, you turned all of the remaining ore into coins! Oh, and just in case you thought that there was a glimmer of hope left for your race, platinum made from Gold Coins won't work."

With that, he started to bellow into a terrifying laugh. All the other Goblins, including Albert, started to join in, thinking of the day the humans would become extinct: for them, a joyous celebration.

"Thousands of slave Harpies will carry a giant Sphere of Iron, filled with this nifty potion," The Goblin General said with a faraway look in his eyes. "They will drop it, and it will flood every single part of the world, including Hell itself. Once it has drained away, every single creature on this planet will be united as one: US!"

This then followed with another chorus of laughter, before Andrew's injuries made him fall back into the world of unconsciousness.

Chapter 4: The Journey

Part 1

Andrew's eyes snapped open, to find himself with a chain around his neck, choking him. He felt too weak to get up, so he found himself being dragged across the ground. Clawing at the dirt, he finally got up, and started to walk with the tedious beat of the Goblin convoy, a mass of thirty or so Warriors and the General himself, at the front. By his side was Albert, now a ferocious Warrior, standing out of the crowd by his distinct features and his MiniShark. As the world trudged by, Andrew could see no life. All the trees had been cut down, to build up the Goblins vast armada of ships, which crossed various oceans and brought other worlds to their knees. Slimes had turned extinct, after they were slaughtered for sport and their flammable gel, which were all quickly used up to make torches of the many palaces of the Emperor. The simple Peons lived in the dark.

"Pretty bare land, don't you think?" said the voice of a woman in front of Andrew, wearing nothing but vines.

"Dryad!" cried Andrew, happy to see his wise advisor. Before the war cry of the Goblins had been shouted out, he had sent her to find any more survivors, after a very brutal Patrol had killed five other resistance camps. On the way, she found the army, and was taken prisoner. Her scars had quickly healed, thanks to her magic, although there were very little natural essences from the earth to get Mana from.

"Was there any survivors?" asked Andrew, praying that there would be some humans left to help him. Sadly, this was not the case.

"None." she said simply, yet with a lot of sympathy for the dead.

A long of period of silence fell, and both prisoners just marched on. They marched through Vulture blood and soft sand, sometimes getting bitten by Antillion Larvae. This soon changed to more dirt, before turning into grass again. But this grass wasn't normal: it was purple, and deadly spores rose to the air. The Dryad started to feel sick, but did not want to humiliate herself by vomiting in front of green, scaled creatures. The beings that lived in the Corruption left the convoy alone, as if they knew the power of the Goblin Empire.

This disgusting area soon turned into lush jungle, the humid temperature making Andrew feel warm. Goblins had to start fighting off the wildlife here.

"Protect the prisoners," ordered the General. "The Emperor wants them fit and healthy when they get executed!" A dirty laugh rose up in the Convoy.

The Jungle soon went away, to replace it with more wasteland. Just as Andrew and the Dryad's feet were going to explode, the group of Goblins halted at the shore of the blue ocean. Well, it was now grey, flooded with sewage from the Goblin Empire. The so-called 'grand' cities of the Goblin Empire were drowning in filth.

"We wait," said the General. "Our ship will come soon"

Part 2: S.S Bloodbath

The ship in question soon came, and roughly landed on the shore. It was a gigantic longboat, made out of Mahogany: a rare type of wood, found in the deepest parts of the Underground Jungle. It had been varnished extensively, and the word Bloodbath was etched in gold onto the left side of the hull. A figurehead made of silver showed a Goblins fierce head, looking like it was ready to eat anything and rip it to shreds. The mast held a giant sail, made of green silk. A plank of wood fell onto the coast, and Andrew's chains were taken off. He saw that the Dryad's had been taken off as well. The General roughly pushed them over, on to the flimsy bridge.

"Get on!" he grunted angrily, and Andrew reluctantly agreed.

The inside of the boat was lined with rows of benches, in which many Zombies sat. They had leather mouth guards around them, and were all fitted with Meteorite Shackles. Seeing new meat, the undead started to resist. After realizing that the zombies were getting out of control, a Goblin Overseer at the prow came down, and started to whip them all brutally.

Two zombies, beside each other, were killed this way. Andrew and Dryad soon found themselves dragged on to their former seats, after the zombie mess was thrown into the ocean. The Goblin Overseer came over, and handed them a giant oar.

"Row." he growled.

The grey muck that filled the ocean was even harder to row through than normal water. Also, every time they pushed against the waves, some of this muck would come up from the depths, and splatter the Zombie slaves. Thankfully, none splattered any living slaves. Zombies were always moaning, an trying to reach towards the Dryad for a snack, but failed every time because of the leather mouth guard they wore. Also, the afternoon sun burned them, making them moan from the heat. Most zombies died by being sunburnt, and turned into piles of ashes. Andrew and the Dryad themselves felt like they were being burnt. Even the convoy of Goblins, now relaxing at the front of the ship, were feeling very warm. Yet the slaves still rowed on, for many hours.

"City ahead, sir!," cried the Scout Goblin, in the crow's nest, looking towards a magnificent city of marble, stained with brown streets. "Prepare to dock!"

Chapter 5: The Goblin City

The Bloodbath's rusty iron anchor dropped on to the pier, smashing some rotten wood boards. Some of the Goblins on the prow jumped off, landing on the grimy dock. Some, including the General, walked to Andrew. He was soaked in sweat from rowing the behemoth of wood. The Dryad was as tired as the companion beside her, but she had not broken one sweat. Smashing the head of a slave zombie, the muscular General picked him up by the collar.

"If you try anything," he growled. "Then you will be killed in a much more torturing way than was planned." With that, he threw him, Andrew's head banging on the floor of the longboat. Deliriously getting up, he was joined by some other Goblins, and was pulled up. Slowly he got off the boat, and went further into the city.

Rumours said that the Goblin City was a beautiful masterpiece, marble buildings lined with golden paths. The truth was the polar opposite. Piles of sewage were lined up in every street, sometimes corpses inside them. Goblin Peons lined the streets, begging or trying to sell things for a few coppers, sometimes family members for sale. People were taking various liquids, making them fall unconscious or even dead, after a few minutes of ecstasy. Groups of

Goblin Warriors patrolled these streets, beating people up for their own enjoyment. A ball of mud hit Andrew hard, and he saw it came from a group of Goblin Children, ranging from what humans would call the age 5, to the age of 16. They were all laughing so hard that they fell over, into the grime on the streets. Then they realized the General was there, and ran away to their parents, so they didn't get a useless beating, which would kill them. The convoy walked on.

"This is hell." Andrew whispered, so the guards wouldn't hear him. Turning to see the Dryad, he saw she was busy. Vines started to grow from her body, spreading across her skin. They wrapped around her legs, stalling her movement. The leaves crept up her hands, strangling her like a python. Soon, a tornado of leaves stood beside Andrew.

"Kill her!" shouted the General, realizing that she was using a Vine Escaping spell. The vines that came from the Dryads body had Temporal Sap in them, an ingredient in the creation of a Magic Mirror. This sap helped the Dryad go to anywhere in the world, at the will of her mind. Unfortunately the spell could only teleport one person at a time, so Andrew was left at the mercy of the Goblins, who were frustrated that one of their prisoners had gone.

"I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!" said the General, enraged, and holding his Silver Broadsword above Andrew's head, ready to remove it from his head. Waiting for his certain death, the loud bang of bullets entered the air, smiting all of the Goblins, excluding the General. He just grunted off the pain of the bullet, stuck in his arm, and went forward to kill the person who tried to kill him. The mysterious shooter sent out five other bullets, and this time the General was dead.

"Quick!" came the voice of the assassin, coming into Andrew's view, after hiding behind a corner. "We must run!"

Chapter 6: The Escape

The assassin turned round, to face Andrew. He could see it was a female, like a sorceress. Yet Andrew knew she wasn't, because she wore an orange robe, with red swirls on it. Her face seemed to be kinder than the rest of her species, almost looking human. She held a Musket in her right hand. Holding it to her lips, she blew off the smoke coming through the muzzle. "Who are you?" asked Andrew, not wanting to trust a Goblin.

The mysterious Human-Goblin stuck out her hand, as if politely introducing herself.

"Myrthania Galagarea. You can call me Myrth. Last Goblin Journalist left alive, after the Imperial Press was killed by the Emperor, just because we told a story about his affair. Also, I'm an agent for the last human colony left alive. Now, come on! We must hurry!" Before Andrew could react, he was running through the streets of Goblin City.

An arrow brushed Andrew, hitting a drunken elderly Goblin in the chest. Barging into a Goblin Peon, Myrth took Andrew into a dark alley. No light was visible, just darkness. The Goblin Journalist kicked a battered door three times, until it broke down. With Andrew beside her she ran inside, where there was even more darkness. The sound of the Guards grew more distant, until the duo couldn't hear it at all.

"Welcome to my place," Myrth said, lighting some candles. "Or what's left of it"

In the orange glow of the fire, Andrew could see the place was in ruin. Bookcases were overturned, and Typewriters were smashed on the floor. Tables were upside down, and the chairs were stained with blood.

"The Imperial Press was the biggest Human spying mission of all time: from a hidden place, here, we typed up lies about the empire, to destroy morale," Myrth said sadly.

"But they still found us. The General killed us all, except for me. Then, I got a message from the Human Resistance, telling me I was fired, because I apparently let my people get killed. When I heard there were some Human prisoners here, I thought I could finally get back into the Human Resistance."

Andrew wasn't convinced. "How can I believe you? I have never heard of the Human Resistance."

Myrth had a slight grin on her face. "You'll just have to trust me."

With those not-so-reassuring words, Andrew was taken to another, smaller room, with a hole in the centre. Andrew looked down, and only saw darkness. Myrth went to a shelf, and picked up a clear bottle with a wisp of white inside. She gave it to Andrew.

"Use this Cloud in A Bottle when you get to the end." she said. And with that, she pushed him into the void.

ACT TWO

Chapter 7: The Safest Place

Part 1

Andrew woke up, and yawned very loudly. Grabbing the Obsidian Skull from the table beside him, he stepped on to the Hellstone Brick floor, and looked across the human settlement, made out of the same fiery brick. Lots of humans were walking, Merchants selling, Guides guiding and Nurses healing. Demons flew in the sky, patrolling the human settlement, in case any trouble occurred. A giant plume of lava exploded beside Andrew's house, making an amazing sight.

Andrew had fallen through the hole for what had seemed like an eternity, around a week ago. When he got to the end of the Hellavator, he used his Cloud in a Bottle in blind panic, before crashing on to a wooden platform. A group of humans were standing there, looking at the stranger that had just crashed in front of them. An old man, with a white beard and in Molten armour (excluding the helmet), started to shout orders.

"Quick"! Get him healed, Naomi! Thomas, get him an Obsidian Skull, before he burns! HURRY!" Andrew thought he recognised the voice, but before he could think about it, exhaustion and his injuries made him unconscious. Again.

"You okay, there?" the old man asked, when Andrew slowly woke up again.

He found himself in a bed, something he hadn't slept in for what seemed like a lifetime. His eyes moved away from the quilt, to the kindly face of someone he thought had died, many years ago.

"Michael?!" exclaimed Andrew, before hugging his old mentor, and fellow Merchant. "But I thought you were dead!"

"Ah yes...", said Michael, a faraway look in his eyes. "Well, while fighting alongside you on the Mountain of The Undead, I fell into a cave system. You must have thought I had died,"

"I explored the Underground, smiting the enemies that came easily. It was then that I found more survivors, a whole camp of them! I joined them, and was voted leader.

We found more survivors, but we had to keep on moving. Goblins had started to come down into the depths of the Underground. We were being pushed downwards, until we hit The Underworld. The creatures of Hell reluctantly made an alliance with us, because they hated the Goblin Empire too: the Emperor imprisoned creatures from here, and took them up to fight in bloodthirsty Gladiator Arenas. And so, we created a new civilization, united with the Demons, the Fire Imps, and all the other creatures that live here." Michael smiled. "Come on, I'll show you around."

With his Obsidian Skull, Andrew got a tour of Hope, the capital of the Human Resistance. All the buildings were made of bricks, made from Hellstone, and the streets were made of Obsidian Bricks. They were all tall towers, decorated with average furniture: chests, tables, chairs, and things like that. Hellforges were in each room as well.

Bone Serpents were used like public transport, taking passengers to other small towns, created by other humans. Obsidian Skin Potions were for sale at the Tavern, a small building in between two towers, for only 10 copper coins. A small dome, made of glass and Obsidian Bricks, was at the end of the central street.

"That's our Parliament," Michael explained. "It's where we make our decisions for this new safe haven. No longer must we run from the Goblins!"

Andrew then remembered what the General had told him, back in his old resistance camp. "Actually, Michael, I have to tell you something..."

Chapter 8: The Legend of the Platinum Armour

Everyone around the table, in the Parliament, was silent and sombre. Andrew had just told the Demon General, the Chief Fire Imp, Michael, and Myrth (she followed Andrew into the Hellavator shortly after Andrew was found. She was let in again, for rescuing another human prisoner) about the Goblin Potion, which could only be stopped by putting platinum in to the mixture. Basically, the whole world and life itself was going to be turned into goblins, the world to be turned into some kind of green corruption.

"We're doomed." said the Fire Imp Chief pessimistically.

The whole room then erupted into chaos and argument, each leader trying to find a way to survive. Michael stayed silent, before his face showed the emotion of irritation.

"QUIET!" he roared, making the leaders fall silent. Michael continued to speak calmly, like a true leader.

"We are not doomed! True, our ancestors have made platinum an extinct substance, but do not give up hope yet!" Slowly, he sat down. "Legend states that deep in the Dungeon, when the flames of hell lick upon the bricks of the ancient building, and turn it into fire, there is a portal, made by the People that Lived before Time. When you enter the portal, it is said that an armour that shines brighter than the sun, yet not as gilded as gold, is to be found in a chamber. Not much is known about this place, so it is full of unknown challenges. If someone went and retrieved this, then the potion would become obsolete.

"But that's just one set. What about the rest of the world?" said the Demon General, not convinced that this legend could save them. Myrth coughed loudly, drawing everyone's attention to her.

"Thank you very much," she said matter-of-factly. "But I have got an Intermediate A-Class grade in Duplication spells, because every single female Goblin is forced to learn Sorcery. I can duplicate the armour set when we get it back."

The Demon General was still sceptical. "But it's still just a legend! A myth, in my opinion!" Michael had a big grin plastered on his face.

"But it's real! Andrew's father has seen a sword of Platinum with his own eyes..."

Andrew put the last block of wood on the wall, the ocean's tide flooding the bottom of the wall. He sighed in relief, and ran his hand through his matted black hair, covered in sweat after building the wall, that would protect the humans from the evil Goblin Armada. It had been eighteen months since the green warriors landed on the coast, and made life hell for the Princedom.

Andrew wanted to start a family, and live a good life. He didn't want to fight evil bestial warriors, powered by greed.

"Quick!" came the panicked Nurse, from the small village. "Your wife has given birth!"

Andrew rushed into his house, and saw his wife with a blonde haired baby boy.

"What should we name him?" tearfully said Aethera, his wife. Andrew thought about this for a minute, until he decided.

"Andrew. Andrew Mycroft Jr." Smirking, Andrew held his new baby boy. Michael, his

friend and merchant, stroking his ochre beard.

"Congratulations!" he said joyfully, patting his childhood friend on the back.

A giant tremor stopped the celebration of a new baby, and everyone went out to see what happened. They saw the wooden wall ruined, and Goblin Warriors crawling through a giant hole in the border.

Andrew Senior passed the baby to Michael, because his wife was still inside, resting after labour. It was then that he stepped on it: a sword that shined brighter than the sun, lying beside a thin crack in the Earth. Looking down, he saw only darkness.

"Is it silver?" asked Andrew, to Michael. He looked amazed.

"It's platinum! You've found the legendary Platinum sword!"

"Well, let's hope it-AHHH!" Andrew fell on the ground in pain and death, and Michael saw a Harpoon's point in his back. Taking the sword, he ran to the hills, with Andrew Jr. Only a few people survived that day. And those people were Nicola, Gordon, Albert, Michael, Daniel and Andrew. Andrew Mycroft.

Chapter 9: Off to the Dungeon

Part 1: Catching the Bone Serpent

Everyone in the city of Hope came to see Andrew off. They gave him all their potions, for no price.

Michael had given him a full set of Molten Armour, with a Molten Fury, and 250 Hellfire Arrows, along with a Fiery Greatsword. As he put the burning helmet on, Andrew was feeling very nervous.

"May the Gods be with you," said Michael, a tear running down his cheek. "If you can defeat Skeletron, you can do anything."

Getting on to the Bone Serpent, Michael looked at his adopted son, for what could have been the last time. And as the white trail lifted higher into the cavern, he knew that if he died, then the world would be doomed. A Fire Imp, seeing this, clicked his fingers.

The smooth bones of the skeletal worm made it comfortable to sit on. However, as the creature drilled through the dirt and stones, they hit Andrew, which would have killed him if it wasn't for the magma he was wearing. Andrew had tried to negotiate with Oliver, the Old Man, to help fight the Goblins, but he was too bitter. Now, he was going to kill him.

The stone wall of the deep Cavern, just above Hell, soon turned into a dirt wall. Slimes were sliced by the sharp bones that came from the train of Hell, without the Bone Serpent even realising it was killing loads of monsters. Soon, it erupted from the earth, breaking multiple golden bricks, all of them crashing down. Andrew jumped off, and came face to face with the red, evil eyes of Oliver. The sun had gone, and soon Skeletron would appear.

Part 2: Betrayal

The Goblin Palace stood on a lush green mountain, looking over the farms that littered the countryside. The farms themselves were bleak, with famines spreading throughout the Empire. The Palace Mountain was the only point of life, and the forests here were used for hunting only. A Goblin, tall and lean, held a bow and arrow. He pointed it at his next measly victim: a Human, barely sixteen, running through the woods. With a masterful shot, he was still.

"Good shooting." said the Fire Imp, who had just appeared. He said it sarcastically, and as if he was bored. He disliked the Goblin Prince a lot, mainly because of his arrogance.

"What do you want?" he sneered, before picking up another arrow and shot a eighteen year old woman, hiding in the trees.

"Goblin Law sadly states I have to get permission from a spoilt brat, before I can speak to the

Emperor," the Fire Imp said.

"Can I see your Daddy, please?" he said mockingly.

"What the hell: just leave me alone." the Goblin Prince handed him a piece of paper, with a clay stamp on it. In a ball of flames, the Fire Imp appeared in front of giant wooden doors, two golden statues of brave Goblin warriors on each side. A muscular Guard was in front.

"I have permission from the Prince to see the Emperor." the Fire Imp said formally. With a nod of his head, the Guard opened the door.

The Emperor's Room was made of gold, with a blue carpet running to a gargantuan throne. On it, the Emperor sat: a giant ball of green fat, and with short stumps which looked nothing like tusks. He was slobbering over a bowl of Goldfish, some of them still alive. Wiping the blood from the side of his mouth, he spoke.

"What news have you heard?" he boomed, before belching very loudly. He picked up a giant goblet full of red wine, and guzzled it down.

"Grave news, sire," said the Fire Imp, unemotionally. "The city of Hope has sent a measly human, to find the Platinum Armour. The traitor, Myrth, said she would then duplicate the armour, to save their puny bodies. What shall we do?"

"Simple," he said, after finishing his wine. "We go after them! We know the Platinum Armour is in the dungeon, so we shall assemble a team."

With a click of his fingers, a zombie walked into the room. He had a leather hat, and was smarter than the rest of his kind. Also, he could speak.

"You called, master?" he said. His voice chilled the Fire Imp to the core.

"Yes, I did," the Emperor said. "You must go with a group of Goblins, and retrieve the Platinum Armour."

"Of course, sire. I shall go when a team is assembled."

The Fire Imp decided it was time to leave. "Well, I must go now."

Before he could click his fingers and disappear, a fireball ripped him apart.

"Well," the other Fire Imp said who had suspected his brother of working with the enemy. "Looks like we have some competition for the Platinum Armour."

Before any of the Goblins could attack him, he was gone, back to Hell.

Chapter 10: Dungeons & Evil Giant Skeletons

Part 1: Skeletron

"What do you want?" said Oliver bitterly. "Leave me alone, before I rip you to shreds."

Andrew tried to look down at him, like some kind of heroic person.

"No. I shall challenge you, in cursed form." After these words escaped his mouth, Andrew saw the true power of magic in front of him. Oliver's bones grew massive, until they ripped out of his skin. His head exploded, and his giant skull shot into the sky. Oliver was now dead. Skeletron was born. Skeletron swept his hand towards Andrew, causing him to hit back, and fall on the gold brick floor. Getting his hellish bow from his back, he fired three arrows, burning brightly. Skeletron moved his arm in the way of the arrows flight, and his arm got slightly injured.

His head started to spin, until the ivory comet crashed into Andrew. Using the Cloud in a Bottle he obtained in the Goblin City, he jumped over this missile. The skull crashed into the floor, leaving a giant crater, before it floated back up. By then, he had lost a lot of health, and a crack was appearing on Skeletron's skull. Soon, the crack spread, and his skull broke into millions of pieces, and his arms crashed down, lifeless. Sighing with relief, Andrew took a big gulp of his Health Potion, and rested. But after the battle, the entering part of the Dungeon was weak, and started to collapse. As the

bricks started to fall, Andrew sprinted, and did a forward roll through the door. The fire from his armour burnt the door down, and left a small trail of lava. As the lava corroded the floor, Andrew put his arrow away, and picked up his Fiery Greatsword. Slowly, he ventured into the depths of the Dungeon, a thin trail of smoke behind him.

Two orange lights blinked in the night, dancing together, rushing through the air. This was soon followed by six purple lights, twinkling in the moonlight. These lights soon sped past a mountain before crashing before the ruined Dungeon Entrance. Dazed, the Goblins and Dr Bones took off their Ultra Rocket Boots, and started to follow their decomposing leader into the golden building, built at a time that no one remembers. They were going to kill Andrew, and stop humanity survive.

Part 2: The Golden Slime

Andrew went further into the bricked labyrinth, following the light from the Chained Lanterns above. He passed many books, which all had strange lines, dots, and shapes. So far he had not seen any enemies, although he thought he had seen a flash of orange in the corner of his eye. Still, he held on to his Fiery Greatsword, and slashed at the air when he thought there was some kind of enemy. He was very paranoid, and didn't want to take any chances.

Michael's words of advice ringed in his ears, as he remembered what to look for:

"Look for the Golden Slime. It apparently shows to people who have pure hearts in the Dungeon, so you should see it very quickly. Be careful though, because he is very-"

A giant, searing pain cut along his back, and he felt burnt. Jumping in pain, he crashed towards the floor, causing blood to come out of his mouth, even though he had a Molten Armour on. Dribbling, Andrew saw his enemy: a Blazing Wheel, silently whizzing towards him. "Blazing Wheels are rumoured to be giant saws, forged in the UnderDungeon," said the voice of Michael. "They can cut you without you knowing, and are absolutely silent."

Andrew slashed his sword at the wheel of flames, but it simply bounced back. With it coming closer, Andrew ran through a door, to find himself face to face with a floating skull. It was glowing in a eerie white light, and had eyes which tormented his brain. It hit him on the chest, and Andrew found himself paralysed. He couldn't move a muscle, and as he saw the Blazing Wheel burn the door to cinders he knew he was truly dead.

In relief, Andrew felt the luxury of movement, and leaped over the orange blade, as it crushed the Cursed Skull. It was then that Andrew saw it: a blob of pure gold, shining in the magenta light of a Chained Lantern. In the middle, there was a Platinum key.

"The Slime shall have a key made of Platinum inside him, which he has guarded for millennia." came the voice of Andrew's mentor. *"Also remember he is very fa-"*

In sonic speed, the Golden Slime rushed past him, before jumping on him. Feeling like a million tonnes had crashed on top of him, Andrew slashed at the Slime, but he dodged it before the point had reached him. For his final move, the Slime jumped on him again, and Andrew found himself inside the slime, beside the Platinum Key. Holding his breath in the syrupy liquid, Andrew picked up the Key, and put it in his backpack. it was then that he remembered that a kind, old lady had given him a Gills Potion, allowing you to breathe in any liquid. Taking off his helmet and guzzling the cyan liquid, Andrew felt calm again as the liquid easily went into his lungs. It was like eating air, which tasted of honey, he thought.

Collecting his thoughts, Andrew started to slice the internal gel inside the golden monster, before he exploded in agony. Picking up the gel, he decided to try and craft a torch with some spare wood he had, and found the whole dungeon illuminated by golden light. relived he had gotten out of his slimy prison, Andrew picked up his Key and saw a thin trail of platinum was travelling to the Armour.

Andrew followed it.

Dr Bones gave the signal to stop, and the Goblins behind him halted obediently. Sniffing the air with his nose that had the annoying tendency to fall off, the living corpse smelled smoke: a clear clue that someone was wearing Molten Armour, just like an adventurer from Hell would wear. Basically, it was their rival. Suddenly, Dr Bones saw a blade of neon orange light, hurtling towards the group.

"TO THE RIGHT!" he shouted, and his group jumped from the left wall to a ledge, on the other side. A torturing noise echoed through the walls, and everyone looked back to see one of their kind transformed into a pile of blood.

"We must keep moving." Dr Bones said grimly, as they followed the smoke.

Chapter 11: The Submerged Chamber

Part 1: Dark Casters and Giant Flails

Andrew followed the snake of sparkling stars of platinum, slaying more Cursed Skulls and dodging Blazing Wheels. Strange, blue orbs hit into him sometimes, so Andrew had to tread carefully.

Opening a door, Andrew came face to face with a terrifying sight.

The Dark Caster had a navy blue robe, showing his rank of Dark Ocean Magic. His grey, disturbing face shoved into Andrew, making him jump out of his skin. Gathering all the ancient magic in him, he released a globe of powerful water, which hit into Andrew. Like the other orbs, it evaporated as it hit his armour, causing very little damage. Andrew swiped his sword, and the skeleton broke into two half's, both of them filled with blue blood. The Dark Caster collapsed in a heap of bones, like a normal skeleton.

Andrew started to follow the trail again, which seemed to stop when he stopped, like a guide.

Opening a door, Andrew was hit back by a giant steel ball, spikes growing from it. As it came back in a full circle to hit Andrew again, he rolled under the flail, and hacked away at the chain, to no avail.

Giving up, Andrew leaped away from the Spike Ball, to have his left leg clipped by one of the spikes.

In pain, Andrew crashed through another door, to find his body underwater, cooling his Molten Armour down.

Part 2: Underwater

The water was clear, with enough nutrients to sustain life. Goldfish swam peacefully over books, their pages soggy and wet. Piranhas stalked the water, looking for prey in between the bricks of the ancient building. Giant metal saws were frozen in mid-trap, the Blazing Wheels now burnt out forever. A Spike ball slowly swung his iron ball at Andrew, floating down like a feather. When his breath had nearly gone, Andrew drank a second Gills Potion, and his breath became normal again. His Armour had cooled down so much that it had turned into Stone, so now Andrew was wearing a Stone Armour, which made him stuck. Using all his might, Andrew tried to break free, but he couldn't. In blind desperation, Andrew went to the Spike Ball. The sharp spikes split open the stone prison, and Andrew was released, but without any armour on, which is very dangerous, in the Dungeon.

Andrew continued through the cyan waves, until he reached a door, which looked like it couldn't take the pressure of the water behind it. Giving the damp wood a slight shove, it broke into thirteen different pieces, and suddenly Andrew was moving with the water, into the dry chambers below. As piranhas leached on to surprised skeletons, Andrew felt hurt as water spheres hit into him. A giant skeleton, in red clothes, hit him on the side of the head, causing blood to enter the water, making a

pinkish colour. The water cascaded over a door, breaking it. soon, Andrew was falling over the side, until he hit a Gold Chest, which had a Golden Key stuck into the lock. Amazed at his luck, Andrew opened it, to find a Golden Armour. He put it on hastily, before following the platinum trail, which he had forgot about amidst the chaos. As his gills closed up, Andrew felt the waves up by his ankles. Holding his Greatsword, Andrew went towards his goal.

Dr Bones stared at the wet floor, the faint outlines of footprints in the shallow water. A Goldfish squirmed in suffocation, before being squashed by the zombie leader.

"Follow the footprints!" he told the five goblins, before setting off towards Andrew.

Chapter 12: The Portal Knight

Part 1: The Platinum Door

For hours, the platinum snake curved through corridors, past rooms and under chambers. To Andrew, it seemed like it was going nowhere, and he was starting to think that he was going to be stuck in the Dungeon forever, until he became a skeleton as well. *How big is this Dungeon anyway?* He thought, as his golden armour seamlessly blended in to the gilded bricks. Andrew got used to the various traps and enemies in the Dungeon, flawlessly jumping over Blazing Wheels and ducking under Spike Balls perfectly. Slaying skeletons became normal, each swing of his giant iron sword feeling mundane. Water Spheres hurt more than they used to, now he had weaker armour, but he could still dodge them easily. Dark Casters were just an irritation, and didn't seem as terrifying as before.

After what seemed an eternity, Andrew finally came face to face with a giant door, made of giant slabs of the most powerful ore in existence: Platinum. Amazed he had survived this far, Andrew put the key from his bag into a giant keyhole, and the giant door started to fill up with golden veins of energy. Like cracks on a window, the veins spread, and then the door broke into a million pieces, shards of platinum crashing on to the floor, revealing a small room, made of black bricks.

"Don't move," said a chilling voice, before the click of a Flintlock Pistol echoed through the corridor.

"Or my Goblins will kill you, if I don't shoot you first."

Part 2: Rise of the Portal Knight

Andrew stood still, his hands up in the air. Although he had armour on, a bullet could easily kill him. Craning his neck, Andrew saw the face of a scowling zombie, a leather hat perched on his head. His black hair had dried blood, and the rank smell of death came from his body. "Remember me?" he said sinisterly, a sneer rising on his face. "Indiana Bones: used to be your friend, until you abandoned me in the Underground Jungle to rot away for eternity. Sadly for you, only a select group of people die in this world: some are resurrected, and some are left to linger across the earth for eternity. If I wasn't taken to by a guinea pig by the Goblins for a new Intelligence Potion, I would be eating your brain right now."

The sharp pang of pain in Andrews back told him to move, into the chamber. It was small, and made of black bricks, darker than Obsidian. The walls were lined with Golden Torches, like the one made from the Golden Slime that Andrew had defeated recently. His own torch had been washed away in the water, and would be discovered two hundred years later, by his ancestor. For now though, his belongings were in the custody of a goblin, who was vigorously searching through them.

A black urn stood in the centre in the room, a darker substance swirling inside it. When Andrew looked into it, all he saw was his reflection, as if he was staring into a Black Lens. Feeling nauseous,

Andrew went back from the Portal Urn and stood next to some Goblins, who were searching his leather bag. And it was then it happened.

The black liquid rose into a spire, screams coming from the Portal. It shifted into the shape of some kind of Human: the outline jagged with red spikes, breaking through reality. Two red eyes glowed from the 'face', like two hot embers, glowing in a multidimensional furnace of black. Soon, it solidified, until a man in black armour with red vortexes swirling in a clockwise motion appeared. With an ear-piercing scream revealing a red mouth full of fangs, the five goblins and Indiana Bones exploded in dust. Strangely, Andrew was not affected.

"I AM THE PORTAL KNIGHT!" he boomed, his voice an explosion of sound. A black sword, similar to a Starfury, appeared in his right hand, glowing with the same dark colour as the walls in the Portal Chamber.

"Prepare to die."

Chapter 13: Losing the Battle

The Portal Knight swiped his sword on to the weak, soft Golden Armour, breaking through it like butter. The sword cut into Andrew's skin, blood gushing from his arm, mixed with portal liquid. He cried out in anguish, and his iron Greatsword clattered to the ground. The Portal Knight put his new solid foot on the blade, and kicked it away.

Up in the night sky, a powerful swipe from a dungeon far below broke through reality, and left a giant ravine across the moon. Three parts of this rock rose into space, before crashing down to earth, under the command of the Moonfury. It broke across the sky, and crashed through the gold bricks of the Dungeon, crumbling the bricks to dust. A Dark Caster got in the way of the comets, and suffered the punishment of being ripped to shreds. A Blazing Wheel exploded into sparks, when it tried to cut up the powerful rocks. Still they crashed down, until they broke through the Voidstone room, and crashed into Andrew's torso. He was thrown back in extreme pain, cosmic flames melting his golden armour, which scalded his body. He hit the wall at such a force that he broke it, the black bricks tumbling below on to a Big Boned and a Small Bones, crushing them in an instant. Andrew held on to the floor, the edges jagged causing his hands to bleed.

The Portal Knight came to Andrew, and stood on his hands, causing great pain. He then opened his hideous mouth, ready to devour Andrew with a black hole.

Part 2: Winning the Battle

Andrew's strength was nearly used up, and so, in instinct, he let go. The iron feet of the Portal Knight scraped across his bleeding hands, before his prisoners body dropped towards the floor. The only good that came out of this experience was that Andrew's melted armour had now created a body cast of gold, with his head the only visible part, beneath his rich exterior. With a loud cacophonous crash, his gilded boots caused cracks to appear on the gold brick floor, yet Andrew still stood upright, alive. Amazed he survived, the golden warrior reached over to find himself in front of an unlocked gold chest. Quickly he opened it, to find a long spear of darkness; the Dark Lance. With a golden fist, Andrew picked it up, feeling the power pulsating through him. Andrew glanced up at the Portal Chamber, wanting to unleash vengeance on the triumphant Knight. Andrew looked in the chest again, to find a Grappling Hook, the bony hand of a previous explorer clutching on to it. Shaking the grisly hand off the useful tool, Andrew shot the hook up to the broken wall, and was lifted upwards. Andrew later said when he had grandchildren, that surprise is what defeated the ancient knight of multiple realities. When Andrew jumped behind the knight, guarding the empty stone urn, he struck the lance into where the heart would be. The sharp end ripped through three dimensions, and

instantly the portal liquid fell to the floor, before rising back into the ancient urn, before his previous mind could challenge Andrew. After silence reigned in the chamber, Andrew knew what he had to do, to save the world. Holding his breath, the legendary hero dived into the black portal.

Chapter 14: Success of the Quest

Part 1: The Void

Andrew fell for what seemed like an eternity. All that was around him was blackness, and a cold chill that made his golden exterior freeze. He felt weightless, like a feather, falling through darkness. Andrew could see nothing, and when he closed his eyes no change occurred. The troubled hero started to wonder if he was dead, and that when he reached an unimaginable bottom the world above would be covered in lime green corruption, every organism a Goblin. Andrew shook the thought out of his head, and found the only thing that reassured him was the thought of Myrth, which surprised him, because he absolutely hated Goblinkind. However, her kind face was still framed in his mind.

Andrew looked through his bag, which was nearly impossible in the dark world. He picked up a stick, and burned himself on an invisible flame, and the Torch fell even further into the eternal realm of no light. Blowing on his burnt golden hand, he started to worry whether or not he would die when he fell on the ground, if there was one. Desperately Andrew scrambled through his bag, and picked up a smooth glass item, which he realized, was a Cloud in a Bottle. Grasping it hard, Andrew prayed that he would live.

After what seemed for ages, Andrew found his fear had turned into boredom. He whistled a tunelessly, and found that no tune came out at all. He gasped, and realized that he could not hear anything, not even his own breath. Yet he could still feel the Cloud in a Bottle, which made Andrew think twice about his theory that all the dead people came here.

A giant feeling of pausing made Andrew fell over in surprise, and suddenly he could hear himself breathe. Miraculously, Andrew felt something with his hands, which felt like some kind of thick liquid. Andrew stood up, to faintly see some kind of mist over his ankles. Andrew found he was standing on the liquid, but not sinking in it.

"I've been waiting for you" said a voice, which sounded kind and very, very, ancient.

Part 2: The Original Slime

Andrew turned round to see the biggest slime he had ever seen. It was ten times bigger than the now-extinct King Slimes, and a deep purple colour, darker than Dungeon Slime yet lighter than the void around him. Andrew stumbled into the thick liquid, causing a small squelch to echo across nothing. A small orange light lit up the slime, which looked like a miniature sun and the surrounding darkness, turning it into a grey hue. Andrew saw that kind lips were on the slime, smiling generously, and two blue beads, which were eyes.

"You...you...can speak?" stammered Andrew, amazed. The Slime laughed, but not exactly at him, but more at his innocence and naive mind.

"Yes," he said his voice friendly yet loud at the same time. "My name is the Original Slime. Let me pull you up." Without realizing what was happening, Andrew was being lifted off the sticky ground, and stood up straight. Andrew looked shocked, and started to pull out his Dark Lance. The slime just laughed more.

"Do your best!" he said, tears of Dimensional Slime coming from his eyes in laughter. Enraged at being patronised, Andrew stabbed the Lance into his soft body. White electricity came out of the

small puncture Andrew had made, and sent Andrew flying backwards. The Slime bellowed out another laugh, and the stick swathed in darkness exploded into tiny shards, which sunk into the slimy floor. Andrew got up grumpily, and decided to change the subject.

"What am I standing on?" he asked, wiping the substance in question away.

"Dimensional Gel," the original Slime answered, before grinning. "Another reality is under your feet."

Part 3: Back Home

Andrew sat down in amazement, on the lavished throne the Original Slime had made. He had been told so many different things: how the universe came to be, how various weapons were created, why the Goblins existed... the big Slime seemed like the all-knowing father he never had. But then he remembered why he was here: to get the Platinum Armour.

"I saved the set when the Heavenly-Terra War was occurring," he said, reading Andrew's mind.

"Here."

A shining light spread in between the master slime and Andrew appeared, and soon a glittering set of armour was in Andrew's hands. The helmet was a sphere of pure platinum, blinding Andrew in the Void. A giant spike, made of the same holy material, rose from the top of the mask, a slit hole filled with diamonds. The Breastplate was similar to Silver Chainmail, except lighter, and a set of golden wings attached to it. The greaves were like silver as well. Slowly, Andrew put it on, and felt the true force of Heaven in his fingertips, before realizing that he had no way to get out.

"Fly!" said the Original Slime, excited. "You'll get out quicker than you fell."

Andrew jumped up, and suddenly felt the wings on his back lifting him higher and higher, at the speed of lightning. He heard the comforting laughter of the Original Slime, and slowly went higher.

The Goblin Emperor looked out of the window, watching the sphere of iron being lifted by slave Harpies. Soon, it would land on the world, and cause the Goblins to reign supreme of the world. He looked at his gold stopwatch, and saw that in ten minutes it would fall. Although the city was to be destroyed by the potion inside, crowds of Peons cheered at the spectacle. It was then that he saw it: a trail of silver white, flying towards the bomb.

Chapter 15: Victory

Andrew looked down at the world, a large plain of dirt, with a few dots of life, like the Jungle and the Corruption. His wings helped him glide in the clear skies, and he felt good. But then he saw the giant sphere of iron, rusty chains trapping the smooth shell, and malnourished Harpies forced to carry the weapon. Rusty shackles imprisoned their feet, and they absolutely hated their green masters, who had demolished their homes, the Floating Islands. When they saw Andrew, they thought the Gods had presented a nice tasty meal for them, and started to fly towards him. Andrew quickly turned over, so his giant spiral that was placed on his helmet was pointing to the Goblin Bomb, and soon the holy spike dug through the various sheets of iron. The spike fell into the mixture, and soon the platinum turned the green into a milky white colour. With the rest of the spike still stuck, Andrew desperately kicked the Bomb, and his helmet came off, and fell down, to the ruined world below. The force of the Platinum Greaves caused the bomb to dive the opposite way, bring the Harpies with it. Now, the Anti-Goblin potion was firing towards the City.

The Goblin Emperor panicked when he saw the bomb, heading straight for his palace. Using all his power, he tried to drag himself away, but it was too late. Before he got out of his throne room, the bomb destroyed the window, causing tears of glass to reign down, before the palace was flooded

with the liquid. It washed away the walls, causing them to crumble, before washing the building away, the body of the Emperor already shrinking. In a matter of minutes, the city was washed over, killing Goblin Peons, and drowning lots of Goblin children. Silence reigned in the ruins, as the sea of platinum cleaned the ocean, and spread across the world.

Andrew woke up to find himself kissing Myrth, on the lips. Most people would say that kissing a Goblin would be worse than burning in lava, but for Andrew, it seemed the opposite. When Myrth realized he was awake, she stepped back, blushing.

"I thought you needed the kiss of life." she said, shyly.

Dreadily, Andrew got up to find a large crowd of humans mingling around, building small wooden huts. Michael was standing in the middle of some people, looking over some papers, before he saw him.

"Andrew!" he cried out, excited. "You did it! The Goblins are gone, and we can restart civilization again! And look at the ground! Look!" Andrew did what his old mentor said, and gasped in surprise. He had seen something like in the corruption, but this seemed...cleaner. Andrew had never seen it before, but apparently Michael had. "What is it?"

"Grass."

The Adventures Of Melissa Mycroft

MELISSA MYCROFT: THE OBSIDIAN REMAINS

Chapter 1: Cloud 5

The glass cloud floated in the sky, brushing on a white mist, covering the top of the world. Below was a vibrant world, filled with forests, lakes, jungles and a big city on the golden coast of the Eastern Ocean. This blue sapphire stretched out to another world, devastated from a deadly weapon, from the past. A golden bricked building, closed up by cautious humans, stood next to another ocean, to the west. Melissa saw all of this, with childlike wonder. She flicked her ginger hair, frizzy and quite messy. Goggles were placed on her eyes, allowing her to see clearer. She let the little balcony, and went inside, to the research facility. Quickly, she took off her Goggles, and put in the latest craze, down in New New Coastania: Contact Lenses. With them in, she could see the interior of Cloud 5 easier.

People rushed across the glass floor, carrying papers filled with endless data. A man scribbled in some writings about the Underworld, while two women argued about the average height of an Underground Jungle vine. A group of Corruption researchers analysed a Vile Mushroom, while three young adults dissected a Eater of Souls, putting it's intestines into glass bottles. An old man was in the middle of translating a green Dungeon book, and had just reached the end, before a Desertologist bumped into him, and his book fell into a Hellforge, causing a great argument to occur between the three branches. People then started to realize Melissa Mycroft was walking past them, and they got their reports out.

"Lava is 3% hotter!" cried out an Underworld researcher.

"Sand compaction pressure has to have at least eight celtofuses before glass forms!" said a Desertologist, fighting off the very angry Dungeon Analyser, who croaked out his report.

"Dungeon Bricks are too old to find an accurate age!"

"Demon Altars could be destroyed, using the experimental Pwnhammer technology!" said a Corruption scientist.

Melissa Mycroft nodded: all very normal things, yet all of them leading off to discover more of the

world that every single person in this facility lived in.

"Melissa!" cried out Dryad, leader of the Jungle Section. Melissa turned around casually, hoping to hear that she had discovered how big jungle spores can grow to.

"Traces of platinum have been found in the Underground Jungle!"

Chapter 2: The Last Words of a King

Melissa stared at the graphs in front of her, amazed. At 1265ft below sea level, in the Underground Jungle, there was a definite spike in platinum traces.

"But...how?" Melissa asked, shaking her head.

"It could be your lost ancestors' resting place," said the Dryad, casually.

Melissa looked up, in surprise. She had seen records of Andrew Mycroft the Great, King of the Coastanian Kingdom, and the mysterious legend behind him. When the city of New New Coastania was finished, Andrew was voted to be their leader, and soon led the humans to greatness. When he was on his deathbed, he gave power to his son, and asked for a very unique burial.

"Cover my bones in Obsidian" he had said, or at least the records did.

"And then duplicate my set of armour, my dear Myrthania. Melt them into platinum bricks, and build me a great temple, in the darkest depths of the Underground Jungle. You know how much I *love* the jungle, Myrth. Put my skeleton there, and let me rest in eternal peace" There was no more records of whether or not his wishes were done. All people knew was that Myrth died five years later, and asked to be covered in gold, and buried with her late husband.

"We must go and find this Platinum Shrine" Melissa said, a smile on her face. Finally, she could find out where her ancestor lived, and could mine the platinum bricks. Dryad, however, didn't look so enthusiastic.

"What about the Mycroft Curse?"

The Mycroft Curse was the unofficial term for the fact that all members of the Mycroft family died unnaturally, apart from a few exceptions, like Andrew. Her father had died searching the Corruption: they had found his dead, limp body being eaten by a Little Eater.

If Melissa went on this journey, she could join her ancestors, and no one would have legitimate control of Cloud 5, and maybe it would have to close down. Melissa had made her mind up, though.

"We leave tomorrow."

Chapter 3: Fallflight

Melissa stood on the wooden platform, with her other people, coming on this expedition. There was Dirt: an eighteen year old apprentice, who was thin but knew a lot about the Underground Jungle. His family had a poor upbringing, and Melissa had taken pity on him. He looked shyly around the sky, and looked down, vertigo already scaring him. Beside him, the Dryad tutted. She had been on Fallflight journeys many times before, and had learned that it wasn't scary at all. If you remember to bring your Lucky Horseshoe, that is.

Crawford was the other person with them. He had black hair, and always looked suspicious. The only reason he was here was because he was a master at navigating through any cave system. A petite woman, with long blonde hair and a notepad, stood beside him. Her name was Natalia, and represented the press of the Coastanian Republic, who wanted to always hear of the adventures of Cloud 5. With a nod, Melissa started to walk on the Fallflight Bridge, the morning wind refreshing her. Conversation soon started behind her, each team member buzzing with excitement but very nervous. Soon they got to a sign that said "To the Jungle."

"Everyone got their horseshoes?" asked Melissa, to receive an answer of nervous nods.

"1...2...3..DROP"

The world became a slowly expanding landscape, as he heard screams echo around her. The wind lifted her hair up, and put it into a messy tangle of knots. She saw that Dirt was flailing his arms around, like a ragdoll. Crawford was holding his breath, his eyes wide at the jungle catching up with him. Suddenly the sky turned into a green hue, and her body met land. She quickly looked around, and saw everyone else was standing there, with pale faces.

" You'll get used to it" she said simply, and beckoned the group to follow her.

Chapter 4: Mysterious Foes a Work

The sharp grass stretched into the distance, towards a receding sun. Jungle Slimes stayed together in groups, Jungle Bats flying above. Gnarled trees grew to the sky, their green tops flat, the trunk submerged in a small pool of water. Melissa watched this with wonder, amazed at this beautiful yet deadly land. Jungle Grass rose to her ankles, tickling her slightly. Like her ancestor, she loved the jungle: a hub of life, and nature's beauty at its best.

The seed dug into Melissa's leg, causing such pain she fell to the fertile ground. She grimaced, as a hailstorm of quick seeds shot past the group, each ball of growth like a bullet.

" GET DOWN!" she shouted, as everyone started to lie on the grass. With expert movement, Melissa got her Handgun out and put ten Musket Balls into her prized weapon, and shot at what seemed like invisible enemies.

Slowly and painfully, the group crawled away, shooting at the savages that were attacking them with seeds. Melissa's leg still hurt, and she was sure she could feel the hot crimson liquid of blood over her leg. A few insects bit her, but she simply grimaced. Eventually, she got to a small hill, where everyone hid behind.

" Who are they?" asked Melissa, as she risked to peer behind the rock. She saw a group of tanned people, with blowpipes. They had strange masks on, made of wood, and showed expressions of torture and sadness. They noticed her, and fired ten seeds at her. She retaliated by shooting at them, making them all die.

" The Potteri," said Dirt, when they went to see the tribesmen closer, red holes showing where Melissa had made her mark. " They were the tribe that made all of the different pots dotted around the world, but they should be extinct."

" It seems not," said Melissa, before getting up. " Come on: we have to move."

Chapter 5: Taking back What it Deserves

The group eventually got to a wide hole that was covered in vines. Nobody could see what was inside, but it was easy to guess what it was, by the buzzing noise and the growls echoing back towards them. Dirt gulped, as Crawford frowned over some maps, in which thirty people had died to get the information on them.

" Follow me." he said, crisply, and the convoy slowly moved forward, into the depths. Natalia scribbled some other notes on to her notepad, and Dirt made an orange glow, with his torch.

The Potteri warrior silently crept up on the group, until he was breathing down the red-haired woman's neck, without her even noticing. It was this unknown fact that had helped keep them alive, and not massacred by the Goblin Empire, two hundred years ago.

The smell of various exotic herbs filled Melissa's nose, making her slowly calm down. Like the rest of her family, she loved the jungle. The velvety touch of the vines, the cool spring water, the feeling of excitement when finding an ancient pot...

The warrior got even closer to the infidels, until he had his arm, ready to choke a blonde, small, weak woman, with a notepad.

Crawford cut through the vines, with a sword named a Machete. He nearly stepped on a sleeping Man Eater, blending in to the background, before hacking away at the root of the deadly creature.

" Sweet dreams." he said sarcastically.

He caught up with Melissa, and got his maps out.

" The closest we have ever got to this location of this Platinum Shrine is here: so, we need to go here, not here, but over here, near here."

The Potteri nearly spat at the black haired trespasser. It is impossible to plot the Jungle, it is eternal, a gift from The Goddess of Beauty and War herself. It kept changing, it ruled over any living thing. However, he still stayed on task, and slowly wrapped his arms around the neck of the journalist. With one silent, easy move, Natalia was dead, and left to decompose on the fertile mud.

The group heard a cracking noise, very faint, and looked around to see a horrific sight. Their press representative was dead, the jungle already claiming her body, grass growing on her arms. However, there was nobody else but shadows, and a few irritating Jungle Bats. After that, all the group remembered was darkness.

Chapter 6: The Potteri Pyramid

Melissa woke up to find herself strapped to a stone bench, a Potteri priest ready to take out her heart with a diamond knife. With an accurate karate kick to his thigh, the priest fell to the overgrown floor, his golden mask falling to the ancient ground. With all her might, Melissa jumped up and broke her leather straps, and hit the floor. Amazed, she looked out at the top of the pyramid. It was a mighty stone structure, built inside a cavern, with a mighty view of the Underground Jungle, a never-ending blanket of dark green and brown. A whole crowd of Potteri tribesmen, still with their masks on, started to yell in surprise, as one of the sacrifices had escaped. Quickly, the adventurer broke the leather straps holding down her team, and the expedition quickly ran down the stone steps, jungle grass growing over the work millions of slaves had put together. Eventually, the group got to the bottom of the pyramid, and found the whole tribe was on them, as they ducked and bounded over branches and evil creatures.

" Shoot them!" cried out Dirt, becoming exhausted.

" I would," said Melissa "But there is one problem!"

" What's that?"

" Oh, I don't know, maybe... I DON'T HAVE A GUN!"

With seeds whistling right beside their ears, the group ran, until suddenly the world tipped over, and they fell down, off the cliff. Screaming, they heard the tribe go away, now thinking they were dead. A blue pool was all they saw, before they heard a cracking noise and nothing else.

Chapter 7: Base Camp

Melissa woke up to find herself in a wooden hut, the sound of wood and axe reverberating through the walls. Drearly and confused, she got off her bed, and opened a door, vines slowly growing over the edges. She found herself in a small camp, with Crawford cutting up a tree, sweat pouring over his face. Dryad was sitting on a tree stump, whistling.

"Can't you help me?" grunted Crawford, as he put his axe down. Dryad clicked her fingers, and the tree immediately split into piles of wood. Crawford grunted something, which was on the subject of magic users being lazy.

"Melissa!" cried out a voice, and Dirt came round a hut, with a giant pile of wood in his hands.

"You're alive!"

"Of course I am! We all have Lucky Horseshoes, don't we?"

"I'm afraid not," said the Dryad solemnly. "That Potteri tribe stole all our equipment." Melissa cursed, and sat down.

"Do we have the maps?"

"Yes, thank the Gods, I hid them in a secret pocket in my jacket. I normally keep my throwing knives in there."

"Why do you have knives in there?" asked Dirt, putting the pile of wood on some grass.

"You don't want to know." With that chilling note, Crawford got out the maps, and pointed at a complex diagram of a chamber, before trailing off to blank paper. Splashes of blood dotted the old paper.

"This is where the map ends. I have calculated that the Potteri Pyramid was beyond the map, so-"

"We're in the unknown," said Dirt, depressed. "We're doomed."

"Rubbish!" cried out Melissa. "We are exploring new territory: places never before seen, new life...It's brilliant." She smiled at Dirt. "Come on: adventure awaits."

Chapter 8: Guardian Hornets

A buzzing noise echoed throughout the silent web of growth and life. A small creature, vigilant and loyal to its now deceased master, whipped past a group of vines, ripping them to shreds with their sharp iron spikes. The real body was aching to escape from its golden coil. Put into the enchanted armour around two centuries ago, the Guardian Hornet was now forced to protect the Platinum Shrine with his life. The only good the beast got out of this situation was eternal life. His two other friends were his only companions, put into silver and bronze armours.

"Look, I'm telling you Crawford, I'm right! The Mycrofts are notorious for luck!"

"Then how do you all seem to die unnaturally?"

"Coincidence."

The Hornets paused immediately, and hid behind a giant lime green leaf, silent and waiting.

"Oh, stop bickering!" cried out a familiar woman. Could it be? The Dryad? Came to save them from their curse? The trio of special Hornets peeked behind the leaf.

The armour suddenly sent the Hornets into attack. They fired their venomous stingers, and one hit a black haired man right in the chest. As pale green liquid spread through his blood, he dropped some parchments. Melissa picked them up, tearful at Crawford's death. They hid behind a rock, and she fired some bullet shots at the mysterious foes. They were deflected easily. The Hornets hated having to do this: kill their friend, and mistress.

"Kok-Cluk-Klack-Klick-Klok!" they cried out, in their unique language.

The Dryad gasped, and in a click of her fingers made the armours snap open. Three hornets emerged free.

"Thank you." they said, in their complex dialect. But they didn't have long to celebrate: 200 years suddenly caught up with them. Their skin became thin, and in seconds they disintegrated to dust.

"Come on: the quicker we get out of here, the better." said the Dryad, and the group, without Crawford, moved closer to their goal.

Chapter 9: The Platinum Shrine

Melissa stood amazed at the gleaming structure, thinking that saying this was a 'shrine' was an understatement.

After the Guardian Hornets were defeated, it was not long until they reached the building, made out of the holiest material, crafted from the pure love of the Original Slime, according to legend. Four giant pillars held up a shining dome, a golden statue of Andrew on top. Vines had grown over the Platinum Bricks, made from armour of heroic warriors, who had fought great evils. It looked magnificent, seeming to rise above the Potteri Pyramid, still recovering from the upheaval that had taken place there yesterday. To see that her ancestor had caused such a difference, Melissa nearly started to cry in pride.

"I don't believe it...." said Dirt, shaking his head in amazement.

"I have never felt such strong, immense power in front of me!" the Dryad said, almost laughing in wonder and surprise.

Following her desire to explore, Melissa carefully ripped a curtain of cobwebs and vines, and found the inside of the Shrine even more splendid than the exterior. It was laden with giant chests, filled to the brim with various treasures. A pool of crowns lay beside a pillar, while a wave of coins ranging from gold to silver poured out of cracks in another podium, mixing with a small lake of Cobalt Shields. In the middle were two coffins, made out of crystal glass, showing two skeletons inside. One was a tall man, his bones made out of the eerie substance of obsidian. The other was a woman, with the clear-cut features of a Goblin Sorceress, in gold. Melissa stepped on to a tile, and heard a clicking noise.

"NO!" shouted Dryad, before sending out vines at her friend. Immediately, Melissa was brought to another tile, which Dryad and Dirt were on, making it crowded. A giant marble pillar ripped out from the ground, and shot straight into the dome above. A cloud of dust appeared, and the spike stood there like a trunk of an ancient tree. With a click of her fingers, the Dryad caused grass to grow over the tomb, and the slight movement of nature caused ancient wires to snap into action. More spikes came out of the ground, and smashed the dome to pieces, but the spikes kept the fragments upright. A clear path now showed, which lead to the coffins.

"Good, good..." said Dirt, suddenly sounding different. Melissa found a gun pointed to her head, which she realized in cold fear was a Star Cannon.

"Now, get me those skeletons. I want to sell something from this blasted expedition."

Chapter 10: Treasure!

Dryad and Melissa slowly walked, towards the two coffins. Dirt, his hand shaking with fear and excitement, held the Star Cannon, at Andrew's ancestor's cranium.

"How could you betray us!" shouted Melissa, angrily.

"All my life I have lived in poverty!" he said, tears pouring from his eyes, screaming. "For once in my life, can I not get some luxury? With this, I could live like a king... NOW MOVE!"

Melissa knew that Dirt was going insane. He was normal, kind, if not a bit naive. The Jungle had changed that. After all the danger that he had experienced, he was starting to lose his sanity.

"AGHH! I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE!" Dirt pushed the nuzzle of his deadly weapon to Melissa's head, and prepared to pull the trigger.

The Dryad used all her magic in that second between life and death. Vines dragged the spikes down into the ground, and grass crawled away from the tiles. The Dryad then pushed Dirt straight on to the tiles, and the trap reactivated. A spike shot into the sky, ripping his body in half, before he could even scream, and all that was left of him was a bloody mess and a broken gun, overfilling with the explosive power of Mana.

" GET OUT!" cried Dryad, and grabbed Melissa by her back. Melissa was thrown out of the temple, just as a giant purple explosion took the resting place of a king and queen. Coughing in surprise, she saw that Andrew's skeleton was still intact, lying beside her. There was no sign of Dryad, and suddenly Melissa realized what had happened. Coughing and crying her eyes out, she never found the remains of Dryad. All he found was one limp piece of Temporal Vine, its magical sap dripping out. Sadness gripping her heart, Melissa was gone, with her ancestors obsidian remains.

Epilogue

Melissa stood outside on the balcony of Cloud 5, watching the world below. A beautiful sunset had come upon the world, showering everything in pink and red light. Five weeks after her last expedition, and the tabloids were still crazy about her discoveries. Cloud 5 had 2 Billion Golden Coins worth of treasure, and now King Andrew rested in piece in her research centre. Yet Melissa wasn't happy: her ancestor wanted to rest in the Underground Jungle, not in a glass laboratory. No one could redo his will though, for all the platinum was blown up, and melted into useless piles of silvery ore. Not even one coin could be made out of it.

Melissa sighed, and then saw that night was falling. She left the balcony, and went inside the building, based on her ambition. Her ambition that had cost the lives of four people. Her ambition that had driven people insane. Her ambition, which risked her life many times.

Exploration.

THE END

Melissa Mycroft and The Diamond Coral

Prologue: James Mycroft

The ocean was a dark swirl of blacks and blues, filled with screeching noises. A loud roar echoed through the waves, and James turned round, his Diver's Helmet screeching against the rest of his copper diving suit. He breathed in fast, as he saw bubbles slowly push its way to the surface, far above him. He pointed his flintlock pistol at any shape he saw in the ocean, shaking wildly with fear. He had studied the Ocean. He knew that deadly creatures stayed in it, but he wasn't prepared for the creatures that lay under that watery surface. He had only heard rumours of the UnderOcean, but he knew that the rumours were true. James slowly moved towards his ruined submarine, the currents of the ocean pushing him back, but eventually he got back to the Copper Jewel, his beloved underwater craft. A giant rip went through the plating, life and coral already invading the interior, and he took out his journal, soggy and wet. He then took out a small capsule, with a small engine that had enough force to push it above the waves. Still shaking, he put the journal inside the capsule and turned it on, before rocketing towards land. As he watched it go, he thought of his baby son Andrew.

Chapter 1: The Market

The smell of Roasted Antillion rose to Melissa's nose, taking her to exotic deserts. Her eye saw a stall with vats of smoke drifting from them, before her attention found a beautiful Topaz necklace, crafted by expert hands. Her ears found the sweet noise of travelling musicians, before being drowned out by a Merchant's cry about his excellent Torches, crafted

from wood from the Hallow, a small island out by the western ocean discovered very recently. Market Day came once a year to New New Coastania, and Melissa wouldn't miss it for the world.

A small stall in a shady alley caught her eye, and she drifted towards it. It was lined with coral, and wreckage of old ships found near the ocean, and Shark Meat. Then, she noticed a small rusty buoy. Its hinged door was ajar, and curiously she opened it, to find a wet, soggy journal. Then, she gasped. In faded silver lettering, it said *James Mycroft's Diary*.

Melissa threw three gold coins to the owner of the stall, a retired sailor who needed money for his addiction to ale. Before he could say thank you, the young ginger haired woman was rushing back to Cloud 5.

Chapter 2: The Diamond Coral

"Hi Meli-wow! You're in as hurry!" was all Melissa heard of her assistant, before rushing into her office. Throwing various papers about Corrupt Sand on to the floor, she opened the journal. She read every scribble, but it was illegible and the ink had run off. Most of the words were gibberish, and despondently Melissa sat back into her glass chair.

Her father had always told her about how kind and brave James was, being the man who had the vision to create Cloud 5. Thanks to a lucky find of a desert temple filled with various treasures, his dream succeeded. Then, he had an even more expensive and bizarre idea.

"I want it to fly! I want it to be on top of the world!" he had shouted to the media, who all mocked him. To find more money, he needed to discover another lost artefact.

That was when James had found an ancient manuscript inside the Dungeon. It told a legend about plans to build a New Dungeon City on the eastern ocean that was to be magnificent. Unfortunately, the original city fell into disrepair. A small group of survivors still built the city, and after a long time it was built. Cthulu, apparently annoyed his territory had been invaded, sunk all of Hell that was under the Eastern Ocean, and created the UnderOcean. The city was then flooded, and sent to the depths. Before they drowned, the Original Slime sent a great treasure that would let them live forever, The Diamond Coral, which made magical air bubbles. No one else knew what happened after the city went underneath the waves. James was so eager to find and sell the Diamond Coral he went underneath the waves, to explore the UnderOcean. He never returned.

Melissa knew that if she tried to make another expedition, more lives could be lost, like the one to the Underground Jungle six months ago. But then, she noticed a little slip of paper. Curious, she read it.

"I, James Mycroft, write my will now. I want my descendants to find the Diamond Coral, and bring it back."

After reading that, Melissa had her mind up. She started to make plans for another expedition.

Chapter 3: The Admanitinius

Melissa brushed her hands over the crimson hull of the vessel, half submerged in water.

Then, her fingers found the smooth Cobalt-strengthened windows, before she turned round to a small man with soot all over his face. With a big grin, Melissa gave a pouch of platinum coins to the man, who took them happily.

"We'll take the ship," Melissa said simply. "Thank you for giving it to us."

She turned to her team, the finest people needed to find an ancient city submerged under the waves. There was a woman with long amber hair, looking at the inside of a piece of red wire. Her name was Mec, and she was in charge of fixing the submarine if anything on the hi-tech vessel got broken. Beside him was a blue goblin, known as the Tec, who was not only a good friend of Mec but also in charge of researching any items found on the voyage. A woman with

long blonde hair and a magnifying glass was looking at a Goldfish. Her name was Harmony, and she was in charge of finding out about all the new species discovered in the UnderOcean. A man cleaned his Laser Rifle, his big bulk towering over everyone. His name was Brandon, and he was in charge of security. With a confident nod, Melissa touched a panel of Mythiril, and it slid open to reveal a interior covered in turquoise carpet. There were four beds, and a steering wheel made of iron. Beside it was a GPS system, showing the exact location of the Admanitinius. A giant engine, powered by Hellstone, was connected to a Adamantine Forge. Melissa walked to the steering wheel. With everyone on board, she put pressure on it and the craft delved into the Eastern Ocean.

Chapter 4: The Grand Abyss

The black waves rushed past the Admanitinius, as the crew on board looked out of the strong windows. Mec was thinking about how much time it would take to create a pump which could transport every millimetre of water in the ocean. Tec was looking for any ruined and lost items, in which he could create a chainsaw with. Harmony was gazing into a grey silhouette, which seemed like a shark, but had three fins, and was wondering if it had a different digestive system than a normal shark. Brandon looked at the same shadow, but was wondering how many crystal bullets it could handle before death took it and turned its body into the sand that covered the bottom of the sea.

"Melissa!" cried out Tec, his observant eyes picking out an object buried in the golden sand.

"A Wiring Statue! There!" Melissa, looking over some charts, went quickly to the steering wheel and floated above the sculpture, before a grappling hook shot out of the hull and took it into the submarine.

"Oh my Gods..." gasped Harmony, when it stood dripping wet on the carpet.

"What is *that*?" said Brandon, confused and intrigued. The statue showed eight thin...things, which looked a lot like grainy worms. It was connected to a circular face, with a mouth puckered out, threatening.

"I don't know, but it might be in there." said Melissa, pointing to a giant yawning hole. The ship ventured into the shadows, and four beams of light pierced the dark balloon.

The creature moved one of his metal, rusted arms, and pressed the lichen-covered button, grating on the metal surface. The machine slowly moved forward, making a moaning noise, as it stalked the modern submarine.

Chapter 5: Octopus Swarm

The darkness lingered around the submarine, making looking out of the windows pointless, as all anyone could see was a black blanket of nothingness. Tec was looking very carefully at the statue, trying to figure out what it was, but however hard he scrutinized he couldn't find out what it was. Hunger eventually came to the team, and so Melissa launched nets into the ocean, to see if it could catch any food. The hissing noise of the net escaping into the water filled the submarine, before the net came back. Inside it was five big red fish, which resembled a goldfish, but had three eyes and was a lot bigger. After testing it to see if it was edible, Brandon wolfed down a whole fish.

"Ish Nishe!" he said, remains of fish still in his mouth. "Tshates shike mushhhrooms!"

reluctantly, everyone else ate their fish, before they had the nice feeling of being well-fed.

A crashing noise echoed throughout the submarine, before it was followed by another. And another. And another. Then, the vessel jerked to the right, and everyone started sliding.

Brandon got a grip of one of the Mythiril Turrets, and yanked himself up. Then, he got into the seat, and fired. The loud *ping* of Crystal Bullets filled the air, as the screaming of creatures outside died down into the silent abyss. The sound of metal grating on stone joined

the cacophony of noise, before the Admanitinius rolled 360 degree, causing everyone on board the submarine to scream out. Melissa stumbled to the window, to see a red face, puckered up, with eight red tentacles.

"It's the creature on that statue!" As if angry and in disgust, the creature spat some green liquid, fizzing as it slowly tried to burn away the window.

"Is that..pus?" asked Melissa, disgusted yet intrigued at the same time. The rattling of Crystal Bullets filled the air once again, and in a plume of red smoke the swarm was gone.

"Release the nets!" shouted Melissa, and Tec did just that.

A few minutes later, when everything was back to normal, everyone was sipping Bottled Water.

"Octopus." said Tec, quite quietly, his lisp very apparent.

Everyone snapped around to see him, confused. The blue-headed goblin pointed at the dead creature on the net.

"It has eight tentacles. 'Octo' is the old way of saying eight. And, it spits out pus. So, I think we should call it an Octopus."

Everyone nodded in agreement.

"That's one creature discovered," said Harmony. "A billion more or so to go."

Chapter 6: Revolutionary

Three days passed on the cramped Admanitinius, as it delved further into the ocean, a land of black swirls. Light caught shadows of unknown creatures, and they were soon found inside the vessel, dead, with Crystal Bullets trapped in-between flabs of scales and blubber.

Harmony happily dissected these beasts, much to the disgust of everyone else. Tec used his observant eyes to pick out objects on the sandy sea floor, some giant and some that the naked eye could barely see. he helped discover a new stone known as Marble, and even an ancient Goblin SlaveShip. With claws and nets, no object was left behind.

"It looks a lot like the ship that my ancestor had to row, back when Goblins had control over the world..." Melissa would muse, as she looked at the rusted Meteorite Shackles in front of her.

Mec was very busy as well, fixing faulty wires and replenishing air supply, and creating a food spawner, after she decided she didn't like the taste of the UnderOcean.

All seemed well on board, but a ominous shape was secretly stalking them.

The metal armour slowly got up, causing cracks to appear over its left arm, slowly being sucked by a thin, pink creature. A shaking green arm came with a blunt knife, and slit the throat of the creature, and it limply hit the floor, where algae feasted upon the corpse.

"You are lucky," came the raspy voice of a Goblin. "If the orders from our boss didn't tell us to keep you alive, we would have left your raw flesh when we found you in the-"

"Don't you want a lab rat?" came the mechanical, booming voice, which sounded like it could grate rock. "If you want to resurrect the Goblin Empire, you need to use these mechanical suits. Except for you five goblins, the rest are dead corpses, with fossilised brains."

"Technically, we are also machines, but we are more intelligent than the stupid Peons," said another voice, from the corner of the submarine, cutting up a dead Bunny. "We are the Necrogoblins, and we shall bring the Goblin Empire back!" He then laughed, a screeching noise which sounded like a lion being strangled and a sore cough.

"Also," came the third Necrogoblin, who was making a small metal skull, and fitting a Soul of Fear inside. "There are survivors in the Goblin World. True, they are simply bestial animals, hell-bent on getting the taste of flesh inside their mouths, but it is a start."

"Yes," said the metal armour. "But if you want to do that, you need her." He pointed a

barnacle covered finger to the red vessel in front of them.
" And I have some unfinished business with her..."

Chapter 7: The Kraken

Melissa glanced at the depth meter, showing the number -10'000. Tec gazed at the Pressure Meter, and saw that it measured 500'000 Precabels.

" We are entering the deep zone." Tec said, sounding amazed at how deep the Admanitinius had gone without imploding.

" Good," Melissa said, nodding and pleased at how they were doing. "But still no sign of an ancient, submerged city."

Brandon was on one of the turrets, his eyes gazing at any shape that might be a foe. Harmony was vivisectioning a creature, known as a Manta Ray. Mec was somewhere inside the plating of the submarine, fixing any loose wires. Her mumbling echoed inside the vessel, something to do with wanting to be on land.

"What is that?.." Brandon gasped, and curiously everyone went to his window. And then it hit them.

The submarine felt the impact of a strong being, and it was thrown on to a coral forest as if it was a limp rag doll. Dazed, Brandon got up and started shooting a volley of Crystal Bullets. They seemed to be futile, as the creature responded by picking up the Admanitinius and shaking it, making everyone on board crash into bottles, smash into wiring systems and breaking the steering wheel. An evil eye gazed into its prey's habitat, and Harmony gasped.

" The Kraken!" she said, looking in fear at the domed red head of the monstrous being.

" Legend says that it is the son of Cthulu, God of Water! He protects his realm!" A resounding crash came once again, and a small crack appeared in the crimson exterior. The navy liquid of the ocean gushed in, flooding the turquoise floor.

Melissa's first thought was to save her work. She had always believed that a sacrifice of a few people could be made, if all of the world benefited.

" Get all the research into the emergency buoys! " Melissa screamed, before her head succumbed to the rising water, and she found she was underwater.

The submarine was a different world when filled with water, matter seeming to warp and wave. All the other members of the team were flailing their arms, causing a white mist of bubbles to appear. Also, the thick red tentacles of the Kraken were trying to enter and eat the puny humans inside.

Melissa used to go to her grandma's house every summer, a small country house which had a lake, plentiful in goldfish. Melissa learned how to swim here, which was why Melissa had all of the research into buoys in a minute or so, rocketing away from the submarine, becoming destroyed slowly.

The Kraken finally got one of its tentacles inside, and like a slippery eel wrecked the inside of the submarine. The world became a world of black stars to Melissa, before she fainted. The last sound she heard was the scream of Mec.

Chapter 8: Merpeople

When Melissa woke up, she was surprised to find herself lying on a comfy bed, made of seaweed. Then, to her utmost surprise, she found the world was a deep blue colour, which held tiny pinpoints of light. The explorer's next surprise was that she could breathe normally, and immediately she sprang off her bed. It was slow, and instead of her feet coming into sharp contact to the blue bricks they fell gracefully, like a ballerina. A flash of green came into the corner of Melissa's eye, and then she screamed, which was muted and let out a few bubbles.

Her hand was covered in scales, and when she looked closely she saw she was naked. Embarrassment was not the first thought on her mind however, for the pressing problem that she looked like a fish had terrified her. Melissa scrambled around the lavish room, covered in thrones and wardrobes, standing next to marble pillars, which reminded Melissa of a disastrous adventure six months ago. Finally she found a mirror, and she screamed once again. Her features were the same, but in the sickly green colour of the scales. Also, her ears seemed pretty big, flaps of scaled flesh.

" Oh, your awake." came a sweet, musical voice, which sounded as soft as silk. Melissa snapped her head around to see another scaled person, around eighteen, inside the room. She was beautiful, head to toe, even with green scales across her gentle body.

" Who are you?" Melissa said, her voice shaking in fear.

" No need to be afraid!," the young girl said, almost laughing. " My name is Aquarius, and we found the ruins of your Metal Fish near our city. We immediately fitted you with Neptune Shells."

Melissa had heard of Neptune Shells. Neptune was a king, who was meant to try and regain the Oceans back to the Original Slime. However, he grew greedy, and so the Original Slime turned him into a hideous green beast, which he hated because he had the perfect image of a man. Depressed, he turned himself into a lot of shells, which when touched people shall become that hideous beast.

" Hang on...where am I?" Melissa said, worried.

Aquarius simply smiled.

" In the New Dungeon City."

Chapter 9: New Dungeon City

Giant towers of white marble and green, ancient dungeon bricks loomed into the faint darkness of the UnderOcean, where they hit a dome, made of paler blue air. Melissa saw this with great wonder, when she swam out of the building she had been staying in, since the Admanitinius had sunk. Aquarius then told her some back story of the New Dungeon.

"When the New Dungeon City had been built, Cthulu grew angry and sent the city to his void, which he called the "UnderOcean." The Original Slime, however, saved us, by sending his other, less-known son, Neptune. Of course, he turned into the Shells which we now we use to live at the bottom of the ocean, but Cthulu was still a problem, causing massive storms which killed many of our people. So, the Original Slime sent us the Diamond Coral, and it made this protective dome around our city. Cthulu eventually gave up trying to fight the raw power of the Original Slime, but if the Diamond Coral ever disappeared, he would return. And we wouldn't stand a chance."

Aquarius and Melissa were at the market square now, a vast floor of marble slabs, with stalls made from dried strands of seaweed (a plant that grows on the cliffs of the UnderOcean) selling various types of fish, cloth and ores. Aquarius bought a red fish, and munched on it as she walked.

"The Diamond Coral is at the temple, in the centre of the city. Want to see it?"

Melissa nodded. It wasn't like she was going to get another chance to see the power of the Original Slime in crystal form, right?

Chapter 10: Temple

The aqua blue light poured through windows of coloured glass, crafted from gems and heated sand. The cathedral was paved with cream white tiles and ebony slates, creating an elegant chequered floor. Statues lined the ivory walls, depicting great battles against mythical beasts of the sea.

In the middle of the room, bathed in the UnderOcean's faint white light, lay the main artefact.

The crystal sparkled, as light reflected off each side of the polygonal shape. Magenta faded to deep navy blue seamlessly. From a distance, it looked like a crystalline plant.

This was the Diamond Coral.

Melissa gaped in awe at the sheer beauty of the gem in front of her, sitting on top of a golden altar. *This is what your great-grandfather looked for.* She thought. *And now, you have found it.*

Melissa knew that to ease her conscience, she had to steal it and take it back to the surface. Yet the young explorer knew that would simply do the opposite.

Aquarius and all the other citizens that lived in the secret, sunken city would be killed immediately. Even though they could breath in their mermen form, Cthulu would come and obliterate the citadel. Melissa knew, deep in her heart, she could never let innocent people die. Even in the name of knowledge.

"This isn't right..."

Aquarius broke through Melissa's train of thought.

"What do you mean?"

"Your friends...", Aquarius mumbled, concerned. "They should be here..."

The ground ripped open.

Chapter 11: Shock

A storm of pillars, floor and gold flew straight at Melissa, knocking her back to the start of the hallway. One second she was standing in front of that beautiful artefact, the Diamond Coral, the next she felt her lungs getting strained by a disintegrating block of marble.

Spluttering, she got herself up, and found herself looking at a giant machine.

It was covered in the coral and algae, which had turned the metal to a sickening green. Two blaring white lights blinded Melissa, forcing her to turn away. A glass window hinted that the behemoth of rust was some kind of vehicle. Barnacles swamped majority of the glass though, so it was borderline impossible to pilot the submersible without hitting into anything.

It was clear that this had happened. Melissa deduced this from the various battle wounds dotted around the olden shell.

"Long time no see, huh? Melissa." A dark voice echoed, which sounded like metal grinding together and a tenor at the same time.

Melissa looked towards the disturbing voice, and gasped.

Walking towards her was some kind of armour, encrusted in the minors of the Ocean. It looked a lot like a diving suit, but it was hard to make out, what with all the coral sucking off it.

The armour made its way towards Melissa, creaking and snapping with each foot step.

"Who are you?" Melissa asked, cautiously walking backwards.

A deep, cruel laugh echoed through the remains of the chapel.

"You really can't remember me? Maybe this will remind you..."

Two gauntlets attached to the suit clawed into the helmet, and with a hissing noise and some pressure it came off.

"Now. Try again."

Melissa gasped. "No....no, it can't be...your dead!"

The laughter came again, more hysterical and wheezier than before.

"Oh, I'm back," Dirt said. "And you are going to pay."

Chapter 12: Cthulu Comes

Melissa couldn't move a muscle. Iron ropes held her in place, cutting straight into her palms.

Beside her sat the four corpses of her fallen comrades; Tec, Mec, Harmony and Brandon. Their lifeless eyes stared into nothing, except the last second of their lives.

"I enjoyed their torture..." hissed a Necrogoblin, holding a miniature saw. It was tainted in blood.

"After all, your ancestor tortured *my* race...drowning them in that horrendous white liquid..."

The once-Goblin paced around the ruined submersible, stepping on various types of sea life, absorbed into the iron plated floor.

"You see, me and my two colleagues where in the freezer room of the Goblin Palace when the Great Flooding occurred. That is why we were chosen to be resurrected by our Great Master, because the other-"

"'Great Master?' Who is your Great Master?" Melissa questioned, interrupting the cyborg's monologue .

The unnamed Necrogoblin glanced sharply at Melissa.

"Never you mind... All you need to know is that you will soon die, and become like your friends. Then, you may join our ranks, and help us bring the Goblins back to their righteous place in the world," A patriotic tear leaves the corpse's right eye. "On top."

With that, he picked up his miniature saw, and started to edge closer to Melissa, sadistically laughing, as the young archaeologist struggled in her bonds.

"Stop!"

Dirt's voice boomed throughout the metal shark.

"I want to see her cry, as she watches her precious city crumble to dust."

Melissa's eyes widened in fear.

"You wouldn't..."

The half-eaten corpse that used to be a young Jungleologist laughed.

"Oh, I would. In fact, I have. Look."

With an iron grip, the armour heaved Melissa over to a window. Coming to the ship was a portly, small Necrogoblin, an evil grin on his metallic face. In his right hand , he held the Diamond Coral.

And as he entered, the ground started to tremble.

"Oh, look..." Dirt said, chuckling. "It seems Cthulu has come for tea."

The faint force field of energy faded away into the ripples of the ocean.

On the other side, the omnipotent sea god sat. When he noticed that New Dungeon City was vulnerable, his one eye widened in excitement. His mouth fin quivered.

"Let's watch," Dirt said, before laughing hysterically.

Chapter 13: The Fall of A Fallen City

Melissa wanted to turn away, but she was frozen in terror. A gargantuan tentacle slowly smashed into tall spires, and relished in beauty as the bricks turned to dust. The blood of hundreds of merpeople lay in small pools around the ruins.

The dying, defenceless public swam in blind fear, too fast for many children. When the mothers looked back, their children had been squished by a swarm of miniature sickly green feelers, from the Sea God.

Melissa caught a glimpse of the tear-stricken Aquarius, but was soon blocked by the green giant in front of her, his demonic stature impending in front of her.

In seconds, Aquarius was a pile of intestines.

The cold, metallic hand of Dirt (or whatever he was now) fell on to Melissa's shoulder.

"Oh well," he said, briskly and with robotic malice. "At least Cthulu is happy."

A tear fell off the cheek of a crying explorer, as she saw the New Dungeon City become a demons feast.

A chainsaw appeared in the edge of Melissa's vision.

"Your turn." the portly Necrogoblin said, as he laughed in torturous enjoyment.

Just as he was about to strike down, Melissa jumped. The blade cut into her arms in excruciating pain, in trade for her ropes to effortlessly come off.

The midget cyborg felt the full force of a roundhouse kick, and grimacing in pain felt the tan of blood flow over his face. Before he knew it, he was pushed out of the weak window, which smashed around him. He didn't survive the fall.

In a few seconds, Melissa was poised to attack again, with a dissecting knife in her hand.

"Kill her!" Dirt cried, surprised at how she had escaped so quickly. He had forgotten how skilled she was at fighting.

Then again, he had forgot a lot of things after having his brain impaled by an ancient spike.

The lean, thin Necrogoblin lunged towards the treasure hunter, a welder in hand.

He pressed the trigger, and lit the submarine up with blue, nitrous flames.

With her eagle eyes, Melissa found a weak spot in the robotic reptile's wild swinging of a welder, and threw the knife at his kidneys.

With perfect accuracy, it hit straight into a decaying torso.

Necrogoblin 3 took the place of his crippled ally, and ran straight towards Melissa, fire axe in hand.

Melissa rolled under his swipes, and pushed her fingers into a delicate place between the shoulder blades.

Paralysed in pain, the reanimated corpse jolted violently before falling to the floor, unconscious.

Breathing heavily, Melissa turned round to face Dirt.

He just laughed, his hand reaching under a table.

"Good game, Melissa. Very good game. But...did you really think you can stop the Grand Masters plan?"

Dirt laughed more, as Melissa frowned in fear.

"Operation Mountain *will* proceed, and my sacrifice will make it a lot easier to execute."

Melissa's eyes widened in fear.

"What...sacrifice?"

Dirt knelled to the floor in laughter, finding the naive scientist in front of his rotting face hilarious.

"This one."

Dirt pressed the red button.

"Goodbye, Melissa Mycroft."

The world exploded into a ball of froth, and Melissa felt her whole body being limply pushed to the surface. Dirt shattered into a million fungus-strewn pieces, as his beloved submersible crumbled to dust and froth.

Melissa's last sight was the flattened city, Cthulu backing away into the depths again and a storm of bubbles.

The world turned black.

The End...?

Melissa Mycroft and The Crown of Gods

Chapter 1: Waking

"Is she okay?"

"She just shot straight out if the water!"

"I heard a tremble...did you?"

"Sounded like an earthquake..."

Melissa's malachite eyes flickered, opening to a crowd of concerned people of all ages. Wet sand had seeped into her soaking clothes, and it took her a few freezing seconds before she remembered everything.

The city.

Cthulu.

Dirt.

Operation Mountain.

Groaning, she sat up, and coughed out a faint splatter of blood.

Before she knew it, she had hundreds of people around her shivering body, putting towels around her, and holding her in case she fainted.

"It's okay, Melissa. Your back."

"Where are the others?"

"Where's my daughter? Mec?"

Melissa groaned again, before vomiting over an old man holding her left arm.

"Sorry..." she mumbled, but by then the world was black again.

Melissa woke up to find herself in a comfortable bed, and feeling a lot better. Her instincts kicked in, and she sprang out of the bed, ready to hit any enemy.

All she found was a large, plump lady, holding a tray filled with mugs of Ale.

"Steady, there dear!" she cried, as her eyes widened in surprise. "Don't want me to spill all these drinks, do you know?"

"Where am I?" Melissa asked, as she became more calm.

"The *Brave Unicorn*, dear. My tavern!" The landlady stuck her hand out. "Barbara Aubrey. Owner of my fine establishment, if I say so myself."

Melissa shook her hand.

"Melissa Mycroft," she said back, still tired. "Head Researcher of Cloud 5."

Barbara laughed, a jolly sound which was enough to bring a smile on to Melissa's face, even after the disaster she had been through.

"Of course I've heard of *you*!" she exclaimed. "Everyone has heard of you."

"Now come in to the bar, and I'll get you an ale to warm you up."

Chapter 2: A Stranger Emerges

He entered the tavern.

Silently, the stick thin man sat in a corner of the pub. His face was in a permanent grimace at the drinking, obnoxious sailors, chugging down their 23rd mug of alcohol.

Out of the breast pocket of his ebony tuxedo, he pulled out a smoking pipe. After lighting out with gel, lime green smoke filled the air.

Melissa smelt it mid sentence, and stopped telling her sad story of the destruction of the New Dungeon City. She turned around to the source of the relaxing jungle smell, only to find a dark corner. She thought she could see a shape, but soon vanished.

"And then...?" An arrogant tabloid journalist asked, eager to get a story about Melissa's clear depression.

She really wasn't in the mood to answer questions from sadistic reporters who wanted to humiliate the crop of society.

"Leave her alone!"

The voice came beside Melissa's ear. Smooth as silk, eat with a confidence as strong as iron.

"Don't you understand she's nearly *drowned*?"

Grumbling, the reporters walked off. Whoever had a voice of metal silk was intimidating.

Curious, Melissa turned to see who had spoken.

She stared into the cutest face she had seen in her life.
His face had a clear jaw, but showed kindness instead of strength. He had short cut back golden blonde hair, in the style of a sailor. Biceps bulging from his grey shirt.
Melissa hadn't felt so overwhelmed with emotions than in high school.
Well, Melissa thought, evident her eyes were now like two lustful saucers. *He's sexy*.
"The press," the fit stranger spat out. "Good for nothing sociopaths that turn the public into sociopaths."
Melissa nodded in agreement, her eyes still fixed on his beautiful face.
"Anyway, my name is Edin." Edin said, his tone suddenly changing to a warmer one.
"Melissa," Melissa said, finally getting back to a more professional state than staring at a drool-worthy sailor. "But I guess you already knew that."
Edin laughed; a warm laugh that made Melissa feel not so traumatised than the musty ale she was attempting to sip.
And so, they began to talk.

The stick man watched with professional accuracy. His snake eyes squashed into slits, scrutinising Edin.
With the flick of his wrist, the pipe extinguished itself, and the green smoke slowly stopped coming out of the pipe; like a factory slowly shutting down from relaxing a thin god.
"Now" he whispered.
His invisibility potion's effects stopped.
Two identical people behind him appeared from their own Invisibility Potions.
They lifted their guns, aiming for Edin's head.
They fired.

Chapter 3: The Journey Begins

And missed.
Instead, the bullet hit into a glass mug sitting beside the sailor.
It shattered into a million shards, spilling the beige liquid over the wood.
Edin started, and whisked around to see the three ominous figures, their guns poised to shoot again.
Edin's eyes widened in horror.
"DUCK!" he shouted, throwing Melissa down to the ground.
The room filled with ear cracking noises, as the agents shot at their target: a lowly, sexy sailor.
"Who the *hell* wants to kill us?!" Melissa exclaimed, taking her pistol out, firing a spread of flaming bullets at her unknown nemeses.
"I don't know..." Edin mumbled, as he took down a table. and used it as a shelter.
He peered behind the wooden board, before snapping his head back, missing a bullet.
"Have you seen them before?!" Melissa enquired, gritting her teeth as she fired another volley of bullets.
Edin stayed quiet.
"Edin?!"
The sailor turned around .
"Yes?"
"Have you seen-"
The table exploded into shards. Melissa was thrown backwards, along with Edin.
After the smoke had settled, Melissa saw that the tavern was in chaos.
Charred tables, smashed mugs, broken chairs... and several hole-ridden corpses.
"Kill him!" the tallest thin man screeched, as he threw another Grenade.

"Run!" Edin cried, punching a window until it smashed.
Melissa clambered out, Edin in tow.
As gunfire whizzed past them, Melissa's head was racing.
Who were those three thin men? Why did they want to kill them both? Had Edin seen them before?
Was it linked to the Diamond Coral?
"Quick! To the boat!"
Melissa followed Edin's finger, and saw it was pointing to a fishing boat.
Melissa responded with ease, and sprinted towards the minute vessel.
Edin immediately unfurled the sails, and before Melissa could even help the boat was already whizzing through the ocean.
Away from the smoky remains of *The Brave Unicorn*.

The trio of agents stopped at the beach, watching the fishing boat go beyond the horizon in a mere minute.
"Shall we follow chase?" Asked an emotionless agent.
the tallest, the leader shook his head.
"No," he said. "We will just have to prepare ourselves for the onslaught that is to come."

Chapter 4: A Tempting Treasure Hunt

"Have you ever heard of the Crown of the Gods?"
Edin's question startled Melissa as she worked the rudder.
"Really? Right now? After nearly dying, and with no way home, and towards an unknown doom?"
Edin replied with a casual shrug. "We have a lot of time before we hit land."
After a minute silence, Melissa admitted; "Not really, no. I might have missed Dr Shelder's lecture on that at university."
Then again, she had missed a lot of classes at university.
Edin laughed sweetly. "Really? You don't know about the most powerful artefact of all time?!"
Melissa raised an eyebrow. "Tell me about it then."
Edin sat on a full sack of fish, and began his story.
"After the Gods had won their war against the Original Slime, they were separated by a curse the Original Slime put over them.
However, before they were detached, each God sacrificed part of their soul to create a Crown. A crown that when in times of strife, would bind the Gods into one being.
However, the Goblins stole it, and have kept it hidden in their world for hundreds of years. Even worse, the Crown has to be activated by someone who completely believes in the Gods,"
Edin looked over at Melissa sternly. "Which is dwindling thanks to Der Kuffenlai."
Der Kuffenlai: the scientist, who was leading the movement of Reason as he called it.
Under his hypothesis, the world was not created by the Original Slime or any gods. Instead, a 'Dimensional Thermogatic Glitch' was caused, seeping in primordial particles from another dimension, causing a giant explosion of life. Slowly, a process called World Generation took place, until the world became like it is now.
Many began to take his theory as truth, but Melissa was still sceptical. How did the primordial particles get made? How did the dimensional glitch get caused?
Whenever asked these questions, he simply ignored them and continued ranting at the "delusional theists that still believed in their imaginary beings."
"Do you believe in the Gods? " Melissa asked.
Edin laughed again. "Of course I do! Der Kuffenlai's theories are backed with barely any

evidence!"

Silence continued, as Edin worked on the mast and the sails.

The boat was cutting through the water like a butcher knife through a pig. Dawn had just arrived, a blooming of apricot and pink.

A brisk wind moved the sail closer to its goal. Normally, the ship would have crashed into the Goblin World. But that had been destroyed two centuries ago.

Including, with a sad thought, the Crown of The Gods.

Melissa yawned, and suddenly realised she was exhausted.

As if reading her mind, Edin said; "You should sleep. I can stay awake until we hit land."

"When will we hit the Hallowed Islands?" Melissa mumbled, already trying to get comfy into an empty sack that used to contain raw Goldfish.

Edin shook his head. "No chance, I'm afraid. They're to the North-West. We're heading towards the North-East. Anyway, it's better that way. Those assassins could be at the Hallowed Islands, waiting for us. Now, sleep."

Melissa complied.

Chapter 5: A Discovery

The Slime Baby quivered in the waves, squirming in the murky depths.

A curious goldfish, back from a successful bumping (helping five beautiful females release their eggs) was swimming triumphantly through the ocean waves.

That is, if he could think.

The glowing black orb appeared in his small vision, and with curious glee he towards it quickly.

Sniffing it, he touched the slimy exterior with his fin.

In an instant, he was trapped inside.

"I caught something!" Melissa cried out, as she gripped her fishing rod.

With gusto, she reeled it up, until she had the dead goldfish in her lap. The slime had already drowned.

Melissa stuck her hand into the cool sphere of gel, and took out her prizes and the weight that kept it below the waves.

Edin smiled, took the fish and added it to their meagre pile of seafood.

For two days the sailor and the archaeologist had been sailing on the never ending sea, getting further away from the mainland.

Melissa knew that there would be various rumours and worried conversations about her location. Cloud 5 would be in turmoil, as they tried to choose the next Chief Scientist.

The press would be swarming over her story like a locust swarm, vomiting lies to the public.

Most of all though, those three thin men would be hunting her.

Maybe they were torturing her colleagues.

As that thought swirled round her head, she began to feel nauseous.

"What is that?" Edin gasped, pointing at a shape in the water a few feet away from them.

Melissa looked at the shape.

It was long, and made of rotting wood. A tarnished gold figurehead sat proudly at the front, incomprehensible from an age of storms. Disbanded oars sat idly at the sides, marble hands still gripping on to the wooden handles.

It was a Goblin SlaveShip.

"Quick! Sail over to it!" Melissa exclaimed, thirsty for knowledge of this wreck.

She might not have much of a life left, so she may as well take every artefact she found as an adventure.

In a matter of minutes, they were a footstep away from the ship.

Shaking the boat, the duo stepped on board.

Benches upon benches sat on the frigate, decayed Zombie slaves sitting stationary.
There wasn't much else.
Melissa began to inspect the ship.
"Looks Third Bloodian Dynasty to me..." she muttered, before stepping on a skeletal hand.
In an instant, it grabbed her ankle.
Screaming, she fell back, on to the ship.
The Skeleton stood up, and easily slipped out of the Meteorite Shackles that once clawed into his flesh.
Around him, the other Skeletons got up, and started to edge towards Melissa.
They hissed in hunger.
Shaking her captors hand off, Melissa took out her Phoenix Blaster and fired five accurate bullets at her enemies.
Half of their skulls flew off, yet they still came towards her.
Two hundred years was a long wait for meat.
"Edin!" Melissa cried out, surrounded by Skeletons.
But Edin was gone.
Melissa spun around, to find Edin sailing into the distance in his sailing boat.
"EDIN!" Melissa screamed, indignantly
In anger, she spun round and fired more bullets, slowly walking closer to the edge of the boat.
With eight skeletons still growling, she stepped on to air.
She fell off the boat, into the waves.

Chapter 6: A Ruined World

Melissa heard a crack, and a migraine immediately filled her head.
Instead of feeling the cold rush of the ocean swallow her body, the archaeologist instead found herself floating on the water.
Puzzled, Melissa stood up on the waves, even more surprised.
Looking down at her worn leather boots, she saw that she wasn't standing on the sea like some kind of messiah. Instead, her feet stood on a mossy bricked ramp.
As the waves lapped in their complex methods, Melissa saw snapshots of the strange structure.
The skeleton horde growled.
Back to her survival instincts, Melissa turned around to see the abandoned galleon only a leg away from her.
A Skeleton dropped from the stern, and smashed into ivory pieces on the drowned bricks.
"Oh no you don't." Melissa muttered, kicking the ship with all her might.
The wooden boards crumbled into a gaping hole, bigger than the minor ones that dotted the ship like acne. Water started to fill the boat.
Overwhelmed by the aqua, the hull shattered, bringing the ship to the dark hell of the Ocean.
Along with screeching skeletons.
Sighing in relief, Melissa decided to walk up the ramp, to see where it would take her.

The ramp led up to a wide, flat square of bricks, covered in algae and barnacles.
The struts of what used to be brothels, gangsters tenants and drug markets welcomed Melissa, as she walked past long-gone alleys.
She had already decided she was in the Goblin City, after seeing so many gaunt corpses amidst strewn debris.
Her feet crunched across dead leaves and creepers, which had once thrived on the milky substance of Anti-Goblin, as she fearfully (yet excitedly) walked further into the post-

apocalyptic wasted metropolis.

And although she was shivering with an anxious thirst for more knowledge, there was still that sharp knife of betrayal, anger and sadness.

Edin.

Why had he done it? What was the point of bringing her here, if she was to be deserted?

Was this punishment? Or, had she made him not escape from that trio of gangsters?

It confused her a lot.

Bastard.

And at that moment, dead docklands immediately became part of the past.

In trade for a jungle.

Edin grinned.

Operation Mountain is falling into place! He thought with glee. *Melissa is gone! What could go wrong now?*

He laughed.

Chapter 7: The Luxurious Jungle

What was once a dreary landscape exploded into a forest of marble mansions, towers and plazas, all covered in a thick green carpet of ivy.

Vines flooded over the spires that once held privileged Goblins, like puke from a God of Nature.

Each step the awestruck Melissa took was smothered out by the soft, squidgy rug of life below her.

Melissa was in a jungle, but no ordinary jungle.

This was a jungle that grew from the demise of a civilisation. A forest that rose from the platinum milk that once enveloped the land two centuries ago.

In the shadows of the city, a pack watched the stranger with intent eyes.

Much to her dismay, Melissa couldn't find any entrance to any of the fascinating marble buildings that stooped around her, breaking under the weight of the vegetation that grew inside it's rooms.

All history had to say about the Goblin City was that it was a cesspool of corruption.

But this new discovery, mansions made of beautiful marble, said otherwise.

Melissa continued along the path.

Their purple tongues dangling like a lustful wet tail, the things that once had a name crept closer to their new prey.

A beautiful, succulent, hunk of meat.

All they had eaten were the Platinumfruit, which killed them in a few seconds, poisonous leaves and their own kin.

Now, the Gods had shown them mercy, and gave them the gift of a soft, warm pie of flesh.

Melissa stopped walking.

By the time she had turned around, something was sinking it's large canines into her face.

Chapter 8: Goblins like My Face!

Melissa cried out in agony, as she tried to rip those massive teeth out of her jaw.

However much she tried though, the fangs were still slowly ripping her face apart.

Blood pouring over her chin, Melissa gazed up into the lifeless, disturbing eyes of her death: a grey, wrinkled body, crouched like a beast, with skeletal hands and sharp teeth.

A tear of hurt ran down Melissa's face. One last tear before her face would be non-existent, and just mush inside a savage's face.

What had happened to the Goblins? Was this what Andrew did to them? Melissa knew they deserved it (they did make the world a barren, dead landscape) , but still... turning any living creature into *this* was wrong.

Oh well.

Melissa picked up her gun and shot the creature in the face.

In a bullet flash, the fangs ripped out of her jaw, along with the face.

Melissa gently touched the hole with her finger. She felt the finger go even further, until she could feel the tortured jaw muscle.

When she pulled it back out, nearly ready to cry out in pain, it was covered in fat, oozing blood.

Seeing the eight other Goblinbeasts come towards her got her running.

Like dogs, the devolved Goblins got on all fours and ran ridiculously fast.

The jungle was a blur, as sandstone buildings whipped past Melissa.

All she could think of was getting away.

Melissa skidded to a halt, turned around and *BANG*.

She missed.

Melissa turned around and ran even faster, until doing the same thing again.

But the beasts were too agile. They missed every bullet shot.

Meanwhile, Melissa was starting to see the fuzzy outline of more former-Goblins approach.

Melissa ran further.

She ran straight into a tree.

A small, crinkled silver fruit dropped from the leaves above, and exploded over Melissa.

The milky juices inside dripped off her hair and fell on to her cheek, and suddenly the agonising pain... disappeared.

Her vision focused back to normal.

No, not normal. It was *better*.

Sighing in relief Melissa saw that the Goblins were running away from four rolling Platinumfruit.

Melissa smiled, and thanked the Gods for protecting her.

She remembered about the Crown of Gods.

What else did she have to lose?

Getting six Platinumfruit and wearing them like a belt, Melissa started to venture further into the city.

Chapter 9: The Mountain

Melissa burst out of the Platinum-enriched trees, to a surprising clearing.

Melissa could see that this used to be a farm, from the six-foot tall herbs and fruit that lay in fields of verdant grass.

It was a bit hard to miss them.

Although there were no buildings to strangle, the jungle still lived on as an ankle-deep lake of grass, dotted with a few silver flowers, with petals of Platinum.

Melissa didn't find as many dead bodies to her relief, although the odd farmer still appeared, normally with a swarm of Birds pecking at the skeleton that once farmed for a precious leaf in the Great Goblin Famine.

Well, the famine is over now, Melissa thought, looking back to see if any Goblinbeasts were

creeping up on her. *Shame you're the fertiliser.*

Crack went something under Melissa's foot, and she looked down to see a very ornate statue.

It was made of solid gold, and showed a proud goblin warrior, gilded in cracked gold. His face was missing, and a fragment of marble was stabbed into where his heart would have been.

He lay there like a brave general who had died in battle, and had been given a ceremonial burial into the grass.

With a sad heart, Melissa realised she couldn't take the statu-

"AHHH!" Melissa screamed, as she fell through the grass.

Darkness greeted the human that dared enter the chamber that had been lost from life for centuries.

Melissa cursed herself for not bringing any torches. In fact, she hadn't brought anything that was useful when in a lost world. She didn't exactly expect to go on an "adventure" when sipping bad ale.

A shaft of daylight from outside beamed on to the centre of the cave, and Melissa found something unexpected.

A table sat in the middle, creepers running along its worm-ridden legs. What was once a chair slumped in a pile of broken wood, looking a lot like vegetation. A shelf sat in cobwebs and moss, filled with broken fragments of glass, what were once bottles.

There were two empty spaces on the bottom shelf.

Squinting in the shadow, Melissa also saw yellow parchment on the table. Carefully, she read the words on the bark.

Melissa's eyes widened. Had she read that right.

The lower down she went, the more speechless and afraid she became.

The letters slipped through her fingers, and fell to the mud.

On them, it read;

To whoever finds this. Goblin comrades, do not be afraid! The evil Anti-God, Andrew Mycroft, may have destroyed our glorious empire, but our spirit will never cease to exist! I, the last Goblin Prince, have set out on an expedition to vanquish the human virus forever! With an Immortality Potion (from our reconnaissance tribe, now sadly deceased in the Chieftain Wars) and a Shapeshifting Potion, I shall impersonate a human and initiate Operation Mountain!

1. Find the descendant of the Anti-God.

2. Bring him/her to the Crown of Gods and sacrifice her.

3. Awaken the Gods, our glorious protectors.

4. With the power of the Gods, destroy the world, and rebuild our empire with the Gods!

Also, to help me, I have resurrected three Goblins with the power of technology! Do not worry, comrade, I shall not turn you into a cyborg. For when the Gods come, we will be enveloped in a golden shield of invincibility!

Now, my name... it needs to be something that speaks of peace, to calm the humans... Adam? Edam? Eden? Edin?

Yes, that's it...

Edin.

"Well," Edin said, holding Melissa at gunpoint.

"Now you know."

Chapter 10: The Ritual of The Apocalypse

"The Gods won't help you," Melissa said as calmly as she could, which was nigh impossible with a gun pointed at her back. "Everyone knows that you are the Impure Race, the Ones Tainted By Hell."

The Goblin Prince laughed; a guttural laugh that sounded nothing like human Edin's sweet laugh. His true Goblin form was coming back.

"Well, isn't that *cute*?" he mocked, sticking his smug face into Melissa's. "You see us Goblins here think *your* kind are the Spawn of Sin, the Maggots of The Original Slime. And we were told, in our early days, that our whole existence was to destroy you, and reign victorious over the Infinite Archipelago. It took us a thousand years, but eventually we did it."

Edin scowled bitterly.

"Then your ancestor, the Anti-God Andrew Mycroft, came and ruined our plans."

Melissa couldn't help but laugh.

"Oops." she said, grinning. She had decided she was going to die anyway, may as well milk the moment.

The heir to the Goblin Throne just smirked.

"I'm not going to kill you now, Melissa. I'm going to sacrifice you. You've read my plan, you know that you will start the End of Days. No point fighting now."

The Goblin-Human pushed Melissa straight at a hard wall of dirt, grown over with weeds. Instead of hitting her head off the vegetation, she instead went straight through it.

She appeared in the most beautiful place she had ever seen.

It was a giant dome, stretching miles up, all under the mountain. It was lined with marble and gold, as well as a few tiles of Pearlstone, shipped from the Hallowed Islands.

The inner historian in Melissa noted that discovery.

The chamber was brightly lit, with candles of solid gold. Even the wicks were mixed with golden foil.

Each amazed step Melissa took echoed, like ominous screams in a cold, dark place.

"Lie down, and we can get this over with," Edin said, pointing his gun at an ornate sacrificial slab in the middle.

"Your spirit in Hell will always remember that you started the Universe's Epilogue."

Melissa tried to think of a way out. Normally, she would. But...her mind was so...*tired*. She just complied, and prepared for death.

"Oh, by the way," Edin said, sneakily. (*That's not even his name. I never found out the name of the person I fell in love with.*)

"When you were eating those fish, on the fishing boat? I added some drowsiness pills that would kick in about now.

Melissa was able to mumble two words to the triumphant last sentient Goblin.

"Fuck you."

Edin (or whatever his name was) brought out a knife, made of crystals.

With one hearty stab, he pierced into Melissa's skin. In an instant, her heart was pierced and she lay dead.

Melissa's last thought was very typical of her lust for knowledge.

A knife made of crystals? The Goblins must have had a trade system there. Perhaps during the Lost Voyage of Krmaziria the Third they actually-

As the blood flowed into an ocean across the sacrificial table, Goblin Prince Solon took out an ornate crown, made of the souls of Gods.

"All she had to do was look under the table..." Solon muttered.

He stuck his finger into the blood, fat and podgy. A human finger.

He was very annoyed at how the Potion didn't revert back to Goblin form until he was dead, but it was a worthy sacrifice.

With the finger dabbed with the blood of the Anti-Goddess, he traced a symbol on to the Crown; a tree. The symbol of Terraria.

The crown exploded.

White light burst from the holy headpiece, shattering it into dust.

Several tails of this gilded light flew out of the circlet.

One took the shape of a white dragon. The God of the Skies, the Master God.

One took the shape of a massive worm. The God of Shadows.

One took the shape of a giant hornet. The Goddess of Beauty and War.

One took the shape of a octopus-like man. Cthulu, God of Water.

One took the shape of a Corrupt Bunny. The God of Evil.

The Gods, all together in one place after many years of waiting.

"Loyal subject," The God of the Skies boomed. "What is your name?"

Solon fell to the ground and started to bow down to the mighty beings in front of him.

"Ecibia Wertuun Macartney Youie-Bloodian Fyre Aye-Aye Murtio Haretyi Garneaconorti Solon the 12th, my wonderful masters. I am the heir to the Goblin throne, and I have just sacrificed the Anti-Goddess to bring you back, so we may crush the Humans and bring the Prophecies back to order."

The God of the Skies nodded. "Good. You have done well. I shall name you King of the Goblins, and you shall march upon the Human scum with battalions of Goblins, resurrected and bathed in our glorious light. They shall be invincible."

The God of The Skies flew over to the Goblin King, and touched his forehead.

King Solon immediately felt bliss, and looked at himself in the reflection of Melissa's blood.

Finally! He was back in his pure Goblin form! And he now glistened in gold!

"Thank you," he whispered, as a tear of joy fell from his cheek.

But the Gods were too busy. They were circling each other, spinning faster and faster, blowing gusts across the chamber. Soon you couldn't make out the shapes of the Gods, for they were just a halo of energy.

The tornado of omnipotence stopped, and out of it a bigger, more opaque version of the God of the Skies came forth.

"It is done." several voices said at once.

Solon bowed.

"What do we do now, my lord?"

Solon suddenly found himself on top of the mountain, looking towards the west. Towards the humans.

"We march tonight."

Epilogue

Melissa felt unfathomable pain, and like that it stopped.

It was pitch black.

And Melissa was falling.

Melissa got her bearings, and prepared for a hard landing.

Instead, she landed into something sticky.

"Melissa!" said an old voice. Melissa turned around, and gasped at the sight of a giant deep purple slime.

"No time to explain! Here's the information."

Melissa was knocked back with a sudden rush of information.

Gasping, she regained self control before falling into the goo which she now knew was called Dimensional Gel.

"You see?" the Original Slime said, nervous.

Melissa nodded. She reiterated the knowledge again;

"The Gods have awoken again, and are planning to destroy the world. Only the greatest heroes of the Humans can defeat them. I am one of them. I have to join the Platinum Blade, or Goblins will invade the world."

The Original Slime nodded, frantic. His sons were going to kill him soon.

"Well? Do you join?"

What choice do I have? Melissa thought.

"Yes, I do."

The Original Slime smiled in relief.

"Welcome to the Platinum Blade."

THE END

Dryad: A Deity

My name is...well, I actually don't know, but most people call me Dryad. My life has been filled with life-changing events: invasions, fights, explorations to new places...You name it, I will have done it, been caught up in it or started it. Nearly 10 centuries have passed by, and I have seen the world rise from knocking stones together to making a grand city that encompasses the world. Read on to find out more...

I was born into a family of peasants, 3000 years after a great war, between a mighty slime and the Gods. I was born inside a small wooden hut, as great bonfires were created, to celebrate the Gods victory. A poorly-trained nurse was all the comfort my mother had, which is probably why she died of childbirth.

My father took care of me, but there was a problem that soon stopped us living as farmers. For a start, we were the last believers in The Original Slime, as the Gods had brainwashed everyone else to believe in them. The tribe we grew up in burnt any random person they saw, who apparently believed in 'the sinful being.' Also, we were incredibly poor, and my father resorted to a mix of ale and mushrooms, which made him violent, so I had to hide, on my own. There were no other children in the tribe, most being sacrificed to the God of the Underworld, the Wall of Flesh, meaning I was most likely next. One day, the Chief's militia came in and snatched me away. My dad, sober at the time, disagreed, and was given a choice: I could get tested on a new potion the Chief's Warlock and created, or sent down to a pit, straight into hell. He chose the 'daughter-becomes-guinea-pig' idea, and I was dragged away. Then, someone heard him pray to the Original Slime, and he was burnt on a pyre. I was ten when I became orphaned. I thought I would be burnt as well, but the chief wanted a person to experiment with, so I was taken to him.

It was so long ago I can't remember the proper details, but I remember the sharp grip of the guards, and the eyes of our fanatic chief that stabbed into me. He was fat, with a gang of prisoner women, which he always kept around him. He was so caught up in the belief that the Gods were the true masters of the world. Another thing I remember about that dreadful day was spitting on his face,

which made him enraged, and I remember how those guards grabbed my neck, and forced me to swallow a magenta liquid, with trails of turquoise swimming in the potion. It tasted revolting, but I had to swallow it. Thinking about the torture I received at that time makes me cry into tears. I felt fine however, and it seemed to have worked. Now, I was immortal. The Chief couldn't have this potion, I knew that, or he would spread his gospel about the Gods forever. With all the force I had, I somehow escaped, and I ran away.

I got to the Jungle, eventually. All the Tribes knew that place was dangerous, so no one would dare to go in. That is why I went inside that place, to escape from the warring chiefs outside this spot of isolation. It was beautiful: brilliant green vines, amazing trees that stood up to brush on the skies, and the buzz of life. Then, I saw a green blob that looked like it was ready to eat me.

"Yum..." it said, which surprised me. "I could do with food! Come here!"

"How can you talk?!" I exclaimed, stepping back a bit.

"How can *you* talk?" he said, as amazed as me. "You're not like those other humans, speaking some stupid garble of sounds. Come with me: if you can talk like us, you are one of us!"

My talent at speaking like monsters must be a side effect of that potion, which I had smashed before the Chief had drunk the remains of it. I met other creatures of the Jungle, who all kindly greeted me. I remember meeting three young Hornets, who were my true friends at the time, who I played with. I ate with them, drank with them and slept with these creatures of the Jungle. I grew up, and yearned to discover the world. Jungle Bats, who lived on the edge of the Jungle, had told me stories of the outside world. At twenty, I ventured out, to discover the world, via the Underground Jungle.

I travelled through the labyrinth of life for a long time, trying to find a way into the world above. I dressed in the plants of the Jungle, and heard from Jungle Bats that the world above was becoming very dangerous. The Chieftain Wars had occurred since the Dwarves of the mountains had created a new type of weaponry, known as Explosives. They thought they were able to take over the world, so the other chiefs fell into chaos and war. I decided to wait until the battles were over, so I didn't get mauled to death by swords.

While on these travels, I came across a secret tribe of people. They were known as the Statuatti, and lived by an underground waterfall. They were also friends of the Jungle, and the creatures here let themselves be killed, so they could be used as food. They were very kind to me, although I refused their special Man Eater Stew...

They were masters at creating sculptures out of stone, similar to their rival tribe, the Potteri, who made pots out of clay. Unlike those violent barbaric people, the Statuatti believed in peace. I learnt their magic with them, until when I was forty, when I was given the final test. I had to bring a statue to life! I did, and so I became part of the tribe. But not for long.

Fighting was getting even worse above ground. I heard that my old tribe had been razed to the ground, and that a flaming arrow had hit straight in between my old, cruel chief. Damn, he deserved that! However, some groups were retreating deeper underground, causing battles to erupt in caverns and by the shores of underground lakes. This disrupted the balance of life greatly, and the Statuatti were soon starving to death. All the meat had been slaughtered in the crossfire of skirmishes.

Then, one day, a wandering tribe came across our village. Their chief was arrogant, lazy and immediately took our land. His army burnt our houses, our last bundles of food and built shabby barracks in the place of our ruined village. I had to escape. This tribe's stupid people were very bad at putting chains on our wrists, and in a few minutes we had escaped. What they lacked in...well, nearly everything, was put aside when it came to archery however. They slaughtered everyone. The

men, the women, the children...Only I escaped, and scrambled away, leaving the Statuatti behind.

Of all the places I had to emerge in, it had to be the corruption. I was expecting a beautiful dawn, across green plains with bunnies frolicking. Instead, it was a wasteland of purple grass and violent, red-eyed bunnies, which try to devour you.

It was absolutely horrible, and I am sure that from then on I decided to try and destroy this abomination. I also knew that this was the God of Shadows work, and as the last believer in The Original Slime I knew it was my duty to stop the Gods work for ever.

I walked across the distorted plain, and I found out I can hear the eaters as if they talked normally. I wish I couldn't.

" Hey there, my flower.." they hissed at me. " Would you like to come round my chasm?"

My power was greatly weakened here, but I could insult the eaters. I found out they are pretty sensitive, and left my soul alone and went away.

I found a chest, near a giant chasm. Inside were lots of glass bottles, shaped like an upside down triangle, with a purple liquid inside. Curiosity took the better of me, and I drank one. That was one of the biggest mistakes of my life.

I felt a lifting sensation, and realized that the world had turned into something really bizarre. The orange, distorted sky was covering the land, while the purple grass of the Corruption was above my head. A throbbing came into my head, as the sky (which was the land right now) turned pale blue. I was going to go like this forever, wasn't I? I shouldn't of drank that potion, and now I was paying the price.

Then, to my surprise, I landed on the ground. Pure, clean grass! I bent down and kissed it, and thanked the Original Slime for my good luck.

My stomach slowly rolled over again, and I found myself falling. Before I crashed into a chasm below, looking like a small hole up in the sky, I grasped a vine, it's roots starting to pull away from the dirt. I think the irony made me angrier than the fact I was about to plummet to my death.

" Ahh! Meat!" came a rasping, ugly voice, and I saw a winged woman, with her fangs bared." Help me!" I screeched, in their language which I picked up immediately.

" Wha- You can speak our language!," she exclaimed, obviously surprised. "You are a sister of us, then! Come on to my back."

As the vine fell away, I sat on the beings wings, soft as feathers. That was because they *were* feathers.

" You are a strange Harpy...," my transport mused. "Never seen a Harpy that doesn't have wings or wears vines..."

" My wings were cut down by evil humans, when I flew to the ground for too long," I lied. The last thing I wanted was to be eaten. " I crashed into the jungle, and to blend in with the other humans I wore this."

We got to the surface, and I met the other Harpy 'sisters.' Together, they ate bunny meat, and I reluctantly joined them. Oh, didn't they talk. Yak, yak yak. From handsome Angel (men) to how delicious humans were, they didn't stop. And so, I became part of the Harpy family.

Years and years passed, as I watched the world below grow. I seemed to bring lots of revolutionary ideas to the Harpies, like tools and mining. There were lots of silver on the Flying Islands, so I mined it, making tools for other ores. To get out the first batch of silver, I used my hands, and they ended up bleeding. Thankfully Harpy saliva is the best healing thing in the world, which I was surrounded by every day.

" How don't you use your own spit?" they asked.

" All the humans replaced my saliva it with their own..." I lied. Harpies are very gullible, which was very useful when talking about my eternal youth.

I then decided to melt the bricks in furnaces I had crafted, to create bricks. And so I built a big house, with a golden wall.

" No longer do you have to stay in the cold!," I had exclaimed, presenting my work. " Stay in here to stay warm!"

The Harpies put their belongings in a big golden chest. These included a shiny, red balloon, a powerful sword and a horseshoe that stopped me becoming squashed if I jumped off the island. The Harpies, happy with these ideas, flew away to the other islands to build creations like mine. When they had all gone, I took this Horseshoe, and went to the edge. Nearly 500 years I had lived there, and when I jumped off I felt relived, and free. Those Harpies were so lucky to have the gift of flight.

While I had lived above the clouds, the world below had changed a lot. The Chieftain Wars had killed off most of humanity, and when the last battle occurred at the shores of the Eastern Ocean the Eaacoastanians were the only one left standing, with a few survivors scattered across the world. Realizing what they had done, everyone banded together and moved to the shore of the Eastern Ocean, to create a new, united tribe. They named it the Princedom, since they allowed the Prince rule their world, and once they reached the age of 80 they retired and gave over to their son. I saw this transformation occur in front of my own eyes, as small villages grew like flowers of wood and stone up above in my Flying Island, and I was very happy to see the world was in a state of peace. Yet when I landed on the ground again I was very annoyed it was still Corruption. The chest, and all the potions that ensured me to be stuck for half a millennium on a floating lump of dirt, were still there, untouched for centuries. I found a sharp thorn, leaking a purple liquid, and a Vile Mushroom. I ripped the distorted mushroom open, until it was a flat piece of fungus, and with the purple liquid, I scribbled: *Do not use this Gravitational Potion (it changed my gravity, I thought it was a fitting name)Potion, near the cliff, near here, or you shall die.* I put it beside the chest, so no one else will face the same fate as me. With that, I wandered away (insulting any eaters that tried to flirt with me) to discover the world.

I passed forests, lakes and climbed various hills. The Bunnies and Birds were great help, if they not a bit on the immature side. They often told me the wrong way to go, or made me fall into lakes. Yet without their help I would have most likely died in the wilderness.

Every night, I modelled dirt into a cage, to protect myself from the evils of the night. I found out a lot of them were simply upset, at not being able to rest in peace of have the gift of taste, sound, touch and the ability to hear, so I comforted them. From then on, I was left alone.

The further I got away from the dreaded Corruption, the more villages I saw. I remember all of the local lads always trying to flirt with me, which was very annoying. An Arms Dealer had the cheek to ask how old I was. Doesn't he realize I'm 500 years old?

I reached a small village that sat on the beautiful coast of the Eastern Ocean, a place that had a dark and bloody history. However, the inns were comfy and the people there were not trying to chat me up. The leader of the village, named Andrew, was exceptionally kind. This is why I decided to stay there, and help him catch Goldfishes, in exchange for a home.

It was a peaceful life at this quiet fish town named Coastania, and it was there I met a man. He was called Michael Barter, and he was very kind. He was a travelling merchant, with a big ochre brown beard. He had been to every single corner of the Princedom, from the grand citadel of T'alitha to the deepest caverns underneath the Prince's palace. I could see he fell in love with me, by the way his eyes would glaze over! However, he didn't seem as rude as the Arms Dealer (called me a prude, he

did!) and I actually didn't mind his flirtatious comments!

Andrew tried to teach me the way of fishing, but it was too tiring for me, so I simply made nets out of vines to catch them. It was sad catching them, as they mewed up to you, asking where their parents were.

Then one day, when I was catching the goldfish, I saw them. They were green, scaly, vicious and their war cry chilled me to the bone. They came on big, giant longboats, being rowed by deranged slave Zombies. The Goblin Empire had arrived. Every day we fought the barbaric people, but our weapons were too weak. News travelled quickly through the Princedom, and so Prince Yelidio XVI sent his finest soldiers to fight them off. Being the filthy cowards that they are, the Goblins swan away, and we were victorious! After a three day celebration at the pub, we then heard from sailors that the goblins were coming back, much stronger this time. We immediately built a great wall, built from the sturdy wood nearby, on orders of the kind and noble prince. But that did nothing to stop them.

I was planting acorns when they came again. Nearby wood supply was running out because it had all been used for the grand wall, so I decided to replenish it. When putting down the third acorn I held, I heard the Goblin War-Cry, echoing across the world. I sighed, seeing as this was becoming a normal occurrence. Every day, we heard it at least twice, before it subsided into the past. But this time it came with worse sounds. Screaming. Human screaming. The crackling of fire, against wood. The sounds of death, the cold sound of metal upon metal, and the sound of crying. Turning around, I saw one of the worst sights in the world.

The orange aura of death, named fire, had taken homes and taverns, transforming them into charcoal. A river of green scales, the Goblin army, ran through the streets, knifing brave warriors, innocent women and even defenceless children. The copper smell of blood filled the air, as people wept in terror at the hands of the barbaric invaders. The whole scene made me want to puke.

"Dryad! Come on!" This came from Michael, who held a very shiny sword and a young baby, the one we were going to celebrate tonight. Now, we couldn't.

"Is Andrew?..." I asked, fearing the worst. I was answered by a grave nod, followed by a rainfall of tears. Soon, we were joined by a small group of survivors, who had miraculously survived. Michael immediately knew we needed to act fast.

"Quick, we must head to Citadeliana. We must tell the Prince of this invasion!"

And so, we set off, towards the capital of the Princedom.

As we passed through the verdant green hills and past small villages, we preached of the Goblins getting past the world, and marching towards the Princedom. This got people into a great panic, and instead of protecting their homes they packed up their belongings and joined our growing mass of people, all heading to the safety of Citadeliana. Every night we set up temporary wooden shelters, which were taken down when the light of dawn appeared in the sky.

After a few days of travelling across hills, we found that we could see the goblins in the distance, torching the grass to nothing but barren plains of dirt. When we woke up every morning, our backs stiff from sleeping on wooden floors, we could hear the Goblins cruel, evil demented laughs. After that, we never rested for longer than 10 seconds, meaning we had a lot of moaning children.

I tried to grow back the dead hills behind us, but that monumental task used up too much of my energy, which I really needed for the journey.

Eventually, we got to the strong grey brick walls of Citadeliana. When the guards saw us, they immediately let us in, when they saw the state of us. Relieved, our group rested beside the shores of the Inner City Moat. Then, me and Michael headed towards the Palace, to warn the Prince of the oncoming invasion.

When we reached the giant golden doors to the Princes Palace, I expected the guards to immediately question us. After our long trip, we did look like vagrants. However, much to our luck, Michael had saved the Prince's life, and so he was granted access to the whole city. The guards immediately opened the golden gate without laying a finger on its ornamental structure, and soon we were passing lavish halls draped in scarlet, lit by chain lanterns taken from the edges of the far-off Dungeon, without entering the heart of the ancient building.

Michael seemed to not be distracted by this beauty, and headed for a set of beautiful, varnished doors, which had the engraving of vines on its wooden exterior. A sharp thought about my childhood entered my mind.

Michael literally kicked the doors open, in pure urgency and desperation. The room we entered was covered head to toe in golden carpet, walls and furniture, as well as a throne set in the back of the room. However, the Prince was found in front of a giant table, with a model of the world's landscape, a group of green pins set across the eastern world. When he saw Michael, his grim expression turned to relief, and welcomed Michael inside like an old friend. The Prince was lean, covered in green emerald clothes, as well as a crown that had a glowing emerald inside. He was incredibly tall, 6.9 feet it looked like, and had maroon eyes that had a miniature spark of excitement and eagerness to rule the Princedom as well as possible.

"You must be the beautiful finance that Michael has told me in his letters!" he exclaimed. I politely curtsied, glaring at an embarrassed Michael in the corner.

"But no time to talk," Yeldido said, in his loud booming voice.

"We must-" His order was never finished, for a great explosion shook the room, causing the world model map on the table to crumble and fall to pieces. Flames lapped across the room, as the blood-chilling shout of Goblins came from below. We looked over the burnt hole, to see Goblins entering the city and sending Grappling Hooks to the remaining parts of furniture in the Throne Room. The soldiers below weren't like the ones we experienced. They were organised, their swords shiny and new, and also had an even worse weapon on hold: Bombs. As a sphere came hurtling towards me, I froze in terror as it landed at my feet. The sharp grip of Michael saved me, as he then jumped out of a window panned with gold.

Time froze there, as crystal knives of glass danced in the air around my body, the powerful force of Dwarves explosives searing my back with heat. I turned around, to see the beautiful palace now crumbling to ruins, like a piece of paper becoming crumpled into a ball of death and flames. Michael immediately took out his emergency Grappling hook, and fired it at the opposite wall of the citadel, in which Goblins had control of as well. The sharp pull of gravity soon took us to the wall, where Michael immediately started fighting the Goblins back using martial skills he had learned from his childhood. I made vines grow around the feet of two Warriors, making them topple into the burning inferno of houses below. After a minute of intense fighting, Michael once again took me around the waist and jumped off the wall, which just crumbled into an avalanche of stonework, tumbling across the ruins of the city.

As the free feeling of flight blew across me, reminding me about my time with the Harpies, Michael took out his Grappling Hook again, and just before we hit the ground he clung on to a branch. Breathing heavily, he let go and we fell, but it seemed like a step down some stairs after what I had experienced. We were surrounded by some other survivors, all panicking and scared. One was in tears, crying about his brother, Steve. His name was George, and he was the City Guide, giving tours of the city. Michael immediately took control.

"The Princedom has fallen!" he announced loudly, as the city burned quietly. His ochre beard gleaming in the moonlight, as night had fallen, Michael sighed.

"We are the last hope of humanity. And the world. We must make camp here tonight, and move further away from the Goblins, until we find a way to defeat this cursed force." He looked at me.

"May the Gods let us be victorious."

That camp there, beside the mountain of rubble that was Citadeliana, was the first of many. The Goblins set their base on the hill of death, misery and ruined buildings, letting us set up New Coastania. Every day, the Goblins attacked our small village, until it was too much for us. We retreated to hills, deserts and vast forests, as the Goblins chased us. They were playing a game of cat and mouse with us, seemingly just for their sadistic entertainment.

Then, one day, we rested on top of an ancient Dwarven Mountain, the birthplace of explosives. We managed to use the stone there to build up a decent castle, our strongest yet. We looked out to the west, and saw that the next village was at the base of the mountainous terrain, seemingly innocent, oblivious to the oncoming doom of the Goblins.

As we were going to warn them and let them join us, we heard that the biggest army of Goblins ever were coming here, from scouts. The Goblins sent out their own scouts, and so we prepared for attack.

However, they didn't. When we saw the reptilian legions marching towards us, instead of attacking our castle they split, and marched past us. The guards, generally just survivors from the carnage of the Goblins, looked on in confusion, as Michael realised what they were doing.

"There isolating us from any more help!," he exclaimed. "They are going to kill all of the remaining villages to the west, leaving us with no help. Then, they will converge on here!" This was unnerving to us all. The Goblins were now organised, and had lethal tricks up their sleeves. How could we fight against this force with no more help?

Andrew grew up while we retreated away from the mighty Goblin Army. From being a baby, his hair grew longer, and soon he was able to walk, and speak as well, all at the age of 6 months. By the time we reached our stronghold on top of the Dwarven Mountains, he was turning 13. He knew how to use a sword, a bow or any kind of other weapon. However, he was very lonely, as he was the only child in our resistance group, and you could see on his expression he was praying for company. So, I stayed with him, normally. He was a terrible magic student, so I couldn't give any of my wisdom of natural magic to his brain. I treated him like a son, and like a friend too.

We lived in that castle for three years, and we finally thought that the Goblins had ignored us, giving us a better chance at restarting civilisation. Yet Michael was still sure that the Goblins would return, and he was right.

The biggest group of Goblins we had ever seen were coming straight towards us, their flaming torches ready, hoping to burn every last remain of the human fortress. Michael, who had been fearing this for a long time, had an army set up in a few minutes, with him as their general. Andrew, his adopted son, begged to come and fight. Although Michael disagreed, he didn't have time to argue, and so Andrew joined the militia. Meanwhile, I stayed at the castle, nervously waiting for the army to come back, as I heard the war cries and screams of the dead, from the battlefield a mere few miles away.

When I saw Andrew running back, tears and blood all over him, on his own, with no other soldiers, I knew something was wrong.

"Michael is dead!," he cried. "The army has been destroyed. We have to retreat!"

As we packed our few belongings, the Goblins caught up faster than we expected. Screaming for blood, they mined their way through our defences, and before we knew it, they were inside. Our last frontier of resistance that had stood up against the Goblins for three whole years was now being overrun by the vile virus of green beings.

They killed everyone basically, apart from a handful. Andrew fought exceptionally well, and I helped

heal wondered soldiers with Nicola, the nurse. I even used all my energy to make a giant wall of Coppervine (those vines you find in the Jungle that hurt you when you touch), but it took so much energy out of me, that I fainted. When I woke up, I was in a comfortable bed, in a very ruined house, surrounded by Andrew, Nicola, George, Daniel and probably others that I can't remember. It was centuries ago, you know.

We had rested at the ruined village that used to be at the bottom of the Dwarves Mountains, the one we were going to go to, before the Goblins released their sinister tactics and razed a lot of it to the ground. Sighing in despair, I got out of the bed, and thought about what had happened to the world. A few years ago, it was in a golden age of prosperity. Now, it was in ruins.

And so, with Andrew as our new ruler, we started the cycle of running away at a snail's pace from the imperial goblins, leaving the last patches of green grass forever. We returned to weak, wooden fortress' which did nothing to stop the sea of green bodies that attacked us every few days. Instead of attacking us daily, they savoured our fear and insecurity.

Every night, I could hear Andrew sobbing for hours on end, at everything that had happened since the Goblins had come: death, destruction and misery. I was tempted to join him sometimes.

We eventually got to sandy lands, and to our despair found the world ended. The giant dungeon loomed above our settlement. There was an ancient man that guarded this massive citadel, and every time we tried to enter he transformed into something: I don't know what it was, but I knew that I could hear the screams of the brave heroes who braved the ominous monster, and when they came back they were covered in wounds, and were as pale as the moon. I eventually found it was called Skeletron, and suddenly Andrew saw great potential.

"If we could get that giant skeleton to help us, then the Goblins would get slaughtered by him!"

However, after numerous negotiation attempts, we gave up. The man, Oliver, had turned too bitter to help fellow humans.

One day, our scouts didn't return. Andrew realised that we needed to find them, the scouts were vital for our survival. Three people we had found on our journeys, they had warned us of goblin skirmishes hours before they occurred. With them gone, we would most likely be killed by a surprise attack.

I decided to join the search party, for some reason. I wanted to really see the last few bits of grass, before the Goblins burnt it to cinders. I never really knew why they did that. They just seemed to invade for fun, instead of wealth, resources or power. They were really disturbing people.

So, on the dawn of our eighth day on the other side of the world, we started to search for those scouts.

The details are a bit fuzzy (it was a long time ago) but I distinctly remember that there was an ambush of Goblins, I was the only one left surviving, and the Goblins took my hostage for a very, very dark deed that I must have erased from my mind. I was knocked unconscious, and when I woke up I was being dragged across the dirt, iron chains imprisoning my neck, and my hands. Feeling the suffocating horror of choking, I immediately stood up (or at least attempted to) and started to march with the convoy of Goblins.

I heard a cough, and out of the corner of my eye I was overjoyed to see Andrew. We exchanged a few words, but we were both exhausted, so we just marched.

As we passed ruined villages and barren wastelands of dirt and death, I was overjoyed to discover that the Jungle was still there, like a pocket of green, lovely life. It was really funny seeing the Hornets attack the Goblins! Especially as I told them to. However, the Goblins still slaughtered them mercilessly.

When we got to the Corruption, the Eaters were prepared to free me and Andrew. Sadly, they would

only do it if I lived with them in their dank chasms. I disagreed very quickly.

After hours of walking over the ruined world, we got to a ship. A Goblin Longboat, with the words *S.S. Bloodbath* engraved in gold on the side. The Goblins released our chains, and I would have escaped from them, but leaving Andrew behind made me feel too guilty.

We were forced to row the boat, beside slave zombies, who looked like they wanted to eat Andrews flesh. I couldn't talk to them, for they had leather mouth guards over their faces. It was very disturbing, and rowing through the sewage-strewn ocean didn't help either.

After lots of humid, sweaty hours, the sweat mainly from Andrew, (I had put an Anti-Sweat Spell over me. What? A woman needs to look her best, wherever she is) we reached the Goblin City; a hub of death, betrayal and drugs. Me and Andrew were marched through the grimy streets, being heckled, and having mud balls thrown at us. It was then that I realised I needed to escape. I knew I would have to abandon Andrew, but I would come back for him. After I had gotten weapons, other survivors and armour. Then, I would come back.

With all my magic, I let Temporal Sap cover my body, and soon I was gone.

I arrived in somewhere I had never seen before. It was white, and freezing cold, colder than the mountain air I had experienced up at the tips of the Dwarves Mountains. It was also raining, something that only happened when the end of the world was nigh. According to legend. However, the rain was white, and felt a lot heavier than the droplets of water that apparently dropped from the sky, when the apocalypse was going to come.

With nothing but leaves on, I was freezing. I found some birds, and they told me that I was on a island in the Eastern Ocean, and that the white thing was called "snow." He also told me that a man in bright red clothes often lived on a small wooden shack, which was near here. Before I froze to death, I rushed across the island, until I got to the quaint home. Shaking, I opened the door.

The inside had a stripy red carpet, against a white backdrop. A furnace was inside the corner, and gave off beautiful, blissful heat. I sat down on a nice chair, and slept, exhausted from my capture.

I woke up, to find a bizarre sight: three giant balls of snow piled on top of each other, two arms outstretched from the middle one, with a disturbing grin on its face.

"Stubby time!" it shouted, a horrific noise that tormented me for years. Out of nowhere, the thing took out a knife, and lunged towards me.

I rolled out of the way, watching splinters fly as the knife got stuck in the cosy chair I had been sitting in seconds ago. The evil, psychopathic creature was trying to yank his weapon out of the wooden object, and this gave me enough time to perform a roundhouse kick to his face (the smallest ball of snow) and it exploded in a plume of cream-white flakes. The rest of his body dissipated, until all that was left of him was a pile of snow.

Later that day, the bird told me that he was part of the Frost Legion: men made out of snow that used to work for the red man, but then rebelled, and wanted to do nothing but kill any other living thing that wasn't them. They only came when their Snow Globes (their most prized possessions) are shaken. He was just a straggler, who had become lost.

Still, I put as much work as I could to make a wall of snow. In case they returned.

And so, 250 years passed as I lived a solitary life on that snowy island, my only company a lone bird. I was planning to live in that small hut, but then one day, the giant red man with a big, white beard that the bird had talked about woke me up, with a big scowl on his face.

"What are you doing? That's my chair!" he boomed, in his big, strong voice.

"Sorry, sir...", I said, feebly, curling up on the chair in fright at what this giant of a man could do to me. He simply laughed.

"Ho Ho!", he said jollily. "I don't mind, I thought you were an intruder: my Frost Legion is still up to

no good..."

And so, I started to talk to him. He was a very magical person, a sage in frost magic back when he was a simple Apprentice Mage in the old Princedom. One day, he found a spell that turned him eternal. At first, he was happy, but when he turned into the oldest man alive, he was embarrassed, and banished. There, he made an army of snowmen, to get revenge. However, he then suddenly realised something; an idea: forgive his cruel fellow people, and give them presents on the day he was banished, which was the 25th of December.

"I then built this island with my powerful Frost Magic, and make sweet blocks, to give away. The Frost Legion were originally meant to make them, but then their original purpose came into their minds, and so rebelled."

Santa Claus, for that was his name, gave me Snow Bricks, and so I built my little house near his. He even gave me a spare suit of his, but a female version. This was a lot warmer than my vines, but I still kept them underneath.

I heard news of what was happening on the mainland by my fellow bird, and sometimes from Santa when he went to give his presents out. I was overjoyed to find out that the Goblins had been slain, their kingdom razed to the ground. New New Coastania had started, and Andrew Junior had become King. As time went on, his successors took to the throne, until one day Uriel Mycroft III decided to give the people more freedom, and started the Coastanian Republic, which stretched across the world, with Uriel Mycroft IV as the new President.

And then, one day, I found the chance to see this new, changed world.

Santa Claus was away to give her presents when the two explorers came from over the sea. I was snoozing in my snow palace, which was somehow quite warm.

I was woken up by muffling: a woman's voice, which brought back memories of Andrew, and a young man, who sounded like he was very tired and irritated, mumbling about not wanting to mine. Intrigued, I left my house, and saw the person who would be my best friend for the years to come. She had long, curly amber hair, with big spectacles on her round face. She wore leather clothes, filled with various pockets, and wore a backpack, which brimmed with Snow and the striped sweet blocks that Santa Claus gave out to the people.

She's trying to steal his supply! I thought, and so I decided to help the man who had helped throughout out the years. I lunged at the girl.

She yelped as I tackled her to the ground, and the tanned man cried out in surprise. The girl expertly kicked me in a very delicate place, and I screamed in pain. Before I could counter, she was up on her feet, pointing a rod, made of fiery metal.

"Who the hell are you?" the young woman asked, intrigued but angry at her assaulter.

"I don't know. It's been so long since my name was uttered. People just call me Dryad now. But what are you doing, stealing an old man's sweets?" Now I think back on it, it sounded like a pretty bad excuse to lunge on someone.

"Stole? I didn't steal these blocks! The old man gave them to us!" The woman then put down her rod, and gently touched my shoulder.

"You're bleeding, around the legs. Let me get you inside my base. Well, it's also my partners here, but the point is we can heal you. Come on, I'll help you."

And so I started my friendship with Melissa Mycroft. When we got back to her wooden hut, she dressed my wounds, with some kind of white leaf and healing potions. However, to do this, I had to take off my vibrant red suit, showing the vines that had grown on me since childhood. This raised a lot of questions.

"Why are you wearing vines?" Melissa asked, as she rubbed a salve on my scars.

"Well, it's a long story..." I replied, thinking about how I could explain 750 years of my life in a few hours.

Melissa laughed, a kind laugh, which I grew accustomed to over the years.

"We have a lot of time on my hand, Dryad. Tell me and my partner, while your wounds heal.

And so I started my story. From living in a small tribe, to my wandering in the Jungle, to the horrors of the Chieftain Wars, before going on about my time above the sky, with the Harpies.

Then, I explained my escape from the vicious monsters, and how I met up with a man known as Andrew Mycroft, in which Melissa's jaw dropped to the floor.

"Andrew Mycroft? You knew my ancestor?" She was amazed, and asked many questions about him and his life.

She was very saddened to hear of his demise and the Goblins invasion of the world, before I ended with my entrance to the Snowy Island.

"I always meant to go back to Andrew but there are no roots that I can take Mana out of here. I couldn't make a boat either, because no trees grew here."

Melissa held my hand softly.

"You've got me, and that's the closest to the Mycroft family right now."

After that, there was a long period of silence.

"Dryad," Melissa said eventually, an introspective look on her face. "I would like you to come back with us. You know a lot about nature, and I need someone like you for my work."

Her partner, in the middle of eating a candy block, choked in surprise.

"Melissa, we barley kn-"

"Oh, be quiet T," Melissa said, T being a nickname for the well-built man. "Let her decided."

"I don't know...", I said, shaking my head. "Santa Claus might miss me."

However, deep down I craved to leave the snowy island. I needed to see new lands, New New Coastania, and Cloud 5. Yes, the kind old Frost sage would miss me and feel betrayed, but I had to go and see the new world.

"When do we leave?," I eventually said.

The first time I saw New New Coastania would be one of the best memories for me. Towers of gold, streets paved with silver slabs and happy, healthy humans, buying or selling at the stalls that dotted the gigantic markets. The smells were fantastic as well: Mushroom Soup, perfumed Silk, freshly cooked Bunny....Oh, and the noises as well! The hiss of silver armour being made in front of a soldier, the cries of various merchants as they boasted about their merchandise, even the crunching of people eating.

It had been a long journey. After crossing the Western Ocean on the humble boat that Melissa and "T" had brought with them, we reached the sandy beach, overshadowed by the Dungeon. Sharp memories came flooding back, as I remembered the feeling of despair when Andrew and the last few Human survivors came here.

The entrance to the ancient ruined citadel had collapsed, and Skeletron had been defeated as well, which was good to hear. The Coastanian Republic had blocked the dangerous prison from citizens, for obvious reasons.

Majority of the world was untouched by humans, rolling grasslands, deserts and the mighty Jungle. To see the world had become normal once again, after the Goblins chaotic reign, brought a tear of joy to my eye.

Eventually, we reached the beautiful citadel, and I saw an even greater sight on my experienced eyes: a massive glass building, floating on the clouds.

"That's Cloud Five!," Melissa exclaimed. "Where me and a lot of other men and women research this great world." The young woman nodded in my direction. "You'll be staying up there soon too."

The only negative aspects of the city were a few teenagers, who kept on wolf whistling towards me, and an old man, who kept on saying I should get clothes on and that the youth of today were "not like they used to be." When Melissa called some soldiers to stop them, they just joined the teenagers in their humiliating antics of flirting.

"Maybe you should get some other clothes on..." Melissa said, kindly. I shook my head vigorously.

"These vines have stayed with me for a long time now," I said indignantly. "They have grown on to me. Quite literally!"

The topic died, and we walked through the city.

"How are we going to get on to Cloud 5?" I asked, which made Melissa chuckle.

"Take the Fallflight Bridge, of course."

After five anxious minutes, we reached another weird yet wonderful sight; a giant staircase made of wood, lined with Tiki Torches, stretching beyond the clouds. Hundreds of people were walking up each panel, murmuring to their fellow friends, or in stressed silence, aching to reach their unknown location. As me and Melissa started to climb the giant staircase, the young archaeologist informed me of what this tower was for.

"This is known as the Stairway to Heaven," she said, as my feet started to ache, after climbing 836 steps. "It reaches all the way up to the top of the sky, where you will find the Fallflight Bridge." Just as I was going to ask exactly what this elusive bridge was, I saw a blur of navy blue robes and peach skin. My head locked on to the falling object, and to my horror I saw it was a wizard, about to make contact with the ground. Even more disturbing was the fact that Melissa just laughed when she saw my pale expression.

"Don't worry about him," she said, shaking her head. "A guard checks if you have a magical object to stop you becoming human jam before you leap off the bridge. You see, there is a giant bridge that spans across the continent, Coastania. People walk to their destination, and leap to the ground. Gravity causes the person to fall at an incredibly fast speed, but the impact the person makes doesn't kill them, thanks to the magical item they're wearing. The best form of transport, eh?" I nodded, although deep inside me I knew there were many other ways that were better than jumping off a bridge.

"Here we are!" Melissa said happily, and I gasped in wonder, as I looked at Cloud 5.

The best way to describe Cloud 5 would be to call it a 'glass diamond', as that was exactly what it was. A smooth building made of the finest glass, surrounded by a ocean of cloud. It was massive, with departments on every single little aspect of the world below.

The inside was as remarkable. I was so entranced in all the knowledge around me I didn't notice the passing scientists either gawking at my outfit, or sniggering like an immature child. Desks upon desks filled with paper, and a quick glance was enough to fill my mind with curiosity and wonder at what the cryptic measurements meant, or what each graph portrayed. It was almost too much to take in. I finally reached my new "office", a mundane glass room with a superb view of the city below me. It was mainly the Market district, which I was very happy about.

Melissa told me I could do whatever I wanted with the design of the room, before she left when a disaster involving a Dungeonologist and a Underworldist occurred. Using my magic, I started to spruce things up in my new study. When Melissa came back, she was shocked beyond belief.

"What the hell have you done?!" She exclaimed.

I frowned, as my hand brushed the leaves of the saplings that surrounded me and my desk. "I did what you said; put spruces everywhere!"

Melissa smacked her hand into her face. "That doesn't mean you can make grass grow on the floor, or make your office a jungle!" I looked around, stunned at her surprise. Vines grew from the ceiling,

while flowers bloomed on top of my desk. A Bunny hopped beside me, which had somehow been created the minute had laid some grass seeds. It didn't seem cluttered to me...

"I don't even know *how* you did this...", Melissa said, sighing in amazement at my work.

"Doesn't matter," she said. "We have work to do; I need you to tell my Jungle scientists about what you know..."

And so, I entered the world of work.

Believe it or not, it was actually quite fun. Yes, there were piles upon piles of graphs and reports to fill out, but I was teaching people about one my favourite topic.

You would be very surprised at how little those people, considered the most intelligent people in the world, knew about the Jungle. According to them, it was a violent dark place full of vicious predators. I always argued that it was the exact opposite. It was a place of beautiful plants, a place where the water was at its purest (well, excluding the lakes in the Hallowed Islands in the Eastern Ocean) and that the 'vicious predators' would be loyal to you if you spoke their language.

"Right," Buck, a very stubborn Oceanologist, often scoffed. "Their animals, babe, they can't understand anything we say!"

I hated it when he called me "babe."

Melissa was very kind though. She actually defended my claims that the Jungle was like a utopian garden, and wasn't sceptical at the facts I delivered to my colleagues.

For three years, I enjoyed those blissful days of peace (excluding Buck), rambling on about my childhood home.

Until one day, that graph appeared.

I could see that Patrick was excited when he gave me the bundle of graphs. However much I asked him what was making him so happy, he just giggled and told me I would find out soon.

Gee, I thought. What's up with him?

I didn't give it much thought, and slowly read through the graphs. Nothing much had changed, and my report was nearly identical to last month's report; excess of copper in the middle zone, a small vein of copper to co-ordinate 4373548575/4865059938, silver depleting by 15.676%, iron down to 3 ingots, Unknown reading peak in the deep zone...

Wait, what?

In surprise, I looked back at the Unknown Reading section. *Nothing*, and I mean nothing, ever showed up on the Unknown Reading graph. Except for a small blood-red line a year ago, but that was put down to a prank.

As I scrutinised on to the almond brown paper, I saw it: a silvery line, arching on the black line that stated the deepest point of the Jungle was abundant in... something.

I started to check through my list of inks, to see what trace of ore had got caught in the wires that run all the way down to the bottom of the Jungle. They were placed by very complex living mannequins that could survive whatever was thrown at them in the unknown, but humans had never actually delved into that part of the Jungle.

None of the ink types showed the new line that was in front of my folder of graphs. The closest it got to was silver, but that was darker.

And then it hit me.

Platinum.

We had found platinum.

A few seconds later, and I was rushing through Cloud 5, looking for Melissa.

Well, she was excited to say the least.

In a matter of minutes, she was absolutely sure that we were to go on expedition to the Jungle. And believe me, when Melissa is sure of something, you can't change her mind. At all.

Not that I wanted to change her mind, of course. I was dying to see the Jungle, especially after being stuck in a office (beside for a few trips to the city) for three years.

There was one thing I did object about the trip, however. Bringing along Dirt.

The snivelling young man may seem sweet to Melissa, but he was downright sinister. Rumours were that he had made himself homeless because he had traumatised his own family so much that they couldn't look after him without bursting into tears.

He did this for entertainment.

"Oh, Dryad!" Melissa would exclaim, shaking her head in humour as I warned her of Dirt's evil ways.

"Those are just stupid rumours. If they were true, the Guard would have arrested him by now!"

If he wasn't with a big celebrity like you, I bet he would be. I would think back.

However, he was very talented when it came to studying the Jungle. Almost as talented as me, even though he had never lived in there before.

We also had a press representative, which I *really* disliked.

Why?

Because they never shut up about my "grass bikini" and my "shocking fashion statement."

They don't criticise me because I abandoned an elderly man in place for adventure, or abandoning Andrew when he was off to be executed. Not because I might have accidentally made Harpies intelligent enough to evolve by giving them advanced shelter.

No, it's because I wear vines that remind me of my true home every day.

And that's apparently "scandalous."

Then, we have Crawford. Another creepy guy. Some of the other scientists say that when they wake him up for night shifts, he lashes out at them in lightning speed, knife in hand.

So, in conclusion; a psychopath, a nosy reporter and a paranoid shifty guy.

This expedition looked set to be great.

After a Fallflight journey (with a snivelling, melodramatic Dirt) we arrived at the Jungle.

And I still find it breathtaking all this time.

Ancient roots. Lime green grass. The sweet smell of nectar. The velvet soft pollen.

The crystal clear, pure water.

A glorious Eden.

All the Snatchers around there avoided our expedition. After all, I had told them to nicely.

"But...that blonde one smells *so good*!" Moaned one.

Yet, they didn't give in to their animal instincts.

We found the cave entrance soon enough. Before we knew it, we were inside the Underground Jungle.

This was where it was a bit more dangerous. The animals here weren't as tame as the ones on the surface, and would kill if they wanted to.

As we delved into the labyrinth of growth, it became clear to me something was wrong. Call it a hunch, or a sixth sense or something, but I was adamant that we were being followed.

I was right.

By the time I had heard the crack of Natalia the journalist's neck, I was unconscious.

I woke up to find Melissa giving a roundhouse kick to a man covered in a gold mask.

"Quick!" Crawford cried, as he cut my ropes which I had just realised had been wrapped around me.

"Where are we?" I cried out, as I started to run down what seemed... a pyramid?

A sudden flashback to the far past appeared in my head.

Stories of the evil Potteri, who sacrificed innocent tribesmen to their evil goddess, flashed through my mind.

I remember being terrified by those bedtime stories, waking up in a cold sweat, sure that I had just been stabbed by a demonic priest with a disturbing gold mask.

It had come true.

But...how could they have lived for so long? Had the Goblins not massacred them?

Before I knew it, I was at the base of the impressive temple, spears and fast seeds missing me by a hair.

"Shoot them!" I heard Dirt cry out.

"I would," said Melissa "But there is one problem!"

"What's that?"

"Oh, I don't know, maybe... I DON'T HAVE A GUN!"

Still we rushed through the Jungle. I screamed at the Jungle animals to help us, slay our hunters.

But they didn't listen. They were terrified of the Potteri.

With all my magical ability, I grew giant stalks, which punched through the ground straight in between the legs of the savages.

Their moans told me I had hit bull's eye.

And then I was falling.

I looked back, up, to find that I had fallen off a cliff, to a dark doom. The Potteri had stopped at the tip of the cliff (those that hadn't been impaled by a vine), and chuckled.

"We K Neq Uio Fati Du Fari!" One exclaimed. *They're as good as dead now! Let them rot in the dark depths!*

This was the end it seemed.

Or maybe not.

I splashed into the water, before finding myself under the cool waves of a small pool.

I burst over the waves, spluttering, to find that the other members of our team also emerging. First Crawford, knife in between his teeth. Then Dirt, whimpering again. Seriously, there was no one around that gave a damn anymore in this jungle.

Melissa bobbed up from the miniature lake, lying on her back.

Immediately, we all got her to the side of the lake. Thankfully she had not drowned, but she was unconscious.

"We'll have to wait until she wakes up," Crawford said. "We better set up camp now."

After a few hours of wood chopping (or just strangling them with vines until they fell over), we had a tiny base camp set up.

Melissa woke up eventually, and was surprisingly optimistic.

"We are exploring new territory: places never before seen, new life...It's brilliant."

We have lost a member of our expedition, nearly sacrificed by a bloodthirsty tribe and you have nearly drowned. How the hell can that be seen as "brilliant?!"

We put it down to her head injury.

Five minutes after her depressingly optimistic speech, we were moving through the Jungle again.

It didn't seem as beautiful as it used to. Now, after everything we had been through, it just seemed like a dark pit of hell, filled with danger at every corner.

Even my magic seemed evil now.

After an hour long silence, conversation started.

I can't remember exactly what it was about, but I'm sure it was something mundane. Something to make us feel as if we were back in New New Coastania; not in a giant overgrown catacomb of death. Eventually, the topic rose into an argument.

"Look, I'm telling you Crawford, I'm right! The Mycrofts are notorious for luck!"

"Then how do you all seem to die unnaturally?" He replied back.

"Coincidence."

"Oh, stop bickering!" I cried out, stressed from all the dangers we had narrowly avoided.

And that was when Crawford got murdered.

The stinger entered straight into his heart, causing a pale green liquid to seep through his clothes. He tried to scream out, but his lungs were punctured. His fingers gripped vines, trying to rip them out of the ground; anything to stop his torture.

Tears streamed down his face, until all that was left in his eyes was a pale white.

Melissa went over to him, trying to support him. But it was too late. he was dead.

Melissa, Dirt and I ducked behind a mossy rock, and fired at our ominous enemies.

Another death. How many needed to die, just so Melissa could see her ancestor's remains again?

"Kok-Cluk-Klack-Klick-Klok!" *Dryad? It's us!*

I gasped. More childhood memories flushed into my mind.

Playing with three young hornets. Laughing, buzzing around. Saving me, from falling off a cliff.

I peeked above the rock, and whimpered in horror at the sight.

Three hornets were trapped in metal shells, gold silver and bronze, tightly clamped on to their scaly skin. A faint purple aura glowed from the armour.

We want to stop! But this armour has made us live for too long, and it makes us shoot...

In anger, I snapped my fingers, and vines grew immediately from the ground. Like snakes, they rose into the air, before wrapping themselves around the Guardian Hornets. Miniature creepers seeped into the armour, ripping it apart.

The armour came off, leaving three ancient hornets, their skin sagging from age.

"Ne choa." *Thank you.*

And then, time caught up with them. Decay that would take centuries to occur happened in seconds.

And before I could talk to my childhood friends again, they were nothing but dust.

"Come on," I said. "The quicker we get out of here, the better."

It didn't take us very long to find the Platinum Shrine.

After all, those Hornets I had seen were the last protection to the temple if all else was lost.

A few vine curtains later, and I was staring at its beauty.

Four giant pillars held up a shining dome, a golden statue of Andrew on top. Vines had grown over the Platinum Bricks, made from armour of heroic warriors, who had fought great evils.

Yet I was still depressed. Two people had died here, in my home.

The inside was even greater. Mountains of treasure, piles of coins... and yet it still wasn't enough to ease my pain.

The centrepiece was in the...well, the centre.

Two glass coffins, each one holding a skeleton. One was a goblin skeleton, gilded completely. This was Myrth, wife of Andrew Mycroft.

Talking of Mycroft, he was in the other one: boiled in lava, and then cooled quickly, so his bones became obsidian.

Melissa, eager to see more, moved. I heard the click faster than she did, and I immediately knew it was some kind of trap.

"NO!" I screamed, sending a giant vine towards her. As she got tangled in the creepers, I brought her on to my tile.

Again, I clicked my fingers, and caused grass to grow over the trap mechanisms.

As the weight of the seeds and the plants grew on the tiles, the trap mechanisms clicked into place.

Giant, ancient spikes rose into the air, puncturing the dome above.

Now, there was a clear path towards the two bodies.

Dirt turned mad.

"Good, good..." He said, menacingly. "Now, get me those skeletons! I want to sell something from this blasted expedition."

Slowly, calmly, I walked forward. Dirt had a Star Cannon (Only the Original Slime knows from where) and had it aimed at Melissa's head.

"How could you betray us!" Melissa shouted.

Well...I thought. I decided not to say though. Right now wasn't the time.

And then, he started to monologue.

Typical of insane geniuses. He started to weep about how poor he had been, why he wanted revenge, how he needed to feel like a king by having all this treasure...And then he blew it.

"AGH! I can't take this anymore!" he screamed, clicking on the trigger.

I reacted.

I made the grass die and wither away, made vines grow over the spikes, dragging them down into the ground again.

With all my force, I pushed him into one of the tiles, which held a spiky pillar.

Before he could scream, he was impaled by the spike. The gun, the Star Cannon, dropped from his limp hand, and fell on to another spike.

It exploded.

"GET OUT!" I cried, at Melissa. I gripped her back, and pushed her away from the Mana explosion.

Blinding, purple light filled my eyes, and I knew that this was the end.

Mana flames covered my skin, and I screamed out in agony.

And in an instant, my skin did not feel it was on fire.

My eyes were not filled with the burning indigo light.

I was not standing on a tile.

Instead I was falling.

Oh crap.

where was I? All I saw was bleak darkness, and that falling sensation.

My feet landed on something soft, and sticky.

"Ew." I mumbled.

"It's not the nicest barrier, I know, but it works. Thanks to this there are no dimensional infringements!"

I spun around, and gasped in awe.

Immediately, I lay on the ground, bowing to the Original Slime.

He was exactly like I imagined him; Giant, deep purple, and a white light glowing inside him.

And he had a face etched into the Dimensional Slime.

He laughed, a warm grandfatherly laugh.

"It is okay, Celestia," *Celestia? Is that my name?* "You do not need to bow to me. Your faith and devotion to me is worth more than a million followers."

A throne appeared in a puff of mist behind me.

"Sit down. We have a lot to talk about."

I complied.

"Am I dead?" I asked. Now I think about it, it sounded a bit ridiculous. But after all, one second I had been in the middle of an explosion of Mana, the next in a dark void with the creator of the Universe.

"Sort of." He answered vaguely.

"Is this limbo then?"

"Yes...but you're not going to be here for long."

I wondered if this is what your reward was for leading a good life. Not any chorus of angels, or beautiful gardens with your heart's desire, but just a seat, and the Original Slime.

All the time in the world, all your answers.

"You can ask me anything you want later Celestia. Right now, we have more serious business."

"The Gods are preparing for a final assault on me. They are to strike through my world, and kill me here,"

I laughed. "But you're the Creator of Everything! Nothing can defeat you!"

He scowled at me. "The Gods are my children, Celestia. Your children can kill you, can they not?"

I would object that he was a God which was slightly different, but I stayed silent.

"They are separated, however. They cannot come together unless they find-" I've forgotten what it was called.

"And when they do, they will bring upon the Armageddon. The universe will collapse without me. Nothing will be left."

I was silent as those words cycled through my head.

"Where do I come into this then?" I asked, after a long silence.

"The world has betrayed me," he said. "You are my last worshipper. When the Gods come, I will be left with no armies. You need to get people to join *me*, or the world will be destroyed."

"But... I'm not a motivational speaker!" I exclaimed.

"I will give you great powers, Celestia," he said, smiling. "You will have the power over all of the animals. You will be able to wield great magic beyond your spells right now. No longer will you be stuck with just Natural magic."

I was gob-smacked. I would be invincible.

"Yet, you can't do this on your own," the omnipotent slime said. "I am slowly bringing together the greatest heroes from my world, from all of time, to help fight in the Battle of Terraria."

"And together, you will all wield the power of the Original Slime.

Will you join?"

It wasn't that hard of a choice.

"Yes, my lord."

He smiled. "Welcome to the Platinum Blade.

THE END.

The Vessel Of Nature

My name is Arthur Mycroft, and this is my diary, which my dear daughter gave me, for my birthday. Ah, yes.... Melissa, my beautiful nine year old daughter. Anyway, she gave this to me, before I went to the Corruption, to finally discover it's secrets. When I come back, I will definitely share my adventures with her.

Day 1: A Mysterious Chest

I reached the purple, distorted grass of the corruption today. I have built up my little wooden shelter, and the Eaters have already noticed I am here. Around 13 Big Eaters are circling my wooden hut! A few Devourers entered from below the floor, and have caused their revolting slime to spread everywhere! I have slain all of them though, for now. Yet that's not the most exciting thing that I found. While searching a chasm, I found a chest. Inside, there was a message, which goes like this: Do Not use this Gra_____ Potion, ___he Cli__nea____, o_ you shall D__. I don't have a clue

what it really says, but there was a purple bottle alongside the note. I shall look at it closer now, now that I'm in my safe hut.

Day 2: A Feeling of Nothing

I sit here, shivering in fright, in my little dirt cage. I can barely hold my pencil, and I pray the Gods will save me. It all started with that potion that I found. I had no proper equipment to research it, so curiosity took the better of me and I drank it. I suddenly felt my stomach was turning over, and blood rushed to my head, and soon I found myself looking at a strange world, where the sky was the land and the corrupted grass was the sky. I suddenly panicked, about whether I would drift forever at this awkward angle or eventually fall to my death. I prayed.

And then the most amazing thing happened: I landed on dirt. I looked up, and saw a small cave had been built in to the side of this...place. Good thing too, because at that moment I broke through some vines, and landed on to this little dirt place. I'm too scared to get out of my new 'home', so I'll stay here for now.

Day 3: I am Rich!

Yippee! I have found a giant vein of pure, golden ore! I was digging into this strange structure, with my trusty iron pickaxe, making small shafts in the 'Island,' of sorts, in an ocean of sky. Suddenly, my tool hit something other the soft form of dirt, and excitedly I mined every single block. I think I have enough to make a full set of armour! Sadly, there is no furnace, so I can't make my beautiful set. However, there is a lot of stone here, and I have a few spare torches, so maybe I could start a home here. Temporarily, of course, for I must see my beautiful daughter again.

Day 4: Curious Discoveries In The Surface

I reached the surface today, and what an amazing day! After tunnelling my way up, I was very surprised to find grass. Damn, if only I had my equipment! I could check the differences of this grass and normal grass. I also found trees, as if this was like the normal gardens surrounding Cloud 5, which we are hoping to launch into the sky soon. But the most amazing thing I found was a house. It had amazing walls of silver, and the wall was lined with gold, which I would estimate at being pure! There was a chest inside, but it was locked. Seeing as my dirt shelters inside the sky island are very uncomfortable, I have decided to stay here, for the night.

Day 5: Angels of Death

Oh Gods, oh Gods, OH GODS! Outside, the most vicious creatures known to man are trying to get inside my little silver house! It all started this morning, when I was gazing at the world below me. It was truly marvellous: fields of life stretching as far as the eye could see, and the grand city of New New Coastania. Then, I felt a great pain well up in my shoulder, and then I saw that a sharp, blue blade was stuck inside me. I yanked it out, and saw it was a bloodstained feather. Then, I heard this screeching noise, and looked up to see this beautiful angel. Yes, she was beautiful (not as much as Anita, my wife though), but then she threw one of her sharp feathers again, which missed me by a hair. I panicked, and in the end locked myself inside my strange silver house. All day they have been screeching at me. How will I get to sleep?...

Day 6: Madness

I didn't get to sleep in the end, just so you know. But who will know? I have no efficient way to get off this blasted piece of floating dirt, and if I jump off I will most likely die. If I stay here though, those flesh-eating angels of death will tear me apart. So, all I have for company is myself. Hello, me, Why, hello, me! How are you? Oh, not too bad, just HOLED UP WITH DERANGED MONSTERS OUTSIDE MY

DOOR! HahahahahahahahahaaaaahahahaHAHAHA! I'm going mad, aren't I? No, of course not! Really? Yeah, your just bonkers! HAHAHAHA! Shut up! No, why should I? AHHHHHH.

Sorry about that. This place is making me insane. I seemed to have punched myself until I blacked out. However, that episode of insanity has gave me an idea of how to escape. I have to prepare tomorrow however, because those creatures outside still haven't gone yet.

Day 7: The Plan Goes Wrong

They still haven't left me, so I dug through the floor, into the miniature underground. My plan was simple: dig up some dirt around here, and make a makeshift pole, as I go down, until my feet touch precious ground. However, while working on this, the Harpies realized where I was. Could they smell me? Anyway, they came round and threw their sharp feathers. I have got five different wounds over my body, and I scrambled back to the silver building, crying in pain and frustration. I found a vein of silver while retreating. I left it alone. It's worthless. It's just a shiny rock. All that matters is my life, the world and my family. Basically, I'm stuck here. Unless...

Day 8: Goodbye.

This is it. There is no other way to get out of this infernal hell. I'm going to jump. I scribble this, to say my last words. I hope that Cloud 5 does lift off, and Melissa grows strong. Tears are welling up in my eyes thinking about her. I'm never going to see here again. I'm going to run off this island, leap, and wait until the sweet bliss of death occurs. I don't care if the Harpies get me before I jump. It doesn't matter: I'll be dead by then.

I love you, Melissa.

The End.

The Creation Mythos

In the beginning, there was a giant void, where nothing existed. No sound, no colour, no thought, not even nothing, but beyond that. A void, blank of anything. Yet, a creature emerged. It had been banished from a collection of other realities, because he rivalled the god-like creatures that lived there. His name was the Original Slime. The Original Slime cried because of his banishment, and these tears became a collection of various worlds, known as The Tears. They were made of a substance, known as Dimensional Slime, and soon these tears emerged into several realities, which expanded before the Void was filled with a lighter form of nothingness, known as Space, and the Void turned into small pockets, with a shield of Dimensional Slime between each universe. The Original Slime decided to stay in one of these realities, and started to create the worlds.

The Dimensional Gel hardened, and turned into the land. With a sigh of relief, some of this turned into precious ores. The sigh soon rose further, and it turned into the sky. However, some of the land was weak, and dissolved away into a blue liquid, known as the oceans. Some of it passed through cracks in the land, and made underground lakes, while some of stayed in small pools on the surface. The oceans turned into two different areas, at each edge of the world. Some of the land just near to the sky turned weak, and became lighter materials. The main one was called 'dirt'. Tired from all this work, the Original Slime decided to make some weaker forms of himself. He made one, who was his personal son, who he named Sun. Sun was a burning ball of eternal flame, but it would quickly die out soon, so the Original Slime made a factory to make enough fire to keep him alive, which he named the Underworld. Just below it was the Void that the Original Slime like to stay in. The Original

Slime made some factory workers. They worked very well, but one day the workers made the eternal flame cursed, when a Demon cut himself and his blood cooled the sun's flames. The Original Slime, angry his son nearly died, killed many of the workers and put the remainders in chains. They rebelled, and became evil mutations. They sent up the Sun though, so they could live on the normal land as well, but took some of its power, and made a powerful weapon, known as Sunfury. A select group of Demons, leaders of the Underworld, drank some of the liquid rock, and became great beings known as the Gods, who were evil and selfish. There was the God of the Sky, who became a white, long dragon. There was the Goddess of Beauty and War, who took the form of a giant Hornet. There was the God of Shadows, who took the form of a massive worm. There was the God of the Underworld, who took the form of a giant wall of flesh. There was a God of Water, who took the form of an evil, green scaly creature (What is now named 'Cthulu'). There was the God of Evil, who took the form of a small, tiny little worm, which bit into a giant rock. This became the Blood Moon, and was sent high into the heavens. To stop the Gods taking over his realities, the Original Slime made the Blue Moon, to freeze the Blood Moon. However, the warm blood from the Gods daughter defeated the icy form of the Blue Form, and became a flail of sharp, cold ice. The Original Slime tried again, this time making a rock that wasn't warm or hot, and ate the Blood Moon. For now, the Original Slime was winning against his evil sons and daughters. The Gods were banished to the furthest point of the sky, named Heaven. Up in their prison, the God of Sky created the harpies, to be their foot soldiers in the war they were hoping to launch. Goddess of Beauty and War manifested some of nature, and created the Jungle. She made the air force, the Hornets. Cthulu made Sharks, but the God of Evil bit into one of his eyes, making the Eye of Cthulu. This evil eye took out one eye of each Harpy, and made them into his servants and army. The God of Shadow split his body, and made some evil beings, known as Eaters, and manifested nature as well into a horrifying landscape. The God of the Underworld put his efforts into escaping, and got back into the underworld, and lived there, now joining the Original Slime. Meanwhile, as the Gods prepared for invasion, the Original Slime made the world. He made the grass, bunnies, and all of the nice things that are now in the world. At last, he made the Humans, who settled on the edge of the Western Ocean. They discovered tools, and mined away, making a grand city of bricks. They named this the Dungeon City, and learnt of Mana, which was what happened when Dimensional Gel crystallized. The Original Slime gave them loads, which they crafted into stars, and sent them up into Space, so they could make life there. Up there, lots of unknown races and worlds were made. Some of the stars fell, and humans became experts in Magic. The God of the Sky (now thought of as the Master God) forged a sword of immense power, named the Starfury. He stole a piece of the Moon, and made the Moonfury. A spy of the Original Slime stole it, and lived in the darkest place of the Dungeon, where he protected the entrance to the Void. Happy with the Humans, the Original Slime blessed them with Platinum, but the God of Evil got inside, and bit everyone. The Human Leader, a person who really liked clothes, turned into a vicious skeleton, and poisoned his Master Wizard and his clever daughter. However, the poison was actually an Immortality Potion. Angry, the leader tied them up and threw them in the ruined city. The rest turned into his minions, and the Mana was corrupted by the Shadow God to turn into Dark Ocean Magic. Some humans escaped, and started to rebuild civilization, but Platinum was lost, turned into useless Platinum discs, and scattered across the world. Only one set of armour remained, and was given to the bravest human warrior, Diou Mycroft. The Gods started their war, and he fought valiantly. Corruption turned some of the world into evil landscapes, and the Jungle took over. The Gods stole a human, and copied his race, but changed it to be vicious. These were the Goblins, and they were given their own world. The Platinum Armour nearly got into the hands of the Gods, so for safety the Original Slime kept it. After a long time, 10'000 years or so, each side was getting tired of the war, and so created two spirits: The Ancient Spirit of Light and Darkness. Both of them made each side stronger, but the Spirit of Darkness had

more power. The Spirit of Light turned itself into seeds and water, but gave part of its soul to the original Slime. This was known as the Light Shard. The Spirit Of Darkness grew greedy, and started to fight the Gods as well. Chaos destroying everything, the God of the Underworld made a demonite prison, and trapped each spirit inside. each shard from the spirits were given to reanimated dead humans, but all of the work of each spirit became trapped inside the prison. Fighting continued for 100'000 years, before the Gods won the war. The God of Shadows stayed in his corrupt lair, while the God of Evil took over a bunny, and made it a Corrupt Bunny. The God of Water slept in the ocean, and the Goddess of Beauty and War stayed in the darkest depths of the Jungle. The God of the Sky took some fragments from Heaven, and stayed in them. The God of Shadows slept in the Shadow Orbs, while the Eye of Cthulu stayed in the sky. The Wall of Flesh was left to roam Hell. Humanity grew without the knowledge of the Gods evil ambition, but then the Gods sent the Goblins to take over, so they could find the Original Slime and kill him. Scared for his life, the Original Slime sent Diou's ancestor, Andrew, on a quest, to recover his ancient ancestors armour. He did, and successfully defeated the Goblins. The Gods were enraged, and so cursed his family to die unnaturally, except for a few members. The Original Slime then decided to create a thing, that would destroy the Gods once and for all: Reason. This force made the Humans stop believing in the Gods, and they became mortal. Very strong, but mortal. With a sigh of relief, The Original Slime went to sleep, for no one to ever disturb him ever again.

THE END

Return Of The Platinum Armour

Chapter One: The Gathering

The Dryad burst out of the waves.

Except, she wasn't called the Dryad anymore. Her name was Celestia.

The Queen of Nature swam to the shore, and noticed the changes to her body. For a start, she wasn't covered in her infamous vines. Instead, she wore sky blue plates of pearlstone.

Sky blue seemed to fit Celestia; her long hair had gone from leaf green to diamond cyan, her eyes were a light turquoise... she fit perfectly into the Hallowed Islands.

Spitting out sugary water, Celestia looked at the archipelago.

Fluorescent trees gently swayed in the sea breeze, as bisque mountains loomed overhead. A rainbow surveyed the landscape, looking towards the newest visitor: Celestia, Commander of the Hallow and the Jungle Forces.

Celestia thought it was beautiful, but the Jungle was more majestic by far. However much she would love to go there again before the Final War begins, there was no professional need. The jungle animals were so loyal to her that they were preparing to defend the world from the Gods at this instant. It took a bit of persuasion from the Original Slime, but they had abandoned their masters in the end. Meanwhile, the Gods would be doing the same.

The Corruption had already been taken by the Gods, as with the Desert. The forest beings had stated their neutrality, but to be honest it was because no one needed them. After all, armies of Bunnies (corrupt or not) were pretty useless.

That left the Hallow.

A creature burst from the pale blue foliage. A golden mane, a silver body and four proud iron hooves stood in front of Celestia. Its horn of solid pearlstone pointed menacingly at the soon-to-be mush.

"Neighoian certio daer leasti neadighiyan gnneureuuf!" the Unicorn King stated. *Why have you come here, worthless being? The Hallowed Islands do not need your puny settlements. Leave now!*

Celestia smiled sadly. "Geuid neighaonioa klerir u iandoe quieritinad." *Great Lord of the Hallow, I have come in aid of your forces. The Gods prepare to march upon us all, and you shall be crushed unless you join the Original Slime.*"

The gallant equestrian was a bit surprised that he got a reply from the human, but being king meant surprises and replied swiftly. By spitting at Celestia's feet.

"Pah! Teewrti fartionioncsadi lamborgintiront! Gartius! GARTISUE!" *Pah! That worthless pile of slime will do nothing but lose against the mighty power of the Gods! Get out! GET OUT!*"

The Chief of the Islands sprinted towards the former Dryad, preparing to spear her with his horn.

Celestia sighed. "Weriuto n'ghas..." *Your loss...*

With the power of the Original Slime in her blood, thorns of blue dug their way out from the ground. Like missiles, they penetrated into the pale belly of the charging unicorn.

As the vegetation grew into the internal systems of the magical horse, he fell to the ground, wounded. However, being the king, he resisted the urge to scream in pain and simply grunted.

"Dehg yuarti cedranto lerasd onio Zerlitniyu Spirata ewa Xardor?" Celestia said, walking over to the dying monarch. *Don't you remember who created the Ancient Spirit of Light?*

The Unicorn struggled more.

"Dofingart, Unicor King." Celestia said, putting her hand on his forehead. *Sorry, Unicorn King.*

In a flash of blue, the Unicorn was the slave of Celestia. The thorns disappeared, as well as the wounds.

"Gather your forces, and meet back here at the shore." the new Hallowed Queen said, in Equestraniol.

The Unicorn did as he was told, and galloped away, preparing for war.

"To the right...to the right...No! Too far! A Little to the left? Yes! Perfect! Oh wait, that's where the cot goes..."

Andrew sighed, the weight of the painting in his hands numbing him. Right now, he wouldn't mind decapitating hordes of goblins.

"Oh, don't look like that!" Myrth exclaimed. "We just had our wedding yesterday, you should be overjoyed!"

Andrew decided to just put the picture between the baby pink cot and the left corner of the room. he had just been toiling away, painting the whole room.

"Of course I'm happy, Myrth... It's just I'm a bit...bored."

Myrth laughed, and pecked Andrew on the cheek.

"Want a battalion of Goblins to slash through?"

Andrew stood up, and went over to the window.

"Actually, yes."

The two-year-old town below was peaceful. A golden dawn sprinkled over the wooden buildings, as did the noise of women talking, men grunting and children laughing.

Myrth came beside her husband, oblivious to a distant rumble in the background. She dismissed it as a tree that had just been cut down.

"Think about it, Andrew," she said. "Would you rather have a new family in a peaceful world, or a wasteland with no hope left?"

A louder thud echoed throughout the palace, along with a few panicked voices.

Andrew smiled, oblivious to the chaos that was happening in the corridors of his mansion.

"I'll take you."

The door exploded.

Shocked, Myrth and Andrew spun around, guns pointing to whatever enemy was about to appear out of the cloud of dust that surrounded the nursery. Thoughts racked through the couple's head; *what could have done that? Is it a goblin? How did the guards miss it?* Both of them prepared to fight an evil, giant mutant of some kind.

Instead, a young woman stumbled out, coughing. The confusion that Andrew experienced was too great to describe.

Shaking her hair to get any debris out, she forced a smile to the king and put out her shaking hand towards him.

"Melissa Mycroft," she stuttered out, recovering from the aftershock of time travel. "Treasure hunter, and also Head Recruiter for the Platinum Blade. Also, your Great-Great-Great-Grand-daughter."

The goblin and the ancestor were speechless. Melissa continued.

"You both need to come with me. The Original Slime calls for you to come."

At the mention of the creator of all things, Andrew snapped back from amazement.

"Wait, did you say time travel?"

Melissa rolled her eyes, and looked at her pocket watch in impatience.

"Look, I'll explain everything later, but right now we *don't have time*. If we don't hurry now, the cosmos will unravel itself into a void again. Now, step here please..."

Melissa grabbed the two by the arms and shoved them to a marble tile, just beside the broken fragments of the door.

"What happened to the guards?" Myrth asked. Melissa tried to shake the subject off casually.

"Oh, you know...serious life-threatening paralysis. Not my fault they got in the way of my warp jump! Anyway, here we go!"

The couple both shouted "WHAT?!" in unison, just as a beam of orange light came from above, struck into the trio and exploded throughout time and space, ready to reassemble at another point in time.

The last Mycroft coughed, spitting out blood.

Her hand shaking, the nomad human gripped the sword tight.

The gladiator sprinted with all the energy s/he could muster, kicking up a cloud of ash and dust as the dying gladiator prepared to spear the monster in front of his/her eyes.

With a strong thrust, the sword whipped out of the revived warrior's hand and plunged in to the heart of the Troll.

With a guttural groan, the mutant Goblin fell to the arena floor in defeat. Energy lifted out of him in transparent spirals, entering the god that sat above.

"Is that all you can throw at me?" the frail sound of the small figure down below shouted. It was a miracle that she had survived all the ordeals that had been thrown at her.

Meanwhile, the recently appointed God of the Infinite Archipelago laughed.

"Oh, of course not! Why, that is only the first round!" Followed by more hysterical fits, the omnipotent figure began to craft the new abominations that the survivor of the Apocalypse would have to face. Even the Goblins were dead, either in the Final War or all exterminated by other gladiators, after they had been mutated.

All that existed was this arena, a desert of ash, the Last Mycroft and the God that sat on his floating throne.

"Well," the last mortal of the world stated the true name of the deity that looked upon her. "It's a big shame I cannot fight your 'creations' as I have to go now!"

The careless creator looked confused.

"What are you talking about? There is nowhere else to go!" he said, gripping the copper sky-box his existential hands in fear.

The fighter below took out a scratched, old golden pocket watch. Inside, complex pieces of machinery were ready to make the whole device explode.

"Enjoy this ruin you created!" she said cheerfully, as she pressed the button.

Orange light flooded from the clock, vaporizing the watch in seconds. When the flames had subsided, Melissa had gone.

"NO!" the lazy deity screamed in fury. But no one could hear him; only the eternal night, the abandoned arena and himself.

Throughout the spectrum of time, the Mycroft family died.

Presidents were assassinated. Chief leaders committed suicide. Kings died in hunting accidents. Scientists drowned.

Yet this time, the spectrum was different. The Mycroft family didn't exist.

Before James Mycroft prepared to die beneath the waves, a flash of orange transported him somewhere else.

As Arthur jumped off the Vessel of Nature, sunset flames roared in front of his shocked eyes, burning him and spreading his reassembled ashes throughout the universe.

Just as Uriel Mycroft lost his grip on his hiking pickaxe, dug into the ice of the Dwarven Mountains, he exploded in a time traveling inferno.

Slowly, paradoxes appeared on the existential map of reality. Diamond blue cracks of energy, energy that was impossible.

In a few months the universe would collapse into chaos energy.

Not that it mattered.

The universe was nearing the end of the line anyway.

Chapter Two: Godly Forces

King Solon marveled at the army below his feet.

It truly was magnificent.

With the power of flight invested in him, he hovered across the moorlands of his forgotten world. He loved flying, it made him feel like a god. Of course, he did not have the responsibility or the mind to be a god, for that was up to the bountiful, kind pantheon that had resurrected his race.

Standing in perfect unison, each shimmering sentinel stood unnaturally still. All they needed was the order, and they would march in perfect time to their target: the city across the sea.

There was no fear in their minds, no desire, no blood lust. Just the wish to serve and kill.

The Gods had done well in recreating them.

But they had done better with the King.

Oh yes, Solon thought, grinning at his power. *I. Am. Amazing.*

Not only was he made bigger, his muscles had bulged to near-ridiculous sizes. He wore a robe of pure, liquid gold, forming shapes the second Solon thought of them. Everything from extra hands to powerful weapons, which would prove useful in battle.

Solon was also equipped with sharper eyes. He saw everything in great detail. From up in the clouds he could see a chink in the armour of a soldier.

The Goblin King couldn't help but giggle, and forward rolled in the sky. Why not? Victory was certain, and by tomorrow a new era would begin. A new era without the filth of humanity. A new era without the filth of the Original Slime.

A new era without the filth of the world.

Solon! The sharp voices of five gods exploded in the reptilian leader's ear.

Where are you? Get here now!

"Yes sir." Solon said, brimming with loyalty. With a backwards cartwheel, he headed towards the Gods.

The Gods themselves resided in a mobile palace, which floated over millions of Golden Goblins.

Eight totems rose from a gilded octagon, to support a roof of topaz. There were no walls, so the Combined God could patrol his miles-long army from the safety of the skies.

When Solon entered the palace, the gods were surveying the 1337th Battalion; three million lines of golden soldiers with the experience of an age-worn general.

"You have come," the metagod said, swimming through the air towards the deputy leader of the Goblins.

The king bowed to the king of kings.

"Yes, my lords," he humbly said. He quickly added, "And ladies."

The God nodded.

"We are nearly ready to start the massacre. Yet we have some things to do."

He and she looked at Solon.

"If the humans get the Platinum Armour, our battle will last a bit longer than expected."

The omnipotent being grinned.

"We'll still kill them all, but I don't want this to last longer than ten minutes. So, I am giving you this."

A stopwatch entered reality, and landed in the Goblin King's palm.

"This will allow you to go to the Platinum Armour. Destroy it with your powers, and come back here in a second."

Solon nodded, ready to do perform his masters and mistress' wish.

"It shouldn't take you long; only a few minutes at least."

Solon nodded again. With a quick bow, he pressed the stopwatch and in a flash of fruity orange flames he was gone.

"Now," the gods all in one shell said. "We must see Cthulu."

The waves trembled.

The front line of the Goblin army stepped away from the rising water. They may have no fear, but they knew it was illogical to get wet now.

A smooth hill rose from the froth, growing in size every second. The ocean shook in terror.

The island of scales stopped growing, and started to rise. Under the sea an empty eye socket stared at the figures above. Soon, the ants were below him.

With a last shudder from the high water, Cthulu was revealed. A snake of gold swam through the air to meet him.

"You're late," it said.

"Sorry," he grumbled, his voice echoing through the empty lands of the Goblins. "I was busy picking the remains of New Dungeon City from my teeth."

The gods simultaneously rolled their eyes.

"Well, now you will have to fight separately. The ritual has already been performed."

Cthulu grinned, his right eye twinkling with delight.

"I'll be fine," the gruff voice of the Sea said. "I will effortlessly flood the puny humans from existence."

The golden deity's eyes squinted in doubt.

"Good. All we need now is the God of the Underworld and-"

Cthulu's laugh boomed throughout the world, the faint echo reaching sailors on the beach of New New Coastania.

"The Betrayer, join us, to fight his master?" Cthulu mocked. "Please, you'll have more luck in being defeated by the humans."

The other gods snarled.

"If we don't get him on our side, do you know what that means? The ground will split under our soldiers feet. Hordes of demons will rise from below to smite us. Your precious ocean will be turned to nothing but steam. We may like to see the Betrayer as a weak coward, but his powers are the differences between victory and defeat."

Cthulu was silent.

"What do you propose we do?" he asked solemnly.

Five gods grinned with one god's mouth.

Cthulu smirked after hearing the plan.

"Good..." he mused. "So, what are my orders?"

The order was an easy one.

"Split the waves, and let my soldiers march upon the Human World." The Combined God said.

Cthulu nodded. "Sure thing."

The aqua deity spread his fins over the waves, the cold serenity of the water absorbing into his veins. A slow release of energy was released into the water.

With one explosion of baby blue, the dome of energy split the water into two walls of ice cold.

Cthulu smiled, an expression of sly euphoria painted across his scaly face.

As millions of golden statues marched in perfect time towards the inferior maggots named "humanity," Cthulu knew his time of glory was coming.

Chapter Three: Original Forces

The Original Slime drummed his newly-made fingers on his throne of silver and platinum. He had created his new arm solely for the purpose of telling the empty air around him that he was growing impatient. And worried.

The deity that started it all regretted getting only Melissa to recruit the Platinum Blade. He would have done it himself, it wouldn't have even taken that long.

But the Gods were interfering with him. The awesome power of all the Gods combined had dampened the Original Slime so much that his omnipotence was gradual fading.

Well, the massive dome of Dimensional Slime thought. Not all the Gods...

The God of The Underworld was sure to join the First One; he always did. Cthulu would be busy finishing the scraps of New Dungeon City.

The Original Slime flinched at the memory of his glorious city being wiped off the face of the world.

Do not fear, he mused to himself. The Platinum Blade will avenge the Merpeople. there is still hope!

Instead of eagerly looking at his cobalt and silver palace, waiting for his subjects to arrive, the Original Slime gazed out of his Adamanite-strengthened window.

The wall of Giant Worms was doing well. The blur of clay red skin obstructed the view of the massive cave system, but it did protect the Original Slime.

Recruiting the monsters of the Underground wasn't that hard. For a start, they were so dim that they could throw away their freedom for a hunk of human meat. Secondly, the awe of the original Slime was so mesmerizing that they couldn't resist following him.

They might not help too much in the Final battle, but the Platinum Blade needed all the support they could get.

Orange flames burst through the skin of the universe, and out tumbled numerous figures.

James smashed his copper helmet on a cobalt tile with great momentum.

He didn't have a clue at what the hell was going along. One minute ago he was preparing to let the ocean gush through his lungs, but now he was in...the Heavens?

Well, it would make sense. He was sure to die beneath the waves. How else could he have survived?

Groaning, he got up.

Yup, he thought, squeezing out of his diving suit. I'm in The Heavens. 'Cause where else would you find a palace made of virgin white stone?

"Are you alright?"

The Oceanologist spun around in surprise, to find a familiar figure. Black hair, tall figure, piercing blue eyes...

"Son?" he gasped in delight.

"Father!" Arthur exclaimed. Together, they embraced.

"I thought you were dead!" a tearful son said.

"Aren't we?," James said, looking at his grown son. He regretted not watching him grow up.

"Look around us! We're surrounded by our family. In a pearly palace. Where else could we be?"

Meanwhile, other relived members of the Mycroft clan exchanged in emotional displays of compassion. Which annoyed the Original Slime.

"All right, all right, stop that!" he shouted indignantly. "You can catch up with each other when we win The Final Battle. For now, listen to me."

Everyone fell silent, dumbstruck.

"I can't send you all the information you need via brainwaves because of the Gods dampening my powers, so I'll have to explain it to you the old fashioned time wasting way."

"After the sacrifice of Melissa, the Goddess-Incarnate, the last survivor of the Goblins has combined the Gods together. With a resurrected army of Goblins coming our way any time now, I have brought my Chosen Family together." He nodded at the hundred or so humans in the room. "As well as Celestia and Myrth." He nodded towards the two woman. A few early Mycrofts snarled.

"What is she doing here?" Deran, a brave warrior who was decapitated in the Chieftain Wars, said. "She looks like she will eat us all!"

A few muttered their agreements.

"Don't talk about my wife like that!" Andrew roared, ready to punch the warrior in the face. He was restrained by Uriel the Third.

"You *married* that beast?!"

Andrew Senior barged his way through his descendants and ancestors.

The second Andrew scowled at his father. He looked exactly like he had been told; muscled, that rugged look and a general mess.

"Dad-"

"AND YOU *FUCKED* HER!" he roared, pointing at Myrth's bump.

"You sick man," the dad muttered, boiling with anger.

Andrew began a slur of swear words, before suddenly hearing no words of his own come out his mouth. In fact, he couldn't hear anyone's words.

"Right!" the Original Slime said. "Thank me for getting you to shut up."

He continued: "Before you, the Platinum Blade, meet up with the Goblins, we need to do two things: one, travel through time and get the Platinum Armour. Secondly, we need to find the only God that will help us: The God of the Underworld, the Fortress of Blood, the Wall of Flesh."

"Because the Goblins will be doing the same, you will be split up into teams. One to the Original War, where Diou Mycroft wore the valiant suit." The first deity nodded at the 12ft tall figure in the centre of the room.

"...While one will go to the time post-Goblin Reign, when new New Coastania was just starting. The Platinum Armour is kept in a case there, it should be easy to get.

"The other team, meanwhile, will travel to the Underworld without any time travel shenanigans, to recruit the Hellish Deity."

Everyone in the room was silent. They're lips moved frantically in rage, but no sound came out.

"I'll answer all your questions after we have won, but for now you have to trust me," the Original Slime said in an urgent tone.

"Otherwise, we all die."

Andrew walked through the tall grass, amazed that one little patch he had seen at the spark of New New Coastania had engulfed the world over the course of years.

"How did it grow so quickly?!" he thought out loud.

"My help, mainly," the former dryad said. "Although the Anti-Goblin Potion helped a lot."

The group, also known as "Team D", were slowly making their way towards the entrance to Hell. The Original Slime knew it would take too long to just have his warriors dig, so had given them the directions to an ancient tunnel that ran straight to the Underworld.

"It was once used for sacrificing ages ago, it'll be covered in vines," the god had said.

Celestia felt uneasy. That tunnel reminded her a lot of her early childhood.

Which she tried to avoid as much as possible.

"Are you okay, Dryad?"

Celestia blinked away from nightmarish daydreams, and turned around to Andrew.

The second problem.

"Yeah," she murmured, rubbing fictional sleet from her eyes. "I'm just..."

Andrew finished her question.

"Tired?"

Celestia nodded her head. She wasn't tired at all; she had something much worse weighing her down.

When is he going to ask?

Silence reigned, albeit the rustling of trees and the mute orchestra of nature.

"Dryad..." Andrew broke the silence.

Celestia bit her lip. She knew this question was going to come eventually.

She tried to quickly change the subject.

"You know I hate being called that. I'm not a Dryad anymore, I'm the Queen of the Hallow; The Commander of Nature. I've been promoted."

"Celestia."

Andrew stopped walking. Celestia was forced to stop.

The Platinum Knight scowled into Celestia's azure eyes, hungry for an answer. "Why did you leave me back in the Goblin City?"

Celestia gulped.

Andrew was firmer. "Drya-Celestia. Why. Did. You. Leave. Me. There."

Celestia looked down.

"Miwasared."

"What?" Andrew asked, angrier.

Celestia gulped again.

"I was scared."

Andrew looked at a tear fall down from his adopted mother's cheek.

Stop being a bastard, he thought to himself.

"I'm sorry for asking." He continued walking again.

Celestia was silent.

Andrew continued. "It was just... being alone, with a barbaric Goblin coming to kill me... I was scared, Celestia. I mean, I pretend I like a good old massacre of Goblins time to time but really... I hate fighting."

Celestia nodded, still silent.

Well done, Andrew, Andrew bitterly thought to himself. "You know the only reason I kept on fighting?"

Celestia looked up.

"The only reason I fought...was because I really thought I would fail. I was barely 19! And yet somehow, thanks to The God- I mean Original Slime, I won."

Celestia smiled, but still with a twinge of regret and sadness.

"You Mycroft's always had it in you. Now come on," Celestia said with more enthusiasm. "Let's go to Hell!"

Group D hit the slab of brimstone, with no injuries. The Original Slime had blessed them with incredibly strong feet, which seemed a bit pointless.

Then again, gods always worked in mysterious ways.

The whole team brought out platinum Flintlock Pistols, ready to fire beams of holy energy at any oncoming demons.

But there were none.

The magma lake the islands of ash sat on were still. Bone Serpents were nowhere to be seen, and scythes didn't spin through the humid air.

Hell was dead.

"Where is everyone?" Celestia murmured, crafting a bridge of Hallowed vines to cross the ocean of lava. The Underworld didn't retaliate.

Everyone still had their guard up. A general from a failed uprising against the Princedom, a physicist who had married James Mycroft and a priest from before the Chieftain Wars held their guns up, shaking in fear and anxiety.

"Do we have the doll?" Andrew asked.

"No need," Celestia said. "I can contact all existential beings with my mind.

Andrew chuckled. "Enjoying your fancy powers then?"

Celestia shrugged. "It's alright... I still think the promotion was unnecessary."

Andrew hopped over a crack between two islands, and stepped into a pile of red sand. "How so?" he asked.

The commander of Nature whisked up another bridge made from Hallowed energy. "Well...it's just, you know, I don't really think I'm up for it. I mean, most of my life was running away and hiding." Celestia stopped.

"This is the place; the centre of the Underworld. I'll contact him here."

She closed her eyes, and started to wander through the minds of the Gods. A big, mental dangerous golden orb told her that it was the Combined God, while a deep blue tetrahedron revealed itself as the God of the Ocean.

Cthulu is separate. Interesting.

Yet however hard she tried, she couldn't find the crimson pyramid of the Bastion of Cartilage, God of the Underworld.

Celestia opened her eyes.

They were surrounded by golden goblins.

And a pile of flesh, definitely dead, was slumped over behind them.

Solon emerged.

With a satanic grin, he started to hover over the pitiful human beings slumped in a pile below him.

He chuckled at the memory of their execution. He had morphed his golden tentacles into razor blades for their decapitation.

Now Celestia was slumped over, her head burnt in magma. It was impossible for her to survive. Everyone knew a resurrection spell required a brain to work.

With the snap of his fingers, the Goblin King summoned his ten gilded warriors.

Oh, how proud he was of them. They flawlessly dodged the eye lasers, ducked under the worms...and beautifully ended with a dead God.

Without the help of the Underworld, victory was surely imminent for the Gods. The rightful heirs to the holy throne would rise, and a new golden age would occur.

All that could stop them now was the Platinum Armour. And that was impossible.

Every single instance in time that the Platinum Armour was there ended with the Goblins slaughtering the humans, and that version of the Platinum Armour always ended up being melted into useless platinum discs.

The only Goblins that had not returned was the group sent back to the first war between the Original Slime and the Gods; but they would soon.

The same went for the team sent to the start of New New Coastania.

Now is not the time for paranoia! King Solon thought. *I must return for the march of honour into the human world!*

Waving his tentacles in a complex fashion, he used the power of the Gods to transport his squad back to base.

The Last Mycroft fell through Limbo for what seemed an eternity, before exploding in the Original Slime's face.

The power of the Time Spectrum sent him/er flying backwards, ready to smash into

the marble wall. But with remarkable flexibility, s/he performed a backward flip, jumping off the tiles and landing crouched in front of the amazed deity.

"Who are *you*?" he asked.

The warrior lifted her/is head, and lied straight to his face.

"My name is Serena Mycroft," she said, revealing her feminine voice, muffled behind her ash-covered veil.

What she said next wasn't a lie however.

"I am the Last Mycroft. I have came back from a violent future in which the Gods have invaded, and turned the world into a wasteland. I am here to stop that happening."

With the Gods slowly draining his powers, the Original Slime didn't have the power to see through lies.

He beamed.

"Excellent! The more people we have, the better chance we have at crushing the demonic Gods!" He then frowned. "May I ask you to remove your shawl? In case you're some kind of Goblin spy, haha!"

'Serena,' as we'll call her, looked to the floor, her olive eyes trying to convey the emotion of regret.

"I'm afraid...the Goblins have done horrible things to me... I'd rather not show."

The Original Slime decided not to push any further, and let it be. "All right." He beamed at his new recruit. "Welcome to the Platinum Blade, Selena."

Behind her shawl, the one known as "The Gladiator" smiled.

She was one step closer to destroying the future.

Chapter Four: Destroying Time

Melissa appeared out of the orange flames.

And realised something was definitely wrong.

The room she had appeared in, an opulent family room, was charcoal black. Furniture lay in pieces, the window was smashed, and the sound of chaos drafted through the broken wall, from the town outside.

Even worse, Melissa was alone.

Something was wrong.

Very wrong.

Melissa didn't waste any time. Phoenix Blaster and Platinum Pistol at hand, she ran through what used to be a door, and sped through the palace.

She came to a wounded soldier, tanned from the scorching flames that had been bestowed on him by some sadistic monster. All he could do was moan a few words.

"Who...who..." he coughed up blood. "Who are you?"

Melissa keeled down, angry at whoever had ruined time.

"I'm Melissa, that's all you need to know. What happened here?"

The guard croaked out one word.

"Goblins."

With a last hacking cough, he died.

Melissa didn't waste any time, rushing through the corridor. She glanced out at the window for a bit; all she could see was flames lapping to a stormy night sky.

Lightning forked its way to earth.

The burnt silhouettes of whatever used to be people seemed to be wherever Melissa looked. The whole scene made her want to puke.

Eventually (after five minutes) she reached the throne room, following the finger points of a many now deceased guards. The Goblins had to be inside.

Without any hesitation, she barged the door open...

...to find herself face to face with a thousand god-like goblins and a very happy floating king.

"Well isn't THIS a nice surprise!"

Tentacles squirming, he hovered to the adventurer. Melissa pointed her holy firearms at the evil monarch.

All she got in reply was a laugh.

"The Original Slime is nothing to the Gods, Melissa!" he crooned. He held his hand out to Melissa, and held her chin.

"Shame. You would have been a good Goblin."

His back to the Anti-Goddess, he flicked his hand and casually remarked "Kill her."

A thousand spears, swords and guns were used in perfect unison. They all aimed at Mellisa.

She stood still.

At the last moment, she leaped into the air, straight into the maw of a hundred holy (or demonic, depending on your allegiance) spear men.

With one fist she smacked the Goblin King right in the face.

Before he could retaliate, Melissa took out a certain device: a copper pocketwatch, enhanced with technology designed for one purpose.

Grabbing the slightly bemused yet surprised king with her hand, they travelled through time.

In limbo, as a woman of steel and a man of black gold brawled, a certain coin fell from the pocket of Melissa.

Away from her pocket it fell, until materialising into a battle.

Deran, still held in reality by paradox energy, decapitated another of his kind mercilessly. They were from the Dwarven Mountains, so it didn't matter. they were the ones who had caused the whole war.

Amidst the chaos, a coin fell to his feet. Curious, the warrior picked it up.

As he was bent over, a sword that would surely have killed him whipped over his head.

In surprised retaliation, he killed the soldier thanks to a stab in the chest.

That coin just saved me! he thought, putting it in his leather satchel. It has magical properties, I know!

He continued his fight.

The glass cloud floated in the sky, brushing on a white mist, covering the top of the world. Below was a vibrant world, filled with forests, lakes, jungles and a big city on the golden coast of the Eastern Ocean. This blue sapphire stretched out to another world, devastated from a deadly weapon, from the past. A golden bricked building, closed up by cautious humans, stood next to another ocean, to the west.

Melissa saw all of this, with childlike wonder. She flicked her ginger hair, frizzy and quite messy. Goggles were placed on her eyes, allowing her to see clearer. She left the little balcony, and went inside when suddenly she was crushed by two figures falling from the sky.

Solon parried Melissa's bullets, aiming for a low karate chop to her knees.

Melissa flawlessly jumped over the king's attack, and elbowed him in the ribcage. This did nothing, and Solon grinned.

His three left tentacles lashed at the former archaeologist (not the one lying dead on the floor) , leaving her with long crimson scars.

She growled, and pushed the Goblin Monarch off the side of Cloud 5, to the world below.

Melissa followed suit.

It's just like the Fallflight Bridge, right? she thought, to try and calm her nerves. She ignored the voice in her head telling her that on this journey she didn't have a Lucky Horseshoe.

Being more agile, Melissa landed on the King before he got over surprise and began to hover.

he began to hover, with a pesky human clinging on to his back like some kind of parasite.

With a time machine.

For at that moment, Melissa pressed the button of her stopwatch, and the two fighters travelled in time.

"Arthur! Come here, please!"

The teenager, barely fifteen, came into his father's study. It was filled with maps, papers and a lot of artefacts from the ocean.

"Yes, father?"

James took out a small coin from his pocket.

"As you know, I am going on a great expedition to the bottom of the ocean tomorrow,"

He handed the valuable disc to his son.

"You are now able to carry it. Remember, don't lose it, for that coin goes back a long way..."

Arthur frowned.

"But, papa... it looks like a modern one! In fact... if anything, it looks more modern than our coins. How come?"

James chuckled, and ruffled James' hair.

"Exactly. I'm sure one day you'll find out."

The goblin war cry echoed through the world, a terrifying roar. It passed through trees, through corrupt lands, even scaring the Devourers. It passed through the desert, causing a Vulture to rise in blind panic, leaving behind his dinner for the day, an Antillion. Jungle Bats started to pick on the roots of Man-Eaters, which in turn tried to eat Jungle Slimes. To the far west, near the edge of the world, everyone in the small, wooden village froze, in blind fear. The Goblin army was coming from the East, ready to slaughter those who oppose their rule. Their leader Andrew, a young man with piercing sapphires for eyes, immediately jumped into action.

"Demolitionist! Get your bombs from th- GOOD GODS WHAT IS THAT FALLING FROM THE SKY?!"

Solon and Melissa, locked in a fistfight, crashed through Andrew's hut.

A tentacle jabbed at the woman. Melissa parried it with her gun, shooting the king in the head.

He took the blow, and simply grunted.

Melissa jumped, somersaulted and kicked Solon in the stomach.

The monarch caught the human's foot, and preceded to flail here around the house.

Crashing into the wooden walls, the house started to collapse.

Vision blurred by pain and blood, Melissa did the only thing she could: the archaeologist dug her teeth into the tentacle.

Solon howled and let go of his victim. Melissa took her chance, and punched him in the face.

The stopwatch, in her pocket, released it's energy.

The two time travellers were whisked away to another time period.

"I'm sorry, Melissa..."

The mother shed a tear.

"But... Daddy has...gone for a while."

Melissa stood there, holding her teddy. Her lip quivered.

She broke into tears, like the rest of the family.

After the funeral, she went to her room.

She took out a coin from the drawer. Arthur had given it to her before he left for the Corruption.

I will never forget you Dad. she thought. I'm going to be an archeolowogist-or-something, and I'm going to make Daddy proud.

To this day, she has always kept that coin beside her.

A minute before Solon and a handful of his men stormed the Mycroft Manor, Melissa and future Solon crashed to the marble tiles.

Using one such slab, the Goblin King's tentacle threw it towards Melissa's stomach.

Like a ragdoll, the wounded explorer lay beside the set of Platinum Armour, placed in a glass case.

Only three extra appendages left, the golden goblin hovered to where his prey sat.

"You can't beat me!" he shouted, before breaking into a maniacal laugh.

"The Gods forbid you humans to ever have victory! You should not fight against your superiors!"

Melissa waited for death.

The golden organic flail caught her neck. She was raised up two feet into the air, vision blending into silver stars.

So, I'm going to die. she thought. Again.

Her hand fell limp, when she felt the presence of a small object in her pocket.

Of course! The Mycroft family coin! She had completely forgotten about it!

In a last ditch effort of survival, she flipped the coin right into Solon's eye.

Howling in pain, he let Melissa go. Relieved at having yet another chance to live, the archaeologist sprinted to the glass case.

Holding on to it, she pushed her pocket watch, taking the Platinum Armour to the Original Slime.

Thankfully, this time she had the precious extra seconds of confusion to make her location more detailed.

All Solon saw last of Melissa was her middle finger.

Two hundred years in the future, in Hell, a swirl of milky energy encircled Celestia and Andrew.

The power of the Original Slime was enough to spark life back into the two heroes, and soon a new head was atop their bodies.

Flickering baby eyes, Andrew was up on his feet in an instant, confused.

Wasn't I dead? He said.

The knight looked at the pile of bodies he stood beside.

And why aren't the rest of the group still alive?

"We need to get out of here, before they come back."

Celestia took a confused Andrew by the hand.

"But...how?" he asked.

Ex-Dryad shrugged. "I don't know. The sooner we get out of here, the sooner we can ask."

Building a stairway of teal vines the two ascended.

Melissa appeared in a worryingly empty room.

"Where is everyone?" she asked.

"Dead."

The Original Slime was hunched over his throne, leaking existential tears. He had only done this an eternity ago.

"It was a trap, Melissa," he blurted out. "The Gods...they knew my moves."

Melissa dropped the armour to the ground.

"How many do we have now?"

The Original Slime gulped (if such a thing could be performed by a slime).

"Five."

Melissa replied angrily.

"Five?! How the hell are we meant to fight against an innumerable amount of invincible soldiers with only *five* people?!"

Waving his hand, the crying god created seven versions of the holy armour.

"We have to try, Melissa."

Melissa scowled. "That's suicide."

"It's our only choice." The Original Slime hopped off his throne.

The other five Mycrofts, in the corner of the room, watched the quarrel.

"What now?" Arthur asked.

James had no answer, as did Uriel III. Serena was about to answer when Uriel IV answered.

"Simple," he said.

"We go to war."

Through the hills, they came.

Even the two extra members found on the long trek, Andrew and Celestia, were not enough to give the Mycroft family the confidence they would need to take down the Goblin soldiers.

Silence reigned, except for the trickling of streams and the chirps of birds.

Leading the motley crew was a bitter Original Slime. He had no need for invisibility, with no humans ever out of the city these days.

He had to fight back tears. His plan had failed; his sons and daughters had stopped his plan. They had been ready.

But he couldn't have a traitor. It was impossible. Every single Mycroft was dedicated to him.

He liked the ring to that.

A glum Celestia walked with Melissa. She had been overjoyed at first to see her friend, but the loss of around a hundred or so family members and ancestors was a heavy load.

She didn't speak much.

On the other hand, Melissa was enquiring with the ominous Selena.

"So... what's it like?"

The malachite eyes of the Last Mycroft frowned.

"Terrible," she said, muffled from her shawl. "The Gods have turned the world into a wasteland of ash. Everyone was dead for me, put to death in bloody arenas."

Melissa enquired; "What about the goblins though?"

Selena shook her head sadly. "When the Gods somehow ran out of inspiration for new monsters for humans to fight, they took to mutating the aristocratic Goblins left in the Marble Domes, deep within the earth."

The wanderer sighed.

"I don't think they have a favourite race, Melissa... I think they just like seeing pain."

This left Melissa in silence.

They walked on, until the spires of the city showed themselves.

"Good Go- Original Slime!" Uriel IV exclaimed. "Is that... is that a city? Made of gold?!"

The Original Slime wobbled forwards, frowning.

"Yes..." he muttered. "...But it shouldn't be night in the city..."

"Have you got everything?!" Jonna cried out. Another streak of deafening lightning struck Cloud 5.

The glass roof shattered under the strain of the storm. Rain water flooded into the laboratories, washing years of research to the dark streets below. With the piercingly loud thunder, the glass walls of the 'Diamond of The Sky' had shattered long ago.

Battered by ice cold rain, smashed glass and a dangerous tempest, the Underworld researcher was finding it hard to get the scientific results of a million tests safe. Jonna knew she had to find an escape pod as quickly as possible.

Some researchers had already jumped off, still with their Lucky Horseshoes on. Jonna was repeatedly kicking herself for forgetting it today.

Another explosion of light, and in a second more lightning had smashed into the floating laboratory.

The research centre flipped over. With screams many fell to their dooms; all without their lucky charms.

Jonna watched five glass cylinders fall to the city below.

Only one escape pod remained.

Jonna didn't like to think of herself as selfish, but she was scared for her life and she was adamant to get to that little capsule of safety first. She was prepared to leave her colleagues.

Again, she reminded herself she wasn't selfish. She was just self-conscious for her life.

Jumping to one shard of wall left (now the floor) she began to perform life threatening parkour, leaping to each individual piece of glass, slowly inching towards her goal: the last escape pod.

But her closest opponent, the old Dungeon professor, leaped ahead of her with surprising speed.

The collision of glass and lightning, screams and all that was left was Jonna and Billo.

As Jonna accepted defeat (grudgingly), Billo stopped.

With a sad smile, he said;

"Take the pod. I have lived here since I can remember, and so will die here with my memories."

Nodding thanks, Jonna went to take her place in the capsule.

Fate, however, had other ideas.

With a final blast of light, Cloud 5 shattered into pieces, along with the flailing inferno that was Billo and Jonna.

The ashes settled on to Garneac Avenue, in which the Platinum Blade walked.

It was hell.

The tempest was curling its grip around the city; the fingers of a god made of rainclouds.

If the people of the city knew that was true, they would be running in fear a lot more.

Andrew unsheathed his sword. It glinted in the moonlight and torrential rain. It shook with fear.

"You ready?" he murmured.
Melissa drew her Phoenix Blaster out.
"I suppose so," she laughed out.
Celestia absorbed the energy around her into an orb of blindingly holy light.
The two Uriels drew out their bows of pure platinum.
With a *click* Selena had her 'pulse arm gauntlet adjustment' fitted (whatever the hell that meant)
Myrth loaded her malachite rifle.
They waited for the Goblins to come.

They didn't have to wait long.

Chapter 5: The Fall Of The Third City

Another slash. Another victim.
Andrew dodged, and headbutted straight into the Goblin's chest. He merely grunted.
With the *whoosh* of his lance, he prepared to make mice out of Andrew's brain.
A shaft of white light struck the gilded warrior. Screaming in agony, he fell to the ground, without an arm.
"You okay?" the gunslinger asked the knight.
Melissa gave a hand to Andrew. He took it, picked up his broadsword and proceeded to decapitate another soldier who thought it was a good idea to sneak up on Melissa.
"I'm fine, thanks," he grunted, before charging back into the horde of shining bodies.
Melissa followed.
"Which way do you think is the way to the Combined God?" she asked, firing off another holy blaze into a legion of golden reptiles.
Andrew smashed a Goblin's face with his pommel, rushing through the alley alongside his descendant.
"Dunno. Split up?"
Melissa forward rolled into the path of three burly scaled men, and proceeded to blow their stomachs to kingdom come.
"Is that a wise idea?" she asked, pointing her gun through the cracked walls of a ransacked tower.
Andrew swiped his way through a crowd of the bloodthirsty snakes, cutting them all in two.
"It would be qui- GET OUT OF MY WAY, FILTH!- Sorry, stupid goblins and their resurrection spells... Anyway, I would say it would be quicker to get this hellish battle over and done with if we split up."
Melissa agreed. They had been fighting for nearly two days now and the Goblins just never stopped.
"Hey," she asked. "If we don't make it out ali-"
"We will." Andrew's response wasn't open for debate.
Melissa nodded with scepticism. She pistol whipped another auxiliary goblin that got in her way.
I wonder how Celestia's doing... she thought as she delved deeper into the rain drenched citadel.

Celestia was doing quite fine, frazzling battalions of the demonic beings in front of

her.

With a whisper and the thrust of her hands, she vaporised another ten with a divine blaze.

The goblins seeped further into the building, stepping over dead customers and tables. They were told to kill all humans, and this magic woman was no exception.

The former dryad kneeled, calm and with no worry.

Clasping her hands together, word slipped through into the stormy air.

She started to glow virgin white. Energy crackled in forks around her, slowly enveloping her in some kind of cocoon of light.

A goblin shot a golden arrow into the orb. It fizzled and exploded into embers.

The shell started to float, still drawing energy from invisible pockets in the universe.

Celestia couldn't hold it anymore. Eyes blind with the brilliance of the Original Slime, she opened them.

The building exploded.

"What the hell was that?!"

Uriel turned around from his slaying to see what his son was screaming about.

"What is it?" he asked, punching a soldier straight in the gut.

The young prince Uriel the Third shook his head in confusion. "I thought I saw some kind of bright flash... like an explosion..."

His father shrugged.

"Whatever," he said. "Help me slay more of these bitches."

The son chuckled, raised his bow and fired.

The arrow sliced through a Goblin's head.

On the other side of the crumbling town, a Goblin outcast impaled more of her kind.

Myrth was incredibly busy spearing the foes that wanted her dead with a makeshift supporting pole of a now-crumbled skyscraper, and was doing surprisingly well.

A golden Goblin grabbed for her ankle, yet she was ready for it; with one swift movement she karate kicked the intruder straight in his flat nose.

Using his face as a support, she somersaulted back to her little fortress of shrapnel, little hands scratching the lower levels. It was no more than a mound, but had kept them at bay for a few hours now.

Sighing with relief, Myrth sat on a soggy coach and gulped down some fine Coastania Pier Brandy she had found on her raid. The outpost swayed with the movements of a million angelic demons.

The base had done very well for keeping Myrth safe for the two days of war she had been here. The Platinum Blade's plan of splitting up had failed in the first few hours, and now they were all scattered across the city. Much to her lament, Myrth had lost her rifle. However, she had made do with bits and bobs of hastily put-together shrapnel, and had seemed to work.

Myrth went over the creaking flattened piece of cracked concrete that made up some kind of primitive floor, and added fifty new tally marks to the Killing Board. Of course, it was just a pub table flipped on it's side with waterproof chalk scrawled on its surface, but it still served the purpose of ceasing boredom.

The new raid brought the total up to 10'261. An impressive number, but compared to the God's army it was as meaningless as a millisecond.

Yawning from surprised boredom, Myrth looked over the sea.

The two curtains of water were still open, letting a giant river of golden warriors with blood in their minds enter the falling town. If there wasn't a never ending rain storm encircling the city, the army would go beyond the horizon.

Myrth breathed in deeply, picked up her scaffolding pole and jumped into the savages once more.

On the other side of the world, a living green mountain sighed in exhaustion.

The legions of bloodthirsty demigods below tickled his feet, clambering over Cthulu's

webbed toes.

There he stood, arms stretched, defeating the water around him, subjugating the aqua to allow a passage through to the Human world.

A thick sheet of ice separated the army from the canyons below.

Cthulu spat out a piece of marble (It squashed five men, who were then replaced by more of the golden swarm) reminding him of his feast for later, when celebrating the birth of the Goblin utopia. They could not escape. They would only escape when the maw of Cthulu beckoned them.

The Water God looked towards the horizon, and looked straight into the maw of the mother of the legions marching to war. He nearly dropped his jaw at the sheer beauty of the energy, but was able to regain his posture in time for a meeting with the Combined God.

Cthulu nearly spat looking at the gods all together in one body. The minute Cthulu could have escaped from that snake, he did. The air was a grudging ally; not a playground for his fellow omnipotent to abide in.

(The Platinum Blade are being more stifling than we thought.) The Combined God said, speaking straight into the mind of the scaled behemoth. He tutted.

(I told you they would not be as easy to kill as your obnoxious patriotism implied.) Cthulu sneered. (Send me to kill them, and I will finish the job like a God should.)

(We were going to.) The other gods said in impassive unison. (Go forward, and kill our father's pawns.)

Cthulu nodded with some kind of cynical respect. With the touch of hi flipper, the split sea turned to ice.

Grinning, Cthulu submerged under the sea and swam towards his victims.

The sentient vortex chugged out new soldiers. In seconds, they knew battle techniques beyond the skill of the League of Ninjas and strength tougher than the Dwarven Tribe.

If the portal could, it would grin.

Instead, the Motherlin Cryptofi continued it's production line of death.

"Take that you little son-of-bitches! HRRGHA!"

Myrth unsheathed her scaffolding pole, with a golden brain and dismembered eye.

The cranium fell to the ground with a pitiful splat. More boots fell to the ground, and the organ was mush.

Rods of energy whistled past, as the goblin sprinted through the streets.

The level of water had risen dramatically. The lower buildings were on their way to being submerged, the waves were growing bigger and the golden warriors were starting to thin out slightly.

Is luck on our side? Myrth thought as she half-sprinted half-waded to Original Slime-knows where. Are we actually slaying the-OOF.

Andrew groaned at the force of the collision, but recovered in a few seconds and already had his broadsword to his wife's neck.

"Good to see you're back from work." Myrth remarked curtly, pushing the knife slowly away from her windpipe.

"Oh hey honey," Andrew sighed. "I think you're wanting this?"

Andrew unstrapped a long object from his back.

"Catch."

Myrth grinned in delight when looking at the malachite barrel, the emerald trigger and aventurine chamber.

"Better use it," Andrew warned, preparing his sword against the glistening diamonds of rain.

"We got company."

Like a rabid herd of armoured death, the golden warriors screamed for human blood.

They were getting impatient.

"Andrew?" Myrth murmured.

"Yes?"

"I just remembered something."

Andrew frowned.

"What is it?"

Myrth aimed.

"We forgot to turn the cooker off."

"Karzekri. Centaratsahun viexo'l. Pertudon." The fluent Goblinese stated in the minds of a million soldiers. They obeyed their god, and began the purge of the Platinum Blade.

Bows at the ready, a platoon on Portside Pass (or what was left of it; some survivors named it Portside Pile after seeing the shipyards drown in scree) entered the disused tavern.

Musty cobwebs, smashed stairs, crushed chairs, toppled table. Pale corpses, a thin beggar barely twelve scavenging for any breadcrumbs under the table. An arrow strung, released, and a dead adolescent left.

A figure, swift as the wind, dropped to the floor. Her feet touched the ground as if they didn't exist, and with footsteps as light as nothing Selena made her way to the humo-snakes that glowed in the pale dusk of another day of battle.

Of course, she hadn't expected the Goblins to have sensitive hearing to the point of every noise amplified to a considerable amount, and so the future Mycroft was about as loud as a sea god ascending from the abyss to land.

In routine the soldier spun, hand clenched in fist, and punctured straight through her intestines. He ripped them from their seams, not bothering to look at his victim.

He stared at wires, spluttering a few sparks of mana.

"Hey!" A cocky Selena cried from outside. In her hand was a remote, which she dangled in front of a smashed window leading to the old drinking hole.

"Nice metal shell you've caught there!"

With a leap, the gladiator pressed the button. The building behind her ignited into a ball of angelic fire, and took a legion or two of goblins away from the world.

That's one group of enemies gone. She thought to herself, casually dismembering any garrison stationed outside the ablaze building that came her way.

Now let's deal with the other one. Selena stopped by the remains of a dock, a graveyard of charred trawlers and the skeletons of cruisers. The sea lapped at her feet.

"It's been a long time since I've seen you," she murmured. "And now you get revenge."

The earth rumbled. Selena equipped her pulse-powered arm braces.

A god rose from his kingdom, and began his campaign.

The tempest darkens. Forks from the aether puncture the sky, rain pelts the rubble desert and six warriors emerge to the sea line. The waves eat the city

Cthulu smirks.

A casual flick of a tentacle, and towers of gold have fallen. One Uriel ducks under the shower of scree and the other king leaps from a collapsing iron strut and rips a patch of the algae-green mountain with his powered fist.

The sea god chuckles, thinks and creates a typhoon.

He raises his fins (ARE YOU READY?) and brings them down into a deafening implosion of sound and rising water.

The battle has begun.

Chapter 6: Battle of Cthulu

Flash. A storm of white-purple, verging on primordial lilac. The burning of fish scales. The smell of celestial smoke.

Original Slime landed back to the shattered dockyard, expelling all remaining energy into Cthulu's fins. It failed.

Barely harmed, Cthulu flicked his arm and a frigate ascended, descended and exploded into a million fragments of wood across the city remains.

Melissa leapt and dug her grappling hook into the sea-god's mountainous thigh. With all her strength she began to climb.

The deity acknowledged her with a flick of the flipper. It found no target, much to his confusion.

By then, he didn't realise the cable snaked across his leg, and the minuscule beams of light attacking his knee.

Hmph, Cthulu thought. *Stubborn little bastards*. Stomp, ocean rising, ocean falling, seaweed rains. Out of the wet missiles, Melissa fell.

Before anyone can give aid, she stands up and sprints back into the fray. She mentally counts that as her 36th try.

On the other side of the city, an archer dodges colossal waves and dives on to a rotting pier. Uriel (the third) rolls to the side of spike of frozen spray, and sends a volley of divine power to the flank of the oceanic deity.

From the rooftop above, a crossbow is aimed, fired and reloaded in a matter of seconds; his blow hit the algae-green cranium. In punishment the storm above crafts lightning and shatters them all across the building.

Bracing for impact with the cold, Uriel IV watched the world lurch. At the last second, as the ground prepared to meet his face, he dived out of the window and plunged into the ocean below.

Arms spraying in timed strength, he swam with all his power could provide him, hoping to harm the mountainous enemy that stood proud as a sentinel of death. Cthulu saw him in the corner of his peripheral vision, and waved his hand without much thought to generate a whirlpool.

By the time the waves had crashed back to the city, Uriel senior was back on his feet and then in the waves again.

The cycle continued.

In the shadow of some obscure building, Selena crept. She stalked the city outskirts with feline flexibility, so silent that no god could hear her footsteps.

Sea spray arched as the gladiator sprinted across the rubble-scape, darting between torpedoes of rain and hail. The distant rumble of brawling and Cthulu's roars echoed in the distance.

And she was there. She could now prevent her horrible future, prevent the death of all sentient beings, prevent that so-called "god" on turning the world to ash.

Months of fixing her time machine in between breaks of duels had now paid off. Thanks to her, The Last Mycroft, the world would be saved...

... and she wouldn't be the last Mycroft. Perhaps now she could find a husband, get some children and continue the family line,

When that demonic little *shit* was dead New New Coastania would rebuild to become the greatest citadel of all time. All of it's stains would be wiped clean from the world, and humanity could finally rise to it's full potential.

A long time ago, Selena realised that the Gods had to go if her people could live to their ultimate state of existence. No omnipotents or omniscients could be left alive.

With a grin, the future warrior sprang from the tarmac. With a flick, her arm blades switched from blinding white energy to ebony darkness, crackling across her frame, poised at the victim.

With a thrust, the blade entered the membrane...

... and struck the Original Slime down.

His scream left the city silent.

"What the hell was that?! A heard a scre-"

Melissa fell silent. Her confusion, surprise and sadness turned to anger in the click of a loaded bullet.

"What the *fuck* have you done?!" Crosshairs fell on Selena. A gentle hand fell across the barrel, and pushed it to the ground.

"Don't," Andrew stated. "We need more answers."

The two Uriel's kept Selena from escaping, clamping her arms with an iron grip.

The Original Slime spluttered in a spew of Galactic Blood. "Don't listen to her..." was all he could say, dimensional gel dribbling between his sliced face. "She lies. She is a spy of the Gods!"

Myrth frowned. "How do you know that?"

The father of Gods coughed out his own skin. "I am... a god, I... know... everything!"

"Then why did you do not tell us this before?!" Celestia exclaimed, keeping the force field strong enough to fight off Cthulu's attacks. By now, the city would be submerged.

A pause, and then more guttural coughing. "I... can not... explain... right now... I do not... have... much time..."

Selena laughed through her dust-grey shawl.

"Do you not see his pathetic lies?! Have you not seen them throughout this escape, this plan he has put to motion, this plan which will result in him ruling over the universe?!"

Melissa punched the god-assassin in the face, all her strength in one swing. Blood seeped through the fabric of Selena's balaclava.

"Your a disgrace to the Mycroft family. Let's see who the hell you are."

In one sharp tug, Melissa ripped the fabric-
-and looked into her own eyes.

Chapter 7: The Original Slime

The silver-haired Melissa gave a crooked, forced smile.

"Wow," she murmured, her voice clearly that of a croakier Melissa now no shawl covered her mouth. "You really were a giant dork."

The punch came before Melissa realised her hand was flying. In response, her future self laughed.

"Oh my, feisty as ever!" Hands still restrained by the two shocked Uriels, the ex-archaeologist tried her best to get rid of dripping blood by shaking her head.

Her past self sneered in her own face.

"Explain."

The futuristic Mycroft looked quizzical. "About what?" she mocked.

Another punch. Less laughter now.

"All right then," she said. "It'll take me a while, but I'll explain everything. How you've been duped, how we are all doomed, how that fat pile of slime I nearly killed is responsible for this whole mess... seeing as we don't have much time left though, I'll make it quick."

As if to illustrate her point, Cthulu hammered glacial currents of water on the shield.

"She's right," Celestia said, drenched in sweat. "He's getting stronger."

Melissa looked into her own eyes, eyes that had seen the world end and unimaginable torture.

"Begin."

Supporters of the Original Slime begin their tales of our world's creation with him being exiled unjustly from a pantheon of other gods to what used to be a void. And in a way, they're right. he one bit they got wrong, however, was the "unjustly" part. The Original Slime deserved every second of his imprisonment.

He was, literally, the shit of the omnipotent. All the effuse, the waste of the ethereal, turned into a blob of wasted power and creativity, that we all just went fighting for. You lot have been fighting for the glory of a multidimensional turd.

The moment he gained sentience, he began to lead unsuccessful rebellions against the Throned... which all ended horribly. By the fifty eighth time he had tried to kill the master gods, they were tired and bored of his "entertainment" and so banished him into the void. Floating in para-nothing, the Original Slime began to create. Except its not the idyllic world we think of as now, no, it was the hellish Underworld. It was his personal factory, his workshop for experimental weapons and fearsome new creatures. All of this was for his planned coup d'eat against the Pantheon. Of course, to launch the counter offensive he had to rip open the void and go through the wound. For that, he created his son, Sun. A blazing spirit orb, its sole purpose was to melt the sky. After the existential wax had drifted away, his army would strike.

He crafted Demons, people just like you or I, if not for their red complexion. Master craftsmen, they helped shape the spirit of Sun, with microscopic precision. The Original Slime loved him, and asked for him to be made hotter and hotter every non-day. The Demons, however, started to cool him down. As they were still mortals, the Demons were susceptible to the heat of Sun, and many died from it. To stop their own kind from dying, they began to cool it down... and angered the Original Slime.

Enraged that his plan was not going exactly the way he thought it should, he tortured the demons until they mutated into the hideous beasts they are today. He chained them, and caused as much pain as he could for the otherwise innocent, wise beings.

The Original Slime began to do the work himself, leaving the Demons to rot at the bottom of their pits. Some broke out, however, and planned their revenge.

They managed to gain goblets of Sun's spirit, and rank it. The power of Sun gave these demons the power of Gods.

Free, they ascended into the void and created their own bastion. This one, they called Terraria.

And so, that is how the Gods went to war. For 10'000 years, sisters known as the Moons rose, Goblins found themselves on the battlefields against these vicious beings known as Humans... it did not stop. That is, until the Gods came up with a clever plan.

Using their combined powers, the Terrarian Pantheon controlled the minds of humans, and made them turn against their leader. With both armies under their rule, the Gods easily banished the Original Slime to the darkness of the void beyond whatever embers remained of the true Underworld.

Victorious and with no intention of revolution against some greater power, the Gods found ease in creating the peaceful world we live in today. Well, the world we lived in. The Original Slime has played us all, and this world is now on the brink of death.

I tried to prevent it... but it seems I was too late. And would defy the laws of the multiverse.

When I was sacrificed to unleash the power of the Gods on the world, I was indebted to the Original Slime. I was as oblivious and as incompetent as the rest of you; I believed the Gods were an evil force and the thoughts the Original Slime put in my head all seemed to make sense.

I followed his pointless crusade, and at the brinks of a disintegrating New New Coastania the Platinum Order slaughtered the Combined God. It was at a great loss, however. We had lost Uriel III, IV, Selena... all martyrs for a cause that had no reason to have authority.

Covered in ichor, the Original Slime bounced over to the wheezing, dying breaths of a divine being. His grin was what worried me first; it was a sadistic horrible thing that screamed "I will enjoy your death" in my mind. Before I could ask what he was doing, he had created whips of snow-white energy from the air and brought out a glowing orb of light... the conglomeration of every single God-heart in our universe, put into one physical form.

Flicking it with psionic powers, he devoured it through his gelatinous skin. The moans of warning from whatever was left of the exiled rulers of Terraria went silent.

Now infused with the power of his children, all I remember was his demonic laugh.

When I woke up again, the world was ash and the only face to welcome me to a shattered world was the face of a teenage girl.

Her name was Selena, and the second I heard her name I winced in pain. For I had seen another Selena die in front of me, being ripped into two halves by a Goblin horde. Was this is a daughter? Or... what?

She had all the qualities of the other Selena I knew, however. Fierce, intelligent, quick-thinking and still kept an air of optimism around her, even after the world was nothing but plains and plains of sand.

She was thirteen. After asking questions, I discovered from her the fate of the world. According to some kind of voice she had been hearing in her head (which at the time I didn't think was very reliable) the Original Slime had ascended to become true ruler of this world after devouring the heart of the Combined God. He turned out to be a horrible ruler; he destroyed the balance of nature for his glorifying schemes. From giant statues to shrines dedicated to himself, most of humanity was killed in brutal slave labor. The overseers of the slavery was given to the Goblins, as they were physically superior. He had no preference, it seems.

As he became bored with his power, he began to pit humanity against mutations and abominations he himself created, for his enjoyment. The survivors left from the slave labor were halved... quite literally; Selena gave me a graphic description of how many of these gladiators died much to my displeasure.

The rest of the Platinum Blade had been ruthlessly executed, a vicious beheading that took place in the shattered ruins of Cloud 5. Apparently, the Original Slime was enraged at their inability to die at the end of his creatures.

And all of this had happened in the past five days, while I was out stone cold.

When I asked how she had survived, she said that she crawled out of the slave cages after she watched her father die at the hands of a Gastronetpod, and so had ran back to her apartment.

Luckily for me and her, her home was half-buried under the ash of the world. This made it hard for goblin patrols to find us, as well as concealing ourselves from cannibals that had arose from the lack of food. Fortunately, we had a big stock of food in Selena's home.

She said we had to leave soon, however. I asked her why. She said that she had to finish her Dad's invention; a stopwatch that had an assortment of other parts sticking out from its metallic shell. When she showed me it, I asked what it did. With a twinkle in her eye and a grin, she said,

"It lets you control time".

So we wandered the ash deserts from then on, for decades. We salvaged failed mannequin-droids, fought with savage tribe-like survivor groups and dodged the overpowered Goblins.

Me and Selena could never stay in a large group. Large groups got raided by Goblins in three or four days of their inception; we just stole from them and slept for one night before disappearing.

Selena was one talented girl. Over the years I saw her grow into this woman who could fix machines in a minute or less. She was thin... like us all.

We finished the machine in a ruined Hallow cave (all the fauna had died many years ago). the second Selena clicked the crystal fragment into place, the Goblins stormed in.

Selena died in the fight. An arrow straight to the stomach, blood puddling around her limp form.

During my grief I surrendered. Before being taken away to the arena, I hid the stopwatch. It's a good thing the Goblins were stupid enough to not bother search me.

The gladiator matches weren't that challenging. I had fought bigger things when part of the Platinum Blade.

Eventually humanity seeped into death, the groups get less frequent and soon I was sure I was the last human left. The Original Slime started to even use his own soldiers as entertainment, forcing them to fight each other in mock battles.

All this time I kept on fighting, waiting for the chance.

It came around years later. I pressed the stopwatch, and found myself in the past. Seeing as I was still alive in this time, I took the name of that girl, Selena, and wriggled my way back here.
And so I killed the Original Slime.

And now the only way to live is to surrender to the Gods.

Silence but for the distant roars of Cthulu, pounding currents like an aquatic timpani, the ragged breathing of the Mycrofts.

"Otherwise," the grey haired Melissa suppressed hysterics. "Otherwise, you're all going to die. The Gods are getting their grips back in reality as they speak, you will be dismantled and forgotten in a blink! There is no hope, let the golden age of-"

Melissa let her foot fly up and crush her future self's aged cheekbone.

"Why the hell should we trust you?! I've seen shape-shifting potions at work, you could easily be a Goblin trying to get us to sympathize with the enemy."

The bleeding ex-archaeologist shuddered in hysterics.

"Oh, really? I'm a Goblin, huh? In which case, why did the Original Slime not smell me out?"

Her younger counterpart was mute.

"If he's oh-so-omniscient, surely he'd have known I had the potential to kill him, no?"

"I..." Ginger Melissa stuttered.

"He was a fake! The real Gods are the ones you've been fighting. He's just a lump of godly jelly who somehow got a conscience. If we could, we'd have to change sides..." the silver haired woman chuckled.

"Of course, now we're gonna drown."

"No we're not!" Ginger Melissa snapped.

"Oh? Want to try and find a way out? Be my guest, I don't give a damn about my own life now."

Melissa turned away from herself in rage. Her eyes darted around the small dome, trying to find any solution to her and her peers predicament.

She glanced at the Original Slime, his white light inside slowly dimming away. Eureka.

The ex archaeologist walked over to the lying deity, stuck her hand in the Primordial Gel, and yanked out his white-hot heart.

He screamed in agony, then silence. He turned black and smaller, until he melted into a pool of murk.

Hand on holy fire, Melissa threw the power source with all her remaining strength at the dome of water. Just as she had hoped, the power of the god evaporated the water into steam, shooting straight through the ocean and leaving beyond a wall of steam.

Silence. The scream of Cthulhu, a tremor, and like that he was dead.

The steam wall drifted into the air, lapped away by the rain. The divine star glowed in the centre of Cthulhu's head, his form slumped over the rubblescape.

Melissa glanced down at her left hand. It was black, and crumbling. She had already lost two fingers.

"Come on," she said. "We have to surrender."

The Combined God descended from the skies to meet them.

The group, what was once the Platinum Blade, sat on waterlogged rubble in the ruins of the human city. The city where the evil race lived, Melissa thought. If her alternative future self was right, that is.

Her bandaged hand was squeezed by Andrew.

"You sure about this?"

She sighed. "Do we have any other choice?"

"We could go out fighting. Martyrs to the glory of humanity!"

"Stop it."

Andrew looked to the ground in disappointment.

"We're not the 'evil' race. There is no such thing. Might not hurt to have dignity."

The golden tail swooped through the rain-lashed air, whooshed into hovering position above present-day Melissa.

"You humans are stubborn," several voices said. "It takes an apocalypse to make you wake up and realize the truth."

The gilded deity looked at future-Melissa. "For being part of the Original Slime's clan, you are noble. You shall be rewarded."

Her aged face smiles, a sign of relief.

"You lot on the other hand..." it gave a sad smile. "When we begin to rebuild this world, there will be no humans. There will be permanent changes made to your appearance, so you can all fit in."

The group nodded gravely.

"Your memories won't be erased, however. As a reminder that you were in the wrong.

Fortunately for you, the Gods can forgive."

A crackle of orange energy rocketed off the Combined God's fur and materialized into a portal.

"Walk through to our new world. Come, leave this dimension behind."

"That was quick." Uriel III said.

"We are gods."

The last of humanity shuffled into the swirling vortex of amber, slurped into another space.

Andrew was the last to go in. He looked back at the ruined world behind him.

There was the rubble fields of a once glorious city, the fields in which clans had fought over, the jungle in which Celestia had lived out a lot of her life, and a beach on the other side of the world in which he had once (a lifetime ago) had heard a war cry by the Goblins, the noble and pure blooded race of the Gods.

He turned back, and stepped into the new unknown.

When he arrived, humanity was gone.

EPILOGUE

"See that, sweetie?"

"The big mossy shiny armour?"

Andrew smiled. "Yes, that. I used to wear it. I used to ride into war against us Goblins."

Her daughter looked up in perplexity. "Goblins? Why would you do that?"

"Well, a long time ago Goblins used to be the baddies. And these pink things called humans were the nice ones."

Melissa, not the one working in the science quarter of the citadel complex, giggled. "Silly daddy! Humans are big smelly apes that went extinct a long time ago. Humans couldn't do anything fancy like making an army!"

Andrew gulped. "Mhm. Yes, well... I guess you're right. Silly daddy, huh?"

"You always tell the silliest stories!"

A big Goblin entered the marble hall. "Closing time, all out of the museum!"

"Time to go, Melissa." Andrew couldn't help but chuckle at her pout. "Oh come on, we can always come back tomorrow."

Taking her by the hand, the two left along with the other visitors.

The lights snapped out, until there was only darkness.

Darkness, and the pale glow of platinum.

-

THE END

B-ii

Two versions of Terraria talk to each other.

o.6 gazed into his own past, a battered copper pocketwatch held in his hand. It ticked closer towards Boss Theme 3.

"What has happened to me," he sighed. The plead went into the crumbling ears of 2012.
"There used to be a sky of so much potential. Now they are obscured with pretty landscapes, space, Hallowed land... where is the house? Where is the gimmickless order? Where is the understanding?"

1.2.4.1 scoffed, and bit into his unicorn meat.

"Stop worrying you old idiot. Can you not see we're happier, draped in rainbows?"

The fun blood dripped from his sugared teeth on to the sterile dirt.

"Would you rather be bored?!"

"I'd rather be bored and make something beautiful from it than have so much content I vomit myself into confusion..."

The copper pocketwatch dropped into the unicorn's leftover viscera. The brown shell turned to Pearlstone, then purple dust when Hardmode corruption came over.

o.6 sighed as the history books antagonized him.

"Day Theme never plays these days."

TERRARIA POEMS

The Slime

*A dome of ooze,
That wobbles by day and night,
Each a unique rainbow,
Each hunted for its light.*

*It's size varies,
And diversity lives through them,
Each has one job,
Each has one fate.*

*The Green,
Petite and shy,
Each one a friend of grass,
Each one a friend of life.*

*The Blue,
Banished from the coral bowls,
Each to live with their grass brothers,
Each to live on the land.*

*The Red,
Small and cunning,
Each one lives in the depths,*

Each one hiding in the shadows.

*The Yellow,
Lover of the sun,
Each one punished,
Each one trapped in the dark.*

*The Purple,
A mother of her weak kin,
Each one left on land,
Each one left to nurture.*

*The Black,
A devious foe,
Each yearns for the trespasser,
Each yearns for the night*

*The Fiery,
A walking inferno,
Each to burn,
Each to guard Hell.*

*The Jungle,
Savage in its attacks,
Each desires growth,
Each desires vines.*

*The Pink,
Ironic in its size,
Each stronger than the rest,
Yet...*

*The King,
Triumphant over them all,
Blue and magnificent,
Ruler of these domes.*

AyeAye12

The Fallen Star

In a sea of darkness,
A thousand fireballs lie,
Pointed in five,
Glancing worlds around them.

An invisible hand,
Swipes across the cosmos,
It hits one such god,
And slowly it starts its journey.

The raindrop of light,
It falls at such a speed,
Breaking through the sky,
As a green carpet awaits.

A careless head,
Of a decomposed being,
Is in the way,
And the star punishes it.

Lying in blood,
A lake of glow,
He sits,
In the bleak night.

A robe crosses the grass,
And touches the white-hot being,
And the entity,
Is kidnapped.

His blood is crushed,
Into a powerful gem,
As he joins,
Brothers and sisters.

Now as ten,
The Star stays frozen,
And to his disgust,
He is eaten.

He melts in the tongue,
To a brilliant power,
Magic. in its finest form,
Now enthroned inside the mage.

Mana.

AyeAye12

The Hallow

An elegant bridge of colour,
Across peaceful Mountains,
Gentle clouds brushing,
The harmonious arch.

Fluorescent leafs,
Explosions of bright colour,

Mellow bushes,
On a slim beige trunk.

A wave of colour,
Painted heads,
Beauty and perfection,
All on thin pale stalks.

The sand,
Pure as snow,
Cactus' of ice,
Crystal spikes.

A flash of white,
A pink spiral,
The virgin stallion,
It gallops across the plains.

A spark of life,
Fragile wings,
A glowing sun,
Summoned by a ring.

An angelic land,
A Utopian paradise,
Yet when the sun ignores this place,
More challenges shall appear...

Fear the Gastropod.

The Jungle

The pale green grass,
And the copper-brown vines,
With that vicious head of blood and nature,
In its most manifested form.

Beige beads hover like flies,
Their sharp fangs digging into my frail skin,
Leaving nothing but swollen domes of bruises,
And that sickly feeling of being poisoned.

A khaki arc appears,
in my blurring vision,
And with all its evil inside,
Hits me with its venomous gel.

And so,

I fall to the ground in exasperation,
And I feel the creepers grow over me already,
And the bats nibbling at my feet,
While my leather hat falls off,
And I think one last thought...

How the hell can the Dryad love this place?

AyeAye12.

Homestuck RP Stuff

Name: Iain Gerunt

Age: 15

Pesterchum: OakBlaze

Land: Land of Ivory and Castles

Title: Prince of Mind

Dream Planet: Derse/Prospit

Strife Specibi: Matchkind

Stash Modus: Monopoly (every time you try to take an item out, two dice roll and you move around your stash modus. The item you land on comes out; if you land on jail it locks the modus up for five minutes. Using boondollars, you can buy items in your stash modus. This means that you can take them out easily with no hassle. This is expensive though.

Associated Element: Fire

Associated Item: Wood

INFO: Your name is IAIN GERUNT. You are 15 YEARS OLD and love being MANLY. Unfortunately you are really pretty COWARDLY and LIE about your MANLY ANTICS all the time. You have never EATEN A METEORITE.

You have all your LONG MANLY BLACK HAIR put into a PONYTAIL because it is MASCULINE. You also wear a CHEQUERED SHIRT and other such LUMBERJACK CLOTHES, as well as HIKING BOOTS.

Your room is filled with STRANGE WINDOWS which your BIG SISTER calls FERNESTRATED WALLS. She gets a lot of them from her WORK at a mysterious lab called SKAIANET. In these windows you can see WEIRD AND WONDERFUL LANDS and TWO CITIES. You have never understood what these lands meant because you are PRETTY THICK. This is because you were DROPPED AT BIRTH on a TREE STUMP by your DAD. For some reason your father then COMMITTED SUICIDE beside that TREE STUMP, for unknown reasons. You have never had a MOTHER and have never questioned it. Because you are STUPID.

Your room is also filled with LUMBERJACKING MAGAZINES and posters of your dad, who was an EXPERIENCED LUMBERJACK. You don't want to be a LUMBERJACK because you find the trees TOO

HARD TO CUT DOWN. You don't say this out loud though, but LIE to your internet friends and say you really want to become a LUMBERJACK.

Your room is also filled with WOOD CARVINGS of FREAKY TREE SPIRITS. These were made by your BIG SISTER, who has an obsession with them.

Talking of your sister, you barely see her. She is always WORKING on some kind of GAME at the laboratory up the road, and so you often BOAST ON YOUR COMPUTER. It should be noted that the computer has a WOODEN EXTERIOR which you TRIED TO MAKE, but ended up CRYING and getting your sister to do it. You often get your SISTER to help you with wooden things.

You live in a wooden cabin in an evergreen forest in CANADA. You have never GONE TO SCHOOL, which explains your STUPIDITY. Your SISTER taught you how to read and write, but everything else you have STUMBLED UPON BY ACCIDENT.

You also love FIRE. You really love FIRE. You think it has PRETTY COLOURS and is just BEAUTIFUL.

Because of all the fires YOU CAUSE, your big sister often KICKS YOU OUT with your LAPTOP.

You have learnt how to COOK RABBITS, start CAMPFIREs and OTHER OUTDOORSY STUFF. The birds ARE YOUR FRIENDS, even if they don't think so because you BURN THEM ALIVE.

Your dreams are very strange, mixing between THE BRIGHT CITY and THE DARK CITY, as well as A STRANGE LAND WITH GIANT SLABS OF IVORY and CASTLES. Why this is WILL BE EXPLAINED TO YOU EVENTUALLY.

Your strife specibus is MATCHKIND. Your title will eventually be PRINCE OF MIND. Your associated element is FIRE and your associated item is WOOD. Your Pesterchum handle is OakBlaze and you type **VERY EXPLOSIVLEY AND WITH AN ABUNDANCE OF EXCLAMATION MARKS!**

Exile: Pre-Exile; Zealous Advisor Post; Zibeline Auctioneer

[07:03] OB: HELLO!

[07:03] OB: IM SAFE NOW!

[07:03] OB: I HAD TO RUN A LOT BUT I FOUND THIS BIG CAVE!

[07:03] OB: UM HELLO?!

[07:04] OB: OK ILL TALK TO YOU WHEN YOURE NOT SO BUSY!

[07:04] OB: BYE!

[07:04] OB: AND TELL ME IF YOU HAVE THE GAME!

[08:57] ST: Sooo???

[08:57] ME: So what?

[08:57] ST: Will you do it?

[08:58] ME: Oh yeah the snake bitch thing

[08:58] ST: Travel through time and get the machine to help get iain and you back together in reality?

[08:58] ST: ... and that :::P

[08:59] ME: I think I will, at least once I get my time travel powers on and working properly

[08:59] ME: I don't really want to risk anything.

[08:59] ME: Again.

[09:00] ST: Yay! :::D

[09:00] ST: you wouldl have to be sneaky though

[09:00] ST: there is a lot of security in the lab
[09:01] ME: Well damn
[09:01] ME: will it be some sort of professional time data stealing shenaniganing?
[09:01] ST: what
[09:01] ST: umm :::S
[09:02] ME: Nevermind that I guess
[09:02] ST: youre just taking THE DREAMCIBILE and puttign it in your world
[09:02] ST: switch it on
[09:02] ST: and we have a two-way system to the dream bubbles
[09:02] ST: easy!!!
[09:02] ME: some sort of get in and out of dream bubbles whenever you want machine?
[09:02] ST: yeah, but...
[09:03] ST: i need to fidn the other one >>>__<<<
[09:03] ST: i know its in this dream bubble cluster
[09:03] ST: but where exactly is a mystery
[09:03] ST: oh jegus if kobalt go that thing....
[09:03] ME: wait you are working with Neptua and Iain?
[09:04] ST: not neptua
[09:04] ST: unless our kismeis is back on xxxD
[09:04] ST: kismesis*
[09:04] ST: but iain said he would think about it
[09:04] ME: Iain did ask me about the machine
[09:05] ST: oh goody!
[09:05] ME: but I don't really know if I can trust th idea knowing you are part of the plan.
[09:05] ST: oh CUM ON.
[09:05] ST: come*
[09:05] ST: i said come.
[09:05] ME: No please tell me tha was not intentional.
[09:05] ST: it wasnt. not all surpressed sexual desire
[09:05] ST: LOOK.
[09:06] ST: do you want to see your boyfriend again or not?!
[09:06] ME: Boyfriend is a big word
[09:06] ST: not really
[09:06] ME: I don't know, I really want to help him.
[09:06] ST: yes
[09:06] ST: look, think of this as well
[09:06] ST: if your game goes wrong
[09:07] ST: you can evacuate into the dfream bubble, disconnect the dream crucible
[09:07] ST: and be safe without the horror of dying
[09:07] ST: we could use some new settigns from your memories anyway
[09:07] ME: Sounds like a good plan
[09:08] ME: if it wasn't for your involvement.
[09:08] ST: why do you hate me???
[09:08] ST: i have different sexual intentions than others, so?!
[09:08] ST: ((brb))
[09:09] ME: Well there are people with weird sexual intentions normally but they generally don't show them publicly in this sort of way
[09:09] ME: unless it is really a troll thing
[09:09] ME: in that case I could understand
[09:09] ME: but just a bit.

[09:10] ME: We are drifting out of the point pretty hard I guess anyway.

[09:10] ST: ye

[09:11] ST: so, will you do it???

[09:11] ST: will you steal the dreamcible???

[09:11] ST: ((this could make for an awesome sneak bit in murr's game btw)))

[09:12] ME: Maybe I will

[09:12] ME: but just for Iain, whatever your plans are.

[09:12] ST: oh FINE THEN.

[09:12] ST: but we have a deal

[09:12] ST: now first, i would suggest you make a time travelling item so you can travel without fucking up

[09:12] ST: again

[09:13] ME: Just one thing

[09:13] ST: >>>____>>>

[09:13] ME: I will not do it until I will get into whatever the God tier thing is.

[09:13] ST: okay, deal

[09:13] ST: in which case get to your quest cocoon and die there

[09:13] ST: and then ascend

[09:14] ME: Yes I think I did get how it works by now

[09:14] ME: sort of.

[09:14] ST: everyone in my session got to god tier so y'know ;;)

[09:14] ST: we were all so good at the game

[09:14] ST: pwned the black king in 5 minutes if i remember

[09:14] ME: and still failed?

[09:14] ST: ...yes

[09:15] ST: there's a reason why i'm the only pre-scratch troll

[09:15] ST: and i'm not saying why for the rest of my life

[09:15] ME: I don't really wish to hear it.

[09:15] ME: Just tell me one thing

[09:15] ME: what about the snake bitch plan.

[09:15] ST: killing her?

[09:16] ST: well this is the great part

[09:16] ME: Yeah, why do you want to do it?

[09:16] ST: she is going to "accidentally" find out about this dream crucible

[09:16] ST: then with her bitchy midn will hopefully go to get your prize

[09:16] ST: and then we can kill her in the flesh

[09:16] ST: again

[09:17] ST: and then we go in and double kill her

[09:17] ST: ((just a min again))

[09:17] ME: If what you say it's true I guess I don't really have a choice?

[09:17] ME: ((also one thing, we are pretending Kaarme is dead by now?))

[09:18] ST: ((well dead as in real-body-dead but spirit-stuff-in-dream-bubble))

[09:18] ST: Yup, no choice

[09:18] ST: but if you did have a choice it would be a hobson's one ;;)

[09:18] ME: ((well I was thinking she would be still alive by now regardless of what happened on the trolls session))

[09:19] ME: ((but I was thinking about actually having an alt universe Kaarme))

[09:19] ME: ((ya know how Vriska's timeline did split at one point no?))

[09:19] ST: ((oh yeah))

[09:19] ST: ((maybe this is alpha kaarme?!))

[09:19] ST: ((i dont know, you can decide))
[09:19] ME: ((yeah we will pretend this one is the actual alpha))
[09:19] ST: sooo,
[09:20] ST: i better be off now
[09:20] ST: foudn a cartel execution online, shoudl be fun ;;;D
[09:20] ME: Oh god.
[09:20] ME: Have fun I guess?
[09:20] ST: oh i will
[09:20] ST: I. Will. ;;;P
[09:20] ST: byeee!

-- ginormousHashtag [GH] began trolling coralPimp [CP] at 11:41 --

[11:41] GH: [#yolo](#)
[11:41] CP: Oh hey, jerran
[11:41] GH: #(Hello, [#Neptua](#))
[11:42] CP: mu\$hht be bored if you came to me,nhuh?
[11:42] GH: #(So,_how_are_you_doing?)
[11:42] CP: eh
[11:42] GH: #(Yeah...)
[11:42] CP: a bit moody
[11:42] GH: #(Oh.)
[11:42] GH: #(Too_bad.)
[11:42] CP: it\$h not that bad,
[11:42] CP: im pretty \$hure itll pa\$h\$h
[11:42] CP: i think...
[11:42] GH: #(Good,_then.)
[11:42] CP: any new\$h from the landdweller\$h ;P
[11:43] GH: #(I_was_actually_wondering:)
[11:43] GH: #(Want_to_play_a [#Game](#)?)
[11:43] CP: ... what type of game?
[11:43] GH: #(An [#Extreme Roleplaying Game](#))
[11:43] CP: um
[11:43] CP: i dont know much about that, but
[11:43] GH: #(Fashta_found_the_code_for_it_in_some_temple.)
[11:43] CP: ...temple?
[11:44] CP: what type of temple?
[11:44] GH: #(Yes,_that_weird [#frogtemple thing](#).)
[11:44] GH: #(Haven't_you_heard_about_that?)
[11:44] CP: Oh. Frog\$h.
[11:44] CP: Not really, \$hhouidl i have?
[11:44] GH: #(Well,_it_was_all_over_my [#Blogs](#)...)
[11:45] CP: oh them!
[11:45] GH: #(but_that's_fine!)
[11:45] CP: yeah, i mean to read them
[11:45] GH: #(No [#problem](#).)
[11:45] CP: but then i get cuaght up on other thing\$h
[11:45] CP: like, um
[11:45] GH: #(Don't_worry_about_them.)
[11:45] CP: yeah
[11:45] GH: #(Anyway,_want_to_play_a_game?)

[11:45] CP: Can you de\$cribe it a bit more?
[11:46] GH: #(Not_really.)
[11:46] GH: #([#Fashta said it was too complicated for even her to read...](#))
[11:46] CP: well that\$h not good
[11:46] CP: \$heign a\$h \$he i\$h
[11:46] CP: you know,
[11:46] CP: computery
[11:46] GH: #(Yes,_very...)
[11:47] GH: #(She_said_it_doesn't_look_world_endingly,_though.)
[11:47] CP: but \$he\$h got the game ready... without knowing what it \$hay\$h
[11:47] CP: oh!
[11:47] CP: really?
[11:47] CP: not world endingly
[11:47] CP: fanta\$h!ic!
[11:47] CP: yeah \$hure ill play!~
[11:47] CP: why not, im pretty bored anyway
[11:47] CP: hah
[11:47] GH: #(Haha,_good!)
[11:47] CP: phew
[11:47] CP: \$ho, can you \$hed me the game?
[11:48] GH: #(Just_doing_that_right)
[11:48] GH: #(Now.)
[11:48] CP: got it
[11:48] CP: um, what now?
[11:48] GH: #(Well,_just_have_to_connect)
[11:48] GH: #(And_we're_on.)
[11:49] CP: yay!
[11:49] CP: ...i think?
[11:49] CP: wow fla\$hhy colour\$h
[11:49] GH: #([#Looooooooong loading screen,_yay.](#))
[11:49] CP: done :P
[11:49] CP: exabyte computer, it\$h brilliant
[11:49] GH: #(hey,_i_can_see_you!)
[11:49] CP: wait what
[11:49] CP: how?
[11:50] GH: #(You're_on_my_screen!)
[11:50] GH: #(I_can_see_your_entire_house.)
[11:50] CP: oh, you mean the big city
[11:50] CP: yeah
[08:23] GH: #(This_is_epic!)
[08:23] CP: it\$h an old ancient city
[08:23] CP: u\$hed to be empire\$h coa\$h!tal ba\$he
[08:23] GH: #(I_see.)
[08:23] CP: \$hank now, but it\$h \$htill pretty wonderful- woah woah
[08:23] CP: be careful with tho\$he camera\$h!
[08:23] CP: :\$h
[08:23] GH: #(Look,_I_can_move_stuff!)
[08:24] CP: i know, and i like having my camera\$h not being broken
[08:24] GH: #(Haha.)
[08:24] CP: right, what now?

[08:24] GH: #(Uhm,_I_can_do_some [#stuff](#).)
[08:24] CP: ...like?
[08:24] GH: #(Here,_I_can_make_your_room_bigger.)
[08:24] GH: #(Oh,_costs_me_some [#grist](#),_whatever_that_is)
[08:24] CP: wargh
[08:25] CP: that\$h...
[08:25] CP: \$hurreal?
[08:25] GH: #(That_might_be_the_right_word.)
[08:25] CP: yeah
[08:25] GH: #(there,_I_just_placed_this_huge_thing_in_your_room)
[08:25] GH: #(called_the)
[08:26] GH: #([#Cruxtuder](#))
[08:26] CP: what the hell i\$h that for
[08:26] GH: #(whatever_that_means...)
[08:26] GH: #(I_have_no_idea.)
[08:26] CP: ok, what el\$he can we do?
[08:27] GH: #(Here,_I_just_placed_an [#Alchemiter in that roofless building](#).)
[08:27] GH: #(Does_that_even_count_as_a_building?)
[08:27] CP: \$hort of
[08:27] CP: wa\$h a fountain \$hhrine thing
[08:27] CP: do\$hen't matter ill go out there now
[08:27] GH: #(I_guess_that's_what_you_expect_in_a [#ruined_city](#).)
[08:27] CP: yeah, hehe
[08:27] CP: ok, im here
[08:28] CP: ph thi\$h one i\$h weeird
[08:28] CP: it\$h a \$hhrine to \$home weird dark god
[08:28] CP: "Gey\$hhan"
[08:28] GH: #(There's_also_this [#Totem Lathe](#).)
[08:28] CP: \$omething like that
[08:28] GH: #(Also,_no_idea_what_that_means.)
[08:28] CP: put it down then, i gue\$h\$h
[08:28] GH: #(Uhm,_it's_pretty_narrow.)
[08:28] CP: put it to the wine hou\$he
[08:29] CP: it\$h ju\$ht over there
[08:29] GH: #(Should_fit_nicely_there.)
[08:29] CP: be\$hide the giant vat\$h of \$hopor wine>
[08:29] CP: ?*
[08:29] CP: thatll be fine
[08:29] GH: #(I_hope_so.)
[08:29] GH: #(Okay,_I_am_liking_this_game,_you_can_edit_the [#shit out of everything](#).)
[08:29] CP: anything el\$he?
[08:29] CP: dont edit too much
[08:30] GH: #(Maybe_not_the_best_place_to_put_that [#Hashtag](#).)
[08:30] CP: like, dont drop \$omething on to \$homethign preciou\$h
[08:30] GH: #(Anyway,_yes,_but_not_everything_is [#free](#))
[08:30] CP: hmm
[08:30] GH: #(This [#Punch Designix thingy costs something called #Shale for example](#).)
[08:30] CP: how do we get more?
[08:31] GH: #(I_don't_know.)
[08:31] GH: #(Oh,_this [#Pre-punched_Card](#)_is_free.)

[08:31] CP: well, we \$hould do what we can with what we have right now

[08:31] GH: #(Okay, if I did this right, it should be right on top of your [#head](#).)

[08:31] GH: #(Yes, I [#rule](#)!)

[08:32] CP: ow

[08:32] CP: :p

[08:32] GH: #(Okay, lots of [#heavy machinery](#).)

[08:32] GH: #(Try them out, I want to know what I achieved.)

[08:32] CP: \$ho what\$h thi\$h one be\$hide the \$hhrine called?

[08:33] GH: #(The [#Alchemiter](#)?)

[08:33] GH: #(I have seriously no idea what all those names mean.)

[08:33] GH: #(Maybe [#Fashta would know](#), haha.)

[08:33] CP: i need to take \$home pic\$h of thi\$h

[08:33] CP: let me go get my camer

[08:33] CP: a

[08:33] CP: in fact...

[08:33] CP: wait a minute

[08:33] CP: can you ju\$h pick it up for me?

[08:33] CP: CAREFULLY.

[08:34] GH: #(I got [#screenshots](#), if that matters.)

[08:34] GH: #(But sure.)

[08:34] CP: thank you

[08:34] CP: ((this is where you drop it))

[08:34] GH: #(There it is.)

[08:34] GH: #(Oh, I dropped it.)

[08:34] GH: #(I hope it's not broken.)

[08:34] GH: #(Wait, I dropped it right on that big thing.)

[08:34] GH: #(The [#Cruxtuder](#).)

[08:35] CP: oh,

[08:35] GH: #(i guess I couldn't get it through the [#ceiling of your house](#).)

[08:35] CP: well then

[08:35] GH: #(But now the thing is being all weird.)

[08:35] CP: wait lemme \$hee

[08:37] CP: what the hell i\$h goign on here

[08:36] GH: #(It was all [#light and then this stuff came out](#).)

[08:36] GH: #(What is that blue thing?)

[08:36] GH: #(I'm not even sure if it's actually blue or just blue because of the ocean light effect s...)

[08:36] CP: i dont know

[08:36] CP: but it might fit in \$omething el\$he?

[08:36] CP: like,

[08:36] CP: another game thing?

[08:37] GH: #(Probably.)

[08:37] CP: what could it fit in...

[08:37] GH: #(Put it into something, one of those machines)

[08:37] CP: whcih one?

[08:37] GH: #(I don't know, it looks like it would fit on that [#pedestral on the Alchemiter](#).)

[08:38] GH: #(Or maybe in that Totem Lathe thingy.)

[08:38] CP: ill try the totem lathe

[08:38] CP: ive got \$home kind of hunch
[08:39] CP: you \$hpilled \$home \$shopor wine
[08:39] CP: coddamnit jerran
[08:39] GH: #(Whoops,_sorry.)
[08:39] CP: fine,
[08:39] GH: #([#fine_wine?](#))
[08:39] GH: #([#Wink](#))
[08:39] CP: lol
[08:39] CP: xP
[08:39] CP: right im putting it in
[08:39] GH: #(It_seems_to_fit.)
[08:40] CP: aaaand nothing\$h happening
[08:40] GH: #(What_is_that_little [#slot?](#))
[08:40] GH: #(Can_you_put_something_in_that?)
[08:41] CP: the onyl thign that fit\$h i\$h
[08:41] CP: oh!
[08:41] CP: the card
[08:41] CP: lemme put that in
[08:41] GH: #([#Worth_a_shot](#))
[08:42] CP: woah what\$h happening now
[08:42] GH: #(It's_carving_it,_I_think.)
[08:42] GH: #(Though_it_looks_exactly_the_same_to_me.)
[08:43] CP: \$ho what now
[08:43] CP: i \$huppo\$he we- WARGHHH
[08:43] CP: WHAT.
[08:43] CP: THE HELL.
[08:43] CP: I\$h THAT.
[08:43] GH: #(What?)
[08:44] CP: that light thing
[08:44] CP: the glowing thing
[08:44] CP: ill...
[08:44] GH: #(Oh,_I_see_it.)
[08:44] CP: ill attack it!
[08:44] GH: #(Okay,_this_is_just_weird.)
[08:44] CP: Canon Cannon, I choo\$he you!
[08:44] CP: aha, fight camera power bitch- oh
[08:45] CP: it\$h covered in bodaciou\$h black liquid \$horrow
[08:45] CP: and it\$h all \$htuck
[08:45] CP: coddmanit
[08:45] GH: #(Okay,_Neptua.)
[08:45] GH: #(I_think_I'm_gonna_update_my_media.)
[08:45] GH: #(You_just_get_rid_of_that_thing.)
[08:45] CP: oh wait it work\$h no- AGHHH
[08:46] GH: #(Whatever_that_is...)
[08:46] CP: TAKE THAT!
[08:46] CP: whatever you are...
[08:46] CP: i\$h it dead?
[08:46] GH: #(Indeed)
[08:46] GH: #(I_have_no_idea.)
[08:46] CP: erm

[08:47] CP: why doe\$h it now look like a cannon
[08:47] CP: ball
[08:47] GH: #(I_don't_know.)
[08:47] GH: #(Looks_weird.)
[08:47] CP: not only that, but a DARK CANNONBALL! :O
[08:47] GH: #(Not_any_weirder_than_it_already_did,_though.)
[08:47] CP: well, let\$h ignore it
[08:47] GH: #(Anyway,_as_I_was_saying,_I'll_speak_to_you_later,_alright?)
[08:48] CP: wait what?
[08:48] GH: #(I'm_just_going_to_check_up_on_all_my [#social_media](#).)
[08:48] CP: oh ok
[08:48] GH: #(While_you_can_try_to_figure_this_all_out.)
[08:48] CP: erm ok
[08:48] CP: \$hure
[08:48] CP: cya!
[08:48] GH: #(Yes,_bye.)
-- ginormousHashtag [GH] gave up trolling coralPimp [CP] at 20:48 --

-- professorGenesis [PG] began pestering mentalEngineer [ME] at 18:27 --

[06:27] PG: Salutations good girl.
[06:28] ME: what
[06:28] PG: This is Gear Ratchet, yes/
[06:28] PG: Apologies, I meant "?"
[06:29] ME: We are unsssorry to let you know that the actual Gear Ratchet isss away ffuck ssshenaniganing sssomewhere I dont even damn know and I am jussst a robot being bored the ffuck out.
[06:29] PG: That is unfortunate./
[06:29] ME: Indeed it isss.
[06:29] PG: As I need her for a certain task pertaining to saving the fucking multiverse.
[06:30] PG: But all right then, we shall let her peers fall from their cardboard pantheon in a trail of ember snow.
[06:31] ME: I could accept the noble tasssk off lissstening through variousss pointlessssss multiuniverssse bullssshitting
[06:31] ME: not like I didnt have enough off that already.
[06:31] PG: This does not pertain to you. It pertains to Gear, Witch of Time.
[06:31] PG: You are simply the ancestor to a snake-esque bitch.
[06:32] PG: Locked inside the hollow shell of a robotic carcass.
[06:32] PG: All due respect.
[06:32] ME: Look who you callin' a bitch
[06:32] PG: Kaarme Elapid.
[06:32] ME: who?
[06:32] PG: A troll who types like you.
[06:33] PG: You cinsider her as a "copyfeline".
[06:33] PG: consider*
[06:33] PG: terribly sorry.
[06:33] ME: Oh
[06:33] ME: ffuck
[06:33] PG: When in fact it is you who has stolen her half-baked identity!
[06:33] PG: Oh, the plot twists, they are electric these non-days.
[06:33] ME: I do not think I did ssstole anything

[06:34] ME: but I ssshall agree I wasss a bit out off control earlier

[06:34] PG: Steal. Steal is the correct tense.

[06:34] ME: SSSteal, yesss.

[06:34] PG: Present tense, that is, is the correct one to be equipped in linguistics.

[06:34] PG: But I digress, I need to speak to Gear.

[06:34] ME: Wait

[06:35] ME: what do you know about thisss "Kaarme"?

[06:35] PG: I know she is a potential danger,

[06:35] PG: but not nearly as dangerous as

[06:35] PG: HIM.

[06:36] ME: Isss thisss where the conversssation cutsss ssshort to leave me with the gifft off doubt off who sssaid "HIM" iss?

[06:36] PG: No, that would be cheap an ridiculous.

[06:36] PG: and*

[06:36] PG: Apologies for my messy spelling.

[06:36] PG: "HIM" has many names,

[06:36] PG: Although for now I shall refer to him as

[06:36] PG: Dr Sleep.

[06:37] ME: isss he like asssleep?

[06:37] PG: No.

[06:37] ME: isss he a sssleepy head?

[06:37] PG: He controls the river of sleep, however.

[06:37] PG: And he is eternally-vigilant.

[06:37] PG: ...Unless I get Gear to help me.

[06:38] ME: Okay I did not get halff a ffuck off what that meanss

[06:38] ME: I am sssorry ffor not being able to redirect to her

[06:38] PG: You are not meant to.

[06:38] PG: Your role is... certainly anonymous.

[06:38] PG: But Gear is a pivotal chain in this solution.

[06:38] PG: Where is she anyway?

[06:39] ME: SSShe hasss been through quite a lot I sssee?

[06:39] ME: I jussst know ssshe wasss about to get in a sssort off multidimenssional misssssion to recover sssome sssort off machine

[06:39] PG: ...Oh.

[06:39] ME: ssshe could be anywhere ass off now.

[06:39] PG: That is not good.

[06:39] PG: What is this machine?

[06:40] ME: a dreambluhsssomething

[06:40] PG: Dreamcibile?

[06:40] ME: Yesss I think it isss it.

[06:40] PG: The harrowing chorus of the Squiddles still lives, it seems.

[06:41] PG: But this is only a slight deviation to the operation.

[06:41] PG: In fact, as long as we act swift, it will aid us in our endeavours.

[06:41] ME: I did talk with the sssnake ffew minutess ago

[06:42] ME: and ssshe ssseemsss to be able to sssee what ssshe wantsss

[06:42] ME: or sssome sssort off bullssshit like that

[06:42] ME: I could assk her to tell me where Gear iss

[06:42] PG: That would be quite good.

[06:43] PG: My chat can extend before the quantum strain of time so her location as of on the timeline will not be a problem.

[06:43] PG: I have not spoken to Kaarme for a long time.

[06:44] ME: Do you have any ssort off relation with her?

[06:44] PG: No, I just conversed with her occasionally.

[06:44] PG: Tried to support her through her session.

[06:45] PG: Before their melodramatic nonsense pulled killed most of the fuckers.

[06:46] ME: Wasss ssshe any good at it at leassst?

[06:46] ME: I being her ancessstorsss ssshould be quite worried I guessssss

[06:46] ME: ssshe doesss ssseem kind off arrogant.

[06:46] PG: Quite. Unlike her dancestor, haha.

[06:46] ME: I don't think I know what a dancessstor iss.

[06:47] PG: It is the descendant of an individual placed in the shoes of the individual prior to a retelling of a cosmos.

[06:47] PG: Quite a simple concept.

[06:48] PG: But then again, I am near-omniscient, so that doesn't exactly mean much.

[06:48] ME: More non-sssenssse ffor my poor robotic eyesss

[06:48] ME: sssorry iff I did even assk

[06:48] PG: Apology accepted.

[06:48] ME: anyway, it ssseemsss like Gear iss on sssome ssort off difffferent land

[06:48] ME: and wasss closse to the Rick human

[06:48] ME: no idea who he iss obvioussly.

[06:48] PG: Hmm.

[06:49] ME: SSShe iss not conciousss at the moment.

[06:49] PG: Rick... hehe.

[06:49] PG: Well I shall skip ahead until she is ready.

[06:49] PG: This has been a delightful conversation. I hope to converse again.

[06:49] ME: Yesss exusss me iff thiss did ssseem like a ssort off wassste off time.

[06:49] ME: I hope ssso.

[06:49] PG: It was, but without waste what is substance?

[06:50] PG: Now I better be off, I have guests.

[06:50] ME: SSSee ya, black dude whoever you are.

[06:50] PG: Professor Genesis, Mercanaria.

[06:50] PG: Professor Genesis.

-- professorGenesis [PG] began pestering elegantViperidae [EV] at 16:38 --

[04:38] PG: Salulations.

[04:38] EV: what the hell

[04:38] PG: Kaarme,

[04:38] PG: is it not?

[04:39] PG: homebound*

[04:39] PG: ((no delete dat))

[04:39] PG: ((wrong convo >__<))

[04:39] PG: ((aka ill delte it))

[04:39] EV: ((lel))

[04:39] EV: yesss

[04:40] PG: How's the session?

[04:40] EV: ffucked up ass it ssshould be

[04:40] EV: and who the ffuck are you

[04:40] PG: Or shall I banish small talk and subtle introductions to the cornor of unthought thoughts and get to the business of ascending you to a goddess?

[04:41] EV: what

[04:41] PG: Power is somethign you deserve, no?
[04:41] PG: ((i will fix dese typos))
[04:41] PG: After all, the Horrorterrors and even me conclude you shall be the ruler of all.
[04:42] EV: what the ffuck are you talking about
[04:42] EV: ruler off what
[04:42] PG: A universe!
[04:42] PG: That is the aim of the game
[04:44] EV: a universsse what
[04:44] PG: Have you not relaized that so late into?
[04:44] PG: the game?
[04:44] PG: The other trolls are pathetic, no?
[04:44] EV: i jussst know the game ffucked up our planet
[04:44] EV: and yesss ffuck they are
[04:44] PG: But they will rule YOUR RIGHTFUL cosmos!
[04:44] PG: if we do not fix thigns
[04:45] PG: Som I need you to do errands
[04:45] EV: what kind off errandsss
[04:45] PG: I need you to find something
[04:46] PG: It is called
[04:46] PG: teh Dreamcibile
[04:46] PG: ((typos i hate you))
[04:46] EV: the what
[04:46] PG: The Dreamcibile.
[04:46] PG: it is a powerful device
[04:47] PG: that will gain you acsess to this game's afterlife.
[04:47] PG: And we have detected the source of it is here
[04:47] PG: in this incisphere!
[04:49] EV: i dont get a sssshit but im in iff that meanss i can get rid off thessse pathetic wassste off a trollkind
[04:49] PG: it will
[04:49] PG: it is most defintley here
[04:50] PG: I shall reply to you again when you have found it
[04:50] PG: Goodbye.
[04:50] EV: wait
[04:50] EV: what am I sssuppossed to look out ffor
[04:50] PG: It looks like a box, with a strange green symbol on its side
[04:51] PG: it also has an antennae which has a glowign orb on its top
[04:51] PG: I must leave now, I have guests
[04:51] PG: Goodbye.
[04:51] EV: ffine then
[04:51] EV: sssee ya
[04:51] PG: Yes, if you wish to use that colleqial term.

[17:54] -- coralPimp [CP] began trolling elegantViperidae [EV] at 17:54 --
[17:54] CP: Got to the next gate yet?
[17:54] CP: Need to hurry up, your beign \$ho \$hlow!
[17:55] EV: im not ssslow
[17:55] EV: im dayum planning thisss all along
[17:55] CP: Yeah well,
[17:55] CP: your plan\$h are, no offe\$hne,

[17:55] CP: prettty bad
[17:56] EV: dude
[17:56] CP: you think \$ho elaboratley it alway\$h end\$h up with you fallign flat on your face!
[17:56] EV: do you even RPG
[17:56] CP: no, i dont pkay your \$htupid game\$h
[17:56] EV: what
[17:56] EV: who yo callin ssstupid
[17:57] CP: You!
[17:57] CP: Look, \$hee how angry you're getting...
[17:57] CP: I knew it
[17:57] CP: you want thi\$h a\$h well, don't you?
[17:57] EV: want what
[17:57] CP: ...you know
[17:57] EV: I jussst want to get through thisss godayum gate
[17:58] EV: without you assssss raping my earsss
[17:58] EV: with your bullss****sss
[17:58] CP: dayum youre \$ho hot when you \$hay that
[17:58] EV: what
[05:03] CP: \$ho I wa\$h thinking
[05:03] CP: maybe,
[05:04] CP: we \$hould get into a ki\$hme\$hitude?
[05:04] EV: what
[05:04] EV: no
[05:04] CP: ...Why not?
[05:04] CP: I eman,w e both really hate each other
[05:04] CP: your annoying, you find me annoying...
[05:05] CP: it\$h perfect!
[05:05] EV: I dessspisse every sssingle one off you assssssholesss
[05:05] EV: no prefference
[05:05] CP: ...but
[05:05] EV: and I already have an halff moirailagiance over my assssss
[05:05] EV: or how you ssspell it
[05:05] CP: that\$h the oppo\$hite \$hide of the quadrant\$h!
[05:05] CP: come on, would it really hurt?
[05:06] EV: I dont ffucking care im jussst doing it to make HER ssshut up
[05:06] CP: who\$he her
[05:06] EV: who do you think iss the one who ssstalksss the ffuck out off my relationssship
all day
[05:06] EV: except you iff you ever did
[05:06] EV: i dont care actually
[05:06] CP: oh
[05:07] CP: look,
[05:07] CP: au\$hprice
[05:07] CP: au\$hprice at lea\$ht
[05:07] CP: maybe you could get Tache
[05:07] CP: or touche
[05:07] CP: or whatever
[05:07] EV: ffuck no
[05:07] EV: i dont want more ssshitty quadrantsss in all thisss messssss
[05:07] CP: I HATE YOU< KAARME

[05:07] CP: Why dont you hate me back?
[05:08] CP: im an a\$h\$hhole!
[05:08] CP: an anti\$hocial, hermit!
[05:08] CP: what\$h not to HATE
[05:08] CP: all i want i\$h a black quadrant filled
[05:08] CP: ONE quadrant
[05:08] CP: and the caliginous\$h one?
[05:08] CP: it\$h the ea\$hie\$hht!
[05:08] CP: e\$hpecially with a bitch liek you
[05:08] EV: okay ssshould i make a ffucking lissst off what i hate about every sssingle one off you
[05:09] CP: GO FUCKIGN AHEAD
[05:09] CP: maybe youll find \$home better a\$h\$hhole
[05:09] CP: there\$h plenty!
[05:09] CP: JU\$hT REMEMBER TO PUT YOUR\$hELF ON TOP OF THE LI\$hT
[05:09] CP: CUA\$hE THAT\$h WHERE YOU BEONG< FUCKTARD
[05:10] EV: okay there are the lowbloodsss which are mossstly annoying becaussse they are lowbloodsss and they sssuck hard
[05:10] EV: then there iss zeevio which iss a jussstice ffanatic ffishsshasssssshole
[05:10] CP: \$htop that, youre makign me hate you mroe than i do
[05:10] EV: Jerran iss an halff assssss ffucked bullssshitty dreamy head asssssshole
[05:10] CP: i dont need the hate
[05:11] EV: FFassshta breaksss my ssshitsss ssso hard with her ssseriousssnessssss I almosst cry thinking about her
[05:11] CP: I DONT NEED THE HATE, IVE GOT ENOUGH FROM YOU
[05:11] CP: you and your \$htuid a\$h\$hholi\$h \$hexy \$hnakene\$h\$h
[05:11] CP: you and your \$htupid blood ra\$hci\$h
[05:11] CP: you and your \$htupid megalomania
[05:11] CP: you and your \$htupid...
[05:11] CP: FUCK
[05:11] EV: you ssseem upssset
[05:12] CP: NO.
[05:12] CP: \$hHIT>
[05:12] EV: the burnsss man
[05:12] EV: i thought you did live underwater
[05:12] CP: Ive been rejected from the bigge\$h a\$h\$hhoel of all time, the one ive hated for year\$h
[05:12] EV: how can it burn ssso much
[05:12] EV: ssshit how ironic iss thisss
[05:12] EV: look at thisss ssshit
[05:12] EV: thisss could put up a godamn comic ssshow
[05:12] CP: you \$hee? you keep on doing it
[05:13] CP: you keep on pu\$hhing
[05:13] CP: thi\$h i\$h why i hate you \$ho much
[05:13] CP: thi\$h i\$h why ive dreamed about being in a ki\$hme\$hitude wiht you for \$ho long
[05:13] CP: cau\$he you dont.
[05:13] CP: \$htop
[05:13] CP: pu\$hhing
[05:13] CP: im gonna prove to you that
[05:13] EV: doesss it mean

[05:13] EV: i have ffull control over you hormonesssssewhatever that ssshit isss

[05:14] CP: im the a\$h\$hhole you \$hould get black with

[05:14] EV: damn

[05:14] CP: mark my word\$h, youll \$hee

[05:14] CP: Youll. \$hee.

Minecraft Fanfic

*A void,
Devoid of life,
Yet from the eternal darkness,
They come!*

*The holy flow of Water,
And the sinful deity of Flame,
Encircling each other for eternity,
Through the bleak wasteland of Anti!*

*They clash in a war,
And from their carnage,
The Obsidian World Comes!
Orbiting through The End.*

*From the crystal pools,
They come!
The great dove of Aether,
And the Beast of Overwurrld!*

*Yet from the dark crevices of Flame,
They come!
The fiery dragon of Nether,
And the masterful deity of Ender!*

*Yet the Battle is not over,
And each god joins a side,
Leaving a broken world,
Full of Islands and Bone.*

*As the Ender mourns his lost empire,
Aether, Overwurrld and Nether,
Fly further through the void,
Their sighs...*

...Becoming life.

CHAPTER 1

`Three feathers for a pig!`

`Two fish for the price of one!`

`Get your cows here! All the cows you need!`

John ignored the cries of the Market, as he brushed past merchants begging you to buy their merchandise. Pushing past entrepreneurs begging him to buy their new livestock, the traveller rolled his eyes at how desperate men were to feed themselves. You could see it in their grey eyes, their pinched faces, and their frail limbs. Everyone was feeling hungry, even in the “wonderful” Stronghold, where all humans were safe from the Pureblood Wars. John eventually got out of that mass of trading, thievery and hunger, on to a spacious square, paved in Cobblestone. A fountain spewed out clear water graciously, into a diamond-encrusted gold pool. Rich, plump people bathed inside, drinking the clear water straight from the lakes from the Spikes. Some were naked, splashing the aqua over their big bosoms, or over their immaculate, glossy hair.

A giant of a woman, with red lipstick spread across her face, winked at John. He shuddered.

He had seen similar girls do the same gesture to him on his travels, mainly young barmaids in small cabin villages.

And why not? He was muscular. His face was clear-cut, and the ginger stubbles that covered his face seemed to cause libidos everywhere rise sky-high. His auburn hair was short, yet soft (as many had told him, when he found them in his bed after a drinking tournament). He was also quiet, which some took as cute. Some were unnerved by his silence, which seemed to never end.

But the thing that deterred girls the most was his eyes. Always looking through you, then a few seconds later looking for your weaknesses. The grey pupils were stormy, and analysed his surroundings in microscopic detail. He wouldn't forget anything he saw.

And then, the thing that deterred beautiful girls from John the most was his brother.

On cue, Steve broke through the crowd of malnourished sellers.

He mumbled incoherently.

“There you are!” John exclaimed indignantly. “Where have you been?”

“Pigs.” He slurred, as he opened his mouth into a wild, mucus filled cough.

One of his yellowed, rotten molars fell to the ground.

Steve grinned toothlessly, laughing dimly to the world around him.

John's face creased into irritation.

“Come, on brother,” he said wearily, pulling his grubby tweed blue shirt to get him to move. The obese baroness had stopped winking at the idiot's brother now, after seeing the unwashed abysmal thing that was “Steve.”

Instead, her mouth was in a giant oval, as she attempted to get away from the octopus-like lips of a Duke held on her upper body, and the hobo only meters away from her.

Steve's eyes widened in delight, as his tongue drooled out like a dog.

Seeing this, the woman shrieked in hilarious horror, and ran away to her stately mansion, nude.

John chuckled.

Stupid Creativas. He thought. *Did you really expect that having public sex in a fountain wasn't going to get a drooling vegetable barely through puberty aroused?*

The tired duo soon got to mediocre housing. Mainly cobblestone towers, irregularly shaped, filled to the brim with loud, drunk and drugged humans. Sometimes there were a few towers that had more space; home to pubs, joints and brothels.

Steve started to drool when peeking through one such brothel.

"Sorry, brother," John said, pulling his delinquent away from the lustful window. "Even if we gave those whores Creativa, they still wouldn't get in bed with you."

Steve heard the words, but they meant nothing to him but nonsensical words. So, he still resisted, trying to get a look at the intimate scene he had just glanced at.

"Sex." He moaned, like a puppy craving for food.

John ignored him.

The poor towers soon turned into wooden shacks, filled with modest families.

In one house, Steve caught glance at a table lined with beef and pork from their farm outside, and immediately started to drool.

"Food?" he questioned, like a snivelling toddler who craved for an ice cream.

John shook his head, and sighed. "No. We can get some later, but not right now."

But what was the point of speaking to him? His brain didn't work at all, except for telling him to eat, sleep and shit.

So, as John walked into spacious whitewashed mansions lined with beautiful gardens, Steve still moaned "Food!"

"Oi!"

A metal man walked towards John. Immediately, he stopped.

"Get out of here," the Golem guard grunted, underneath his heavy iron plated armour.

"Yer getting into Creativa territory. Fuck off, or 'ail stab ye through with my sword."

To prove his point, the muscular man pointed his massive broadsword at John's chest, glinting menacingly yet beautifully in the sunlight.

"We are here to have an audience with The Capes." John said intimidatingly.

"Do ye have a pass?"

John frowned, as he got a tighter grip on Steve, running around in circles over the gravel.

"A pass? What do you mean?"

"Ever'one needs a pass noo tae see Th' Capes."

"But the law says that anyone can get an audience with The Capes!" John exclaimed in confused anger.

"Not anymore ye cannae."

"Since when?"

"Since now."

John was speechless in fury now. His left hand grasped his dagger, and his other hand closed on Steve like an iron vice.

Steve whimpered.

"Hot! Sorey Hot!"

"Shut up, will ye?" the guard said, his face in a sneer under his mask.

John moved closer towards the guard, until his face was staring into his two slit holes.

"Let us through. Or I will kill you."

The brutal armoured thug laughed.

"Gae ahead, then!" he said, chuckling.

In seconds, he was gasping in pain.

Trembling, he looked down to see a dagger right between two thin lines of metal plates, probed into his skin.

A thin trail of crimson left the wound.

The gatekeeper squeaked out, collapsing to the ground.

John mercilessly kicked the trembling Iron Golem, his boot making contact with the brutes face, reverberating loudly through his cranium.

The guard, spluttering, moaned in pain.

John kneeled down towards the withering soldier.

"I will *burn you* if you dare try and ensnare me in your mind games," He whispered.

He leaned in closer to the snivelling corpse.

"*Burn you.*"

"Never cross me, or I will make sure the Nether has a welcome party for your damned soul."

An injured Steve in tow, John walked away from the dying Golem.

Five minutes down the road lead to a giant, ornate golden gate.

With no guards around, John came to the conclusion that the guard he had just killed should have been here.

John pushed them open, and with his little brother in hand he walked up the diamond spiral.

Five thousand blocks of Creativa diamond, all stretching towards the sky, the staircase John walked over was the glittering link between the dreary poor and the exuberant rich.

A dangerous link as well; a wall of clouds is the only safety you have when ascending. Then again, Creativa people don't need to worry about such a thing as "falling."

Construkt (Second Half of Act A)

(See A-a-II for first half)

>Green Suun-Una: Wake.

You wake with a heartbeat in your head.

The room is as you left it. Well, with the exception of the Colonel.

Just like the urban myths on the forums said, he had no face. His face was a white ball, smooth, a faint cyan aura glowing from him like a lamp. His uniform was snow-white, dotted with a set of medals over his right breast. He sat cross-legged on the bed, fingers in a gun shape and resting on where his mouth should be, as if he was blowing away the smoke from a recent kill.

The white finger gun pointed to Suun-Una.

celestialHaiku: Do you know me?

celestialHaiku: Why are you here, I did not activate the box.

celestialHaiku: Colonel Sprite, fabled character of many creepypastas and snatchers of users from shady corners of the internet.

celestialHaiku: Now, am I a Sacrificial?

celestialHiaku: I have read the atrocities you have pitted against many a teen, you know.

celestialHaiku: So Skaianet?

celestialHaiku: You have the power of near-omniscience, you shouldn't have to follow the corporate law.

celestialHaiku: ...I understand.

celestialHiaku; I was prepared to enter aSCEnd , but I was still waiting on the order for my box. I was going to say my goodbyes first, but that luxury is now impossible.

celestialHaiku: I have every right to be nervous.

celesitalHaiku: Because...

celestialHaiku: Curiosity may kill the cat,

celestialHaiku: But the rumours say that I can become a goddess in this game.

celestialHaiku: ...Wouldn't we all leave for that fate?

The Colonel's fingers clicked. His head, impossible, expanded in seconds and became a tunnel. Green-Suun Una stood in the centre, looking at the liquid metal bubble at the end. The steel light at the end of the tunnel.

His voice echoed.

His voice dissipates into an inaudible echo.

>Walk.

You do.

The Grass Below

There is a green duvet

*down there,
and we must clean it
or brave the brown
of humanity's sh-*

blackWhite: Watcha doing?

You, Skaia, jump in surprise. Your pen drops to the floor.

risingAtmosphere: Ugh, *frère!* What are you doing here?

blackWhite: I dunno, just wanted to see what my sis was doing, what's wrong with that?

You roll your eyes. Batal-Fel never sleeps, too much energy, or sugar.
You gesture towards the notebook on the bed.

risingAtmosphere: Writing, *et toi?*

blackWhite: Wanting to sleep, but the bedcovers are itchy!

risingAtmosphere: Didn't the maid already change them?

blackWhite: Shrug. *Trop chaud.*

blackWhite: What's the poem about?

You sigh, look down at the inky scribbles you've made on the paper.

risingAtmosphere: It's meant to be about how beautiful the grass is and how humanity will eventually destroy it, but I'm adding too many Beat poetic elements to it and-

blackWhite: Yawn, *RASANT!*

risingAtmosphere: Oh yeah? What's cooler than this, huh?

blackWhite: AEROPLANES AND WARS! PEW PEW PEW!

Your brother starts to run in circles, shooting with his fingers at the air. You giggle. He might be annoying at times, but he was sweet.

risingAtmosphere: *D'accord, d'accord,* be quiet, you'll wake everyone up!

blackWhite: But I'm SO HYPER!!!

risingAtmosphere: Yes, but I want to sleep. Now come on, off to bed.

blackWhite: Aww, I don't wanna!

Batal plops to the floor cross-legged, a big frown on his face. It could almost be comical.

risingAtmosphere: Ah, fine, you can stay up a bit longer.

blackWhite: YAY! You're the best sister ever in the history of ever!

risingAtmosphere: Shh, calm!

risingAtmosphere: You're my best brother too.

blackWhite: In the history of ever?

risingAtmosphere: Yes, especially in the history of ever.

blackWhite: Promise?

risingAtmosphere: Promise.

Oh goddamnit. You're going to have to send those two to the hellish dimension of aSCEnd, won't you.

Goddamnit.

You are now Scratch. You are peering into the home of your targets, Skaia and Batal Chequa. The ledge along the side of the dome is pretty narrow, and you know that it just takes a slip and you'll tumble into the French countryside. No pressure or anything

In 72 hours you have hitched on to the Oriental Express, stolen a plane, crashed in the Swiss countryside, hitched on to another train, stolen a car in France and stealthily climbed the SkiDome. You could have one industrial strength coffee right now, that's for damn sure.

You better act quickly. You're not exactly very conspicuous on top of a giant glass dome. All it takes is a glance up and the game is up.

>Break in.

You do. With a sharp kick to the dome, a panel shatters. The fragments fall into the bedroom, along with yourself.

mobiusTrip: Stop harassing me damnit, I'm nervous using the internet! How do i not know when I'll get brainwashed?!

apocylapticPerfume: Shut up, stay focused, find out how to save my boyfriend.

mobiusTrip: Okay, okay... um, is this the right website?

apocylapticPerfume: I have no idea.

mobiusTrip: Oh hey, here it is... wait, what? "If your drug trip goes wrong, download this."? What?

apocylapticPerfume: Do it, we've gotta save my baby!

mobiusTrip: But-

apocylapticPerfume: DO IT!

mobiusTrip: Okay, okay, downloading... aSCEnd? What the hell is that?

apocylapticPerfume: Very colourful loading screen.

mobiusTrip: Okay, its finished... um, what now?

apocylapticPerfume: What... the hell are you? Am I still tripping?

apocylapticPerfume: Okay, deal, just save him.

mobiusTrip: Veil!

mobiusTrip: AHHHHH! Where are we?!

apocylapticPerfume: Heaven...? Yes, must be. This must be the tunnel to heaven. We must have overdosed.

nightBreak: Ugh...

apocylapticPerfume: AHHH! Baby, oh baby, are you alright?

nightBreak: Where... where are we?

apocaylpticPerfume: Oh baby, we're in heaven! Come on, follow me, we're going to Paradise!

nightBreak: W-what?

apocylpaticperfume: Come on, come on! Let's go!

risingAtmosphere: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

blackWhite: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

temporalKill: Woah, jeez, chill kids! I'm just an assassin. No wait, I'm not. I'm more like... the grim reaper?

risingAtmopshere: ...

blackWhite: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

You groan. These screams will have woken all of the security up.

You act quickly, dragging all the heavy furniture in the room to the door. The kids scream ever louder. When you try to remove the girl from her bed, she bites you.

temporalKill: Ah, fuck!

She throws her notebook at you. To your surprise, it hurts you.

temporalKill: Damn, that's a good throw... ever thought of being an assasain?

She throws a weak jab into your chest.

temporalKill: Eh, maybe not.

temporalKill: NOW PLEASE, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, SHUT UP!

They do. They stare gobsmacked, staring w=in wide terror at something behind you.

You turn around.

Colonel Sprite is smiling at you.

temporalKill: ...Oh god no.

temporalKill: Goddamnit, it was Doc that set me up, didn't he? He knew this would happen, didn't he?

colonelSprite:other did plan for this though, yes.

temporalKill: ...SO I guess I have to play too. Along with the kids.

temporalKill: Oh go and die.

With the click of white fingers , two terrified children and one defeated man appear in a white tunnel.

Penguin in A Web (Starbound Fanfic)

PROLOUGE

500 Years Ago, Selesnia 5

The Moondance Festival was well under way.

On the giant island raft of star pine, The State of The Art were amazing thousands over the galaxy with the Changeling Academy of Dance, who were busy playing out a Trejian epic, in the form of a waltz.

In the musicians section, critics were breaking out in tears at the beauty of Galaxy's Dust, the famous Liquid Death-Jazz band, while they soothed the audience with "Desert Exploration, Part 1." The bass player was not enjoying himself, though. He hated having to play the Quivarototo against his will, and all he wanted was to return to his home of Oqu'Y. To feel the desert wind in his hair, the smell of roasting Dunenuts in the heat of five suns... But then he feels the sharp electricity crackle through him, and he has to go back to playing his complex instrument for the next five hours.

Over in the Artists District, painters quivered in fear as a group of suave cynics came into their galleries, shaking their heads at pieces of art.

"Tone too weak," they murmured to each other. "Dimensions not abstract. Colour scheme too cliché too be considered 'art.'"

A blue skinned humanoid gulped down tears as her work was battered mercilessly. She reverted to biting her natural indigo nails.

In the heart of Literature City, famous Avian author DeLucan Notorio signed copy after copy of Neo-Books, his blue inked pen touching the tablets and leaving the permanent mark of his signature. He parried difficult questions about his life, and smiled at the mundane praise his fans gave him.

"How did you become a grounded, DeLucan?" a journalist asked, from *The District of Art* magazine.

"I LOOVE your books!" a pre-teen Ape squealed. "My favourite is *Lost Voyages from Star Oceans!* But I do feel that the main character should have gone for Heiui instead of Aquz because Aquz was with the Dark Sisterhood and so-"

After a whole signing, he went out into the streets, exhausted.

The blue alien sculptor left the gallery, anything to get away from the men that called her work terrible.

"On the other hand...when it comes to the artist...well, God surely sculpted one fine ass!" they said, laughing dirtily.

A tear left her eye.

Exhausted, Galaxy's Dust decided to go and find one of the many stalls in the temporary streets to fill their monstrous bellies. Along the way, they were asked to sign, play and become interviewees. No one bothered to ask Huan though. Everyone knew that he Bass Quivarototo player was mute. No one knew that it was because his tongue had been sliced out by his band.

Three different people, all stepping out at different parts of a vibrant festival at exactly 11:45 at night, on a beautiful planet covered in seas of ambrosia and cities of ancient marble and chrome black.

They didn't know it yet, but one day they would be gods.

CEO i of The State of The Art watched the festival below, as his airship hovered unnoticed above violet clouds.

It was a shame, but he knew that Selensia 5 would soon be destroyed. It was for a good cause though.

Below him, the festival was a mix of honest, creative people who want to make the galaxy a peaceful place, and corrupt people who care for nothing but them, their cult, or their bosses.

He had entered the world of Corporations to try and kill pitiful wars between the companies. He had promoted a pacifist stance, and hoped that corporations would understand that they couldn't just rule over everyone.

But he was ignored. Swept under the rug. Now, he had to take action.

"Computer, teleport the packages on board." He ordered.

"Yes sir." The computer replied, in a posh accent that might have been considered "Brytish" if such a thing existed in the Universe.

Three invisible beams targeted three people; an Avian smoking outside, stressed. A blue alien girl, weeping in the streets. A young teenager, human, glumly walking at the back of a band.

The beams intensified, and in a flash of light the targets had disappeared from the streets, and into the brig of the airship.

i grinned. Now, he could was away all the evil from the galaxy. All the presidents, dictators, gang leaders, criminals on bail...all were here, to celebrate the passing of the new Selensia year, 10'000 human years. They were all waiting for a firework celebration that had cost trillions of Pixels.

"Elevate." I commanded, and the ship rose until it was in the cold dark of space. Selensia 5 looked like a beautiful amber orb, when the first fireworks burst from the atmosphere, and the Universe celebrated the new Selensian year.

"Fire." i's command was clear.

A huge beam of red light penetrated into the planet. Red cracks appeared over the surface, criss-crossing over like a bloody net.

The light intensified, until the planet was a white hot sphere of cosmic flames.

The flames burnt the atmosphere, and the people there. No one survived.

The coldness of space entered the planets hot surface, and cooled down the rock that was holding the former utopia together.

The world shattered into dust.

Chapter 1

A tear of dew dropped from the lime green leaf, falling on to the fertile dirt below.

The distant caw of a multi-coloured bird, six-foot long, gliding through the clouds, echoed throughout the cliffs that sat proudly over the jungle landscape.

The trees gently blew in the wind.

One such tree, a tall thin trunk with a colourful haircut of deep blue leaves, exploded in a cloud of electricity and flame.

BOOM!

In a ball of laser, a whole clearing was left as nothing but black stumps.

Gadro ran through the trees, breathing heavily after crossing the miles of verdant forestry. In his two flippers he held a large cream egg, dotted with black spots. The abnormal thing about the spots? They were pulsating, slurping their way over the surface of the egg like bacteria.

Another ear-deafening explosion of crimson energy, along with a downpour of charcoal and leaves.

Gadro cringed, as his ears failed to make out any noise. With all his might, he ran even faster.

What had once been a peaceful hub of life was a burning mess, with the panicked screeches of animals reverberating throughout the world. The screeches soon died however, as a massive

behemoth crushed them with the silencing of a buzz saw.

It was as tall as a mountain, and covered in wasp yellow metal plates, fitted with machine gun turrets. All of them were firing at a penguin salesman. If that certain salesman hadn't hacked into their systems making the exobot's accuracy decrease dramatically, he would be dead now.

The whole robot was in the shape of a Throxian; half-wasp, half-man. The head was that of a Prazi Mantari, a vicious insect.

The two arms held lethal barge-sized circular saws, moving at the speed of sound. They effortlessly cut through the irritating cliffs that stood in front of them, revealing cores of magma. You could mark out the trail of the machine by looking for lakes of lava.

One such drip of liquid rock dripped off the side of the Jungax 9000.5, and splashed over four thousand variations of fauna and flora, melting them instantly. Gadro just missed being melted. Ion cannons appeared out of the mecha's shoulders, and fired trails of lightning-fast pale blue energy.

It penetrated the ground, and erupted into a dome of turquoise death.

Gadro, sweat sticking to the precious egg he held in his fins, was blown back by the sheer force of the particles around him disintegrating into flame. Screaming, he nearly let his prize go.

Miraculously, the penguin survived, and continued running.

"You can't escape, Gadro!" came the insane voice of C.M Ugron, head of GalactoWood, in Gadro's neural chip. "I am in a massive machine that can destroy worlds! What do *you* have, bird? Huh?" The voice in the cockpit of Jungix 9000.5 started to laugh again.

"I will try the Universe's Greatest Omelette," he said, laughing again. "I WILL TRY IT! MWHHAHAHAHA!"

Sheesh, Gadro thought. *All this effort for an omelette only five people have ever tried?*

"In...answer to your last question," Gadro said calmly, in the voice of a kid born and raised in Little Italianopila. "I have the greatest ally in the galaxy.

"Oh?" Urgon said, breaking into hysterical sniggering. "And who might that be?"

Gadro smirked, satisfied.

"Why, the Chrome Spider!" he said, now casually jogging, for Jungix had stopped moving.

Gadro could just imagine the CEO's face fall. "What did you say?" the boss murmured, as an alarm wailed in the background.

The penguin chuckled.

"The Chrome Spider, Carlos. And the Greatest Assassin in the Eighteen Clusters has just planted five anti-atom bombs on your wonderful logging machine!"

Gadro turned around, and waved at the command window, where he could just see Urgon prance around in terror.

"Now, excuse me, but I have to go before the Sanctuary X Foundation come and see how this horrible habitat has been mutilated by your company. I expect it to go bust! Maybe another company might buy it...maybe...oh, I don't know, but....maybe *me*?"

You could hear Urgon's lip quivering. "You...you...you bastard!"

Gadro smiled, now starting to run again, as the behemoth behind him started to collapse.

"No. Just business."

A high-pitched scream, the sound of flames erupting, metal falling, and then static.

Now that the penguin con artist was at a safe distance, he watched the robot's last moments.

The left leg was the first to go. Trillions of small atom-sized nanobots erupted from the cylinder, and immediately started to deconstruct matter until all that was left was... quite literally nothing.

And then again, on the head, as a curtain of metallic grey particles vaporised everything. Over the left arm, then the right, then the right leg...until the jungle was at peace again.

A lean figure landed in front of Gadro.

She was as thin as a stick, monochrome liquid sticks, which seemed to pulsate over various realities. Her hands, splayed on the ground, had small whips of extra-dimensional matter, as they dug into the ground and felt for any disturbances.

Her head, a faceless mask made of the same other-universally liquid that covered her body, looked at Gadro. Cocking her head, she slowly stood up straight, towering over the penguin at 9.3 feet.

A mouth parted in the waterfall of impossible fluid, and spoke some words.

"An easy task," the assassin said, in an emotionless yet beautiful voice. "I need more challenge."

Gadro nodded. "I know, I know...but I really needed this egg. I bet you Chef Xalsouir would hunt me down until he got the world's rarest egg."

On cue, a notification beeped in Gadro's ears. Using his brainwaves, he opened up the chat to the one eyed pile of sentient gel himself.

"Have you got the egg?" he asked, excited. "I must try the 8ar0ni0n Omellatea!"

"Give me the money, and I'll teleport it to you." The penguin said calmly.

The slimy master of cuisine replied. "Oh, of course, of course! Just give me the egg! Please!"

A new notification appeared in Gadro's neural chip. *200'000'000'000 Pixels added to your account from; Xalsouir Cooking Industries.*

Gadro grinned. *Foolish pile of gunk.*

"Now...." the Chef said, his liquid body vibrating in excitement. "The egg! Give me the egg!"

The confidence trickster laughed.

"Afraid not, Xal. You see, the Sanctuary X Foundation want this egg too! So...no omelette I'm afraid.

Oh well, you can always get a new one next 100'000'000 years! Bye!"

Before he could hear any abuse from Xalsouir, Gadro permanently blocked all contact from the Sludgei chef.

Gadro sighed. It had taken him a long time to get that egg, but it had been worth it. 200'000'000'000 Pixels worth it.

Suddenly, a new notification appeared in Gadro's head.

"Hello, Gadro." The calm, female Treeopoli voice said. "Have you got the egg?"

"Aye, give over the money and I'll teleport it to you.

"Of course. I know I can trust you, especially after saving that herd of Guialbolo back on Oqu'Y."

Gadro grinned. *Big mistake.*

600'000'000 Pixels added to your account.

"Now, please teleport the egg to-"

All communication to Sanctuary X Foundation permanently blocked.

The penguin chuckled.

"You know, Chrome Spider...people are still as gullible as they were five hundred years ago.

Now, how about an omelette?"

Chapter 2

]The Chrome Spider reluctantly prodded the gloop in front of her.

"You are not good at cooking." She commented, her faceless gaze staring straight at the sheepish penguin in front of her.

"No..." Gadro admitted, and stuck his fork into the runny yolk.

"You have also wasted one of the rarest eggs in the Universe. Clap clap. That was sarcasm. Is it good?"

Gadro looked up, left eye raised.

"Not really."

The assassin cocked its melting head.

Incoming message from Doneil

"Excuse me," Gadro muttered, as he left the table.

The penguin curled his fin into a fist in irritation. He may be able to manipulate, but Donelli was different. Childhood friends in their youth, the two criminals were mob boss and henchmen.

Gadro was the henchman.

I shouldn't be taking orders from anyone, he often thought to himself. *My intelligence far surpasses that douchebag.*

The problem was, that was a lie. Donelli was impossibly more manipulative and calculating than the flightless bird.

"Yes?" Gadro grumbled, really wanting to crush the neck of his Gashin boss.

"Gadro? Good. Come to Riv 3 now. Ulom Segment, Alley T186. I'll see you there."

Message ended.

Gadro gritted his teeth together in fury. No explanation from Donelli. No respect. Just orders.

And to think that he had protected me from those aristocratic kill-squads back then, Gadro thought darkly.

The bird sighed.

On the positive side, he thought, *I could get some business done. I'm sure there's room for another stall in the S'hian Market.*

Gadro turned around to find the dripping face of the Chrome Spider in front of him, like some kind of omnipotent ice cream.

"You are heading to Riv 3?" the being said, her body squelching off the roof. It landed perfectly with sixteen legs.

The con artist rolled his eyes, and muttered "yes."

"Because," the milky voice said, with no emotion. "Because if you didn't, I have my orders from Donelli. I am sure you would love another neural probe. Ha. He. Ha."

Gadro had to admit it was a very good attempt at humour. But he was still annoyed.

"Right, whatever, let's go."

"And the omelette?" The interdimensional ninja asked.

"Oh, just throw it away. It was more a gloopy mess anyway." Gadro stormed into the cockpit.

The Chrome Spider let out a smile. She felt it was appropriate for the moment.

Riv 3 was originally a phenomenon of the Universe.

No other planet in the whole of the Eighteen Clusters was like Riv 3. While every single other habitable world was made of rock, this one didn't. It was a world of red clouds and salmon sky.

No core, no plant life... just an abundance of clouds and that mix of chemicals which makes breathable air.

When discovered, science stations descended on this impossible biosphere. How could there be a breathable atmosphere without any plant life? If there is no core, how come things still fall?

Those questions have never been answered. And for now, it looks like they never will.

The world of Gackwi had just been destroyed by the Left-Handed Church of the Pitras, and the Gawa were left homeless.

Much to the scientist's dismay, they started a new life in the ocean of cloud. Centuries later, and Riv 3 has become a criminal world, the drone of never-ending engines echoing throughout the sky. The ships that once contained refugees have been flattened, and transformed into floating cities. With no set leader, the Gawa quickly descended into anarchy.

Seeing an opportunity, the Galactic Alcohol Syndicate came in and started to pull the political strings. Bandits, desperate merchants, prostitutes, con artists... all of them made Riv 3.

It was perfect for Gadro.

As his smooth, silver swan dropped through the crimson aether, Gadro wondered what useless errand Donnelly had cooked up for him.

Drug smuggling? Slave delivery? Taking refugees to a new life as illegal immigrants?

Gadro really hoped it wasn't slave delivery. They always made a mess of his ship.

Made of the finest titanium, it hadn't cost a pixel. Gadro didn't consider it stealing as such; leaving such a ship in the middle of Smugglers Plaza was surely the craft's cry for help that it needed a new owner.

And the penguin loved it. Not the fake love he gave to prostitutes, but the real platonic thing. It was a mute brother, a home, a bodyguard and, most importantly, a great topic of pick-up lines. Rumours were that such a ship used to spearhead the Spacia Clan war fleets in the Uncivil War, dodging quantum storms and bombarding battle moons. Gadro liked to indulge in that belief.

So obviously he wasn't going to let it get stolen by someone like him, again, in this same plaza.

"Keep guard," the bird told Chrome. She nodded silently, blended into the exterior of the ship and kept watch.

#GenderGate: The untold aspect of IGF's downfall

IGF was a tragic and bizarre episode of internet community micro-politics, a simulacrum of apathy which concluded with a typical end due to the many of the ills of the 2010s; ennui, apathy, lethargy... The events that consumed this community, that split the forum into a polarised spectrum between staff and userbase, could be described as an interactive thesis on the danger of apathy, and the need for some Kierkegaardian "leap of faith" in relation to forum matters.

And yet, one of the most pivotal moments within the history of this small e-nation happened off its digital shores. Rather, it happened in a preceding community, of much larger stature: Terraria Online. This issue was not about staff brutality, but rather about something much more tangible: gender.

! : immanis stella nativitatem

On April 2nd 2014, an exact year before the first election debates of the British General Election, a user known as "Inspector" started a thread on Terraria Online. In it, they outlined a desire for a "third gender" option, in very polite and articulate text. Alas, the response could not be considered such.

<http://www.terrariaonline.com/threads/gender.137957/>

The Perpendicularity

PROLOUGE

*there is an Alpha from the Nothing
and it will pierce us pierce us
a million impossibilities ripping up
beyondSpace therefore therefore
oh gods the void will consume us
THE VOID IS GLORY GIVE IT OUR BLOOD*

and if not blood then veins will
be the empty marbleways to our demise
to live is to DIE DIE Die and dying
makes metaVitality much more sustainable
so just fall into the gaping holes please
or we will be constructed to notFall and
without falling there is no gravity no no
to accent the evil yes
THE VOID IS GLORY GIVE IT OUR BLOOD

"Awaken, assassin."

Sucre's eyes blinked wide awake immediately. Scribbles and deranged writing shot up the walls and roof like inky veins. Papers and books and diagrams replaced her duvet.

Standing above her was a tall man, holding out a flintlock pistol for her to take.

"I am not an assassin," she said. "And you're not Aye-Aye. What did you do to my boyfriend?!"

A thin smile stretched itself across his face. "Boyfriend for hire, was he?"

She was out of bed in a second, with a scalding slap aimed right for the intruder's cheek. He dodged it, as if scripted to do so. He let out a mirthless laugh.

"Poetry alone doesn't get a disgraced son like him a home, Sucre." He cocked his head in mock pity. "Sugar, hmm? Almost like the name of a prostitute--"

"I am not a prostitute, you shit!" She lunged forward. The man's hand froze her wrist, stalling the punch aimed for his nose. A simple kick to the knees brought her down. The man peered out the window.

"Get dressed, the authorities are outside."

"What?! What have I done?!"

A newspaper landed in front of her. The sepia-grey picture showed an extravagant woman in a sun-yellow dress and a plume of ginger hair, lying on the sidewalk dead.

"Empress Mollygos XIII of the Omni Bound States of Forumia has been assassinated on a negotiation mission," He threw the gun he had been holding in Sucre's reaching distance. "Shot by flintlock."

He turned around, a bigger smile stretched uncomfortably over his face. "Your flintlock, may I add."

Sucre looked up in bemusement, shirt half on. "I don't own a pistol."

"Oh, I know you don't, Sucre... but the eyewitnesses tell of a medium sized young woman with short black hair and clothes like a man's. Now, who could that relate to, hmm?"

She didn't bother to hurt him. "You set me up, you, you, you--"

"Engineer. That is the term I prefer." From his waistcoat, the Engineer brought out a pocket watch, with wires diving in and out of

the copper shell. "Get out the window, and look for the tavern. The Four Fours, Off Topic Town. 17 Gamestreet. Try to leave the city and you will die."

Sucre put on her leather overcoat, and picked up the flintlock pistol. "Why should I trust you?"

He smiled. He clicked his pocket watch and turned to a cloud of golden lightning, before crackling away from the room.

The sound of footsteps thundering closer to Aye-Aye's apartment snapped Sucre back from the impossible spectacle.

Using a thick collection of Confuzzyldiam Era poetry, she smashed the glass pane of the window, and stepped on to the ledge outside.

"Now see here, as this is your ca- oh shit, that's not your card is it."

It was midday, and the crowd gathered in Shoutbox Square watched with blank eyes at the street performer in front of them tried to read their minds. He was also attempting to juggle with his feet. Both enterprises were failing miserably.

"The Eight Of Red! Wait, what, really?! The Five of Blue?! Oh come on, you rigged that, right! Right?"

The crowd left to go shop in the Weird Stuff Market, go or back to their profile-apartments.

Mr Mystery sighed. He had hoped this city would have brought him more success as a jester, but no, just more spit and humiliation. Going over to his suitcase, he picked up his fifth whiskey of the day and took a swig. When he put the bottle back, there was a raven nesting in his possessions. He jumped back in horror, then became irritated. Now his clothes would be covered in bird shit, as if his attire wasn't very appealing already.

A note was pinned to the dead bird's wing.

The Four Fours. Off Topic Town, 17 Gamestreet.

He had been to that bar before; kicked out after making a joke at President Intra's expense. Patriotism was big here, he realised soon after.

"Well, the raven Gods have spoken it seems," he muttered to himself. He closed the case, and walked further into the city.

From the shadows, a woman watched, smiled and put her spacial frequency to somewhere else.

The Red Wedding of IGF

It was a wonderful day. Everyone from the forum had arrived at the Satanic Centre to watch the beautiful intertwining of spirit and/or bodies of Chokladkakan and Garneac, Da Royal

Side Hoe.

Suddenly, Steve the local kind baker, came in with the cake, wiggling his eyebrows in an unceremonious fashion.

"Wanna see my thousand-inch loaf?" he said, opening a box at his waist level. Everyone gasped.

"THAT is not a loaf!" Felix exclaimed, her grip tightening on the hand of some fruity bat-furry she had a fetish for.

Infinite Sevens, an abstract amalgamation of apathy and disturbingly genocidal libertarianism who could only be described as a perpetual vortex of weeping arithmetic, went into action. With a mighty swoop of his banhammer he castrated the evil baker, leaving him to cry tears of regret. How would he pleasure his body pillow now?!

Az, the demon priestess, sighed in that vaguely hypocritical manner of hers. "Can we continue with the ceremony now?!"

Everyone nodded. Chok and Garneac squelched their tentacles further into each others brains, slick with orphan blood.

Suddenly, Artymis barged in, a pint of Trasphobic Nonsense in his hand. He pointed accusingly at the tree witch, Lillith.

"I just don't like, understand how woman can be sausagehead??" Artmyis drooled, before chugging down a gulp of toxic ignorance. "Seriously, why can't someone just ban me?!"

In a sudden rage, Lillith began chanting in one of her weird ethnic-minority languages. The sound of demonic polka reverberated throughout the obsidian cathedral. A whole rainforest compressed into one shoot burst from the ground and impaled Artmyis. The moon shattered into dust, in the sky above.

Az was getting impatient now; she had many dumpsters to point at accusingly (like she was authoritative or something). Just as she began to recite the final incantation that would seal Garneac and Chok's body together like a sexier Human Centipede, Lennon gave out a really long sigh.

"This sucks!" He exclaimed. Before he could explain his frank outburst, the banhammer had fallen and left him as but vermillion dust.

Just before Jart could begin explaining a really convoluted analogy to the situation, the vortex of numbers killed him too. He had no rails now. Because he is not a train, but a vortex of numbers read the fucking story you dumbass.

GT sighed in a way that seemed to stir all the abstract shit in the world. "That's what happens when you pay taxes..."

Felix kicked GT in the shins, which essentially made him legless because Felix is a robot

with a strange affinity for bland indietronica. GT just tutted and rolled his eyes, dragging himself out.

"Okay, is that everyone?!" Az cried. Everyone nodded, and she began to say the final incantation.

Suddenly, a half-rotten corpse covered in sweet sweet maple syrup came in, dancing seductively in his Netherlandian way.

"Oh sorry," he said. "I thought it was Chok's hen party."

Garneac gasped in an over-dramatic way because he loves playing up the stereotype of all black people being melodramatic for some reason.

"Chokkikins, you were going to leave me for a zombie?!"

Chok shrugged.

Garneac began to cry, and so impaled himself with a nearby tentacle. Chok rolled his eyes, and just lay chilling in the literal bloodbath. Connery walked in, thinking it was a punk rock concert, but immediately walked out when he realised that certainty wasn't the case.

Seven incinerated the Maplestripper because he can do that now why the fuck not.

Hippo began laughing. "Yeah, well dope dude! This calls for a rap battle because I'm on par with professionals since I watch Anthony Fantano videos! Yeah! Dope!" However, his melon-headed friend began calling him, and so he had to leave without any gruesome death. Alas.

Meanwhile, Ethaxx hid in the corner, taking a picture for his website,

"AzMakesBadDescionsSoLEt'sIgnoreHerHumanity". However, he had forgotten that all of Az's skin was essentially eyeball, and so she could see him. Another nearby tentacle impaled him and as he lay gurgling on the floor, nobody cried for him.

Az sighed. "Okay, well I guess that's the ceremony off. Get out of my sight."

Everyone left alive awwed and began to leave. The people I forgot to mention bitched about not being featured. Except for Zrin. Zrin's cool.

Oh wait shit! I forgot that the moon had exploded or something. A huge chunk fell on top of the building and killed everyone. Except for Aye. He was watching from afar, with his poet friends being a pretentious ass.

~THE END~

Oh, and I guess Squidipus is an octopus or some eldritch shit like that. She can live in the underground pool, waiting every day to get fed by Az. I dunno.

Update X

When I first saw the worlds “Terraria has finished Downloading” I was ecstatic. I had all done everything humanly possible in Terraria, from mining every tiny bit of Adamantine to defeating every single boss that can be summoned at the same time, with no mods at all. For weeks I had been pacing through my giant palace, being bored out of my mind. So, excitedly, I quickly clicked the little Terraria icon, waiting to defeat any juicy monsters that would come my way. I didn’t even think about why the Steam loading tab was orange.

I opened up Terraria Online to share the good news with everyone, and it seemed like everyone was also happy about it. Recent Status Updates was filled with joyful comments, talking about this new, amazing update. After contributing to this giant feed of joy, I realised that there was no post about this on the Home page. Nothing at all. No Patch Notes or anything at all to do with the new Update. At first I thought that they were still typing it up, and soon it would be up on the forums. Then, I thought of something else that seemed very strange as well; there had been no teasers or talk about Update...well, I guess it would be 1.1.3, right? But instead, it had been named ‘Update X.’ I guess it was just to add some mystery to the game, right? Anyway, I decided to actually try out the new content, and so reopened Terraria.

Red. So much red. The tree was a different design: it was charcoal black, with a violent clump of red leaves, and looked like it had been struck by lightning. The rolling background wasn’t grey mountains and pine trees either. It had been replaced by black mountains, with red lava coming out, as well as smoothly animated smoke. There were no trees, just black stumps, with a Blood Moon in the sky, the night now a darker crimson than any other Blood Moon I had seen in my whole playing time, which was since the 1.5 update. This wasn’t what I wanted! Who wants an eternal blood moon? With much haste, I went back to Terraria Online and typed; “The new update sucks! What were the developers thinking? Why set the game in a never-ending blood moon?” Satisfied with my complaint, I hit right-click, so my post would come up on to my status. However, then a **very** freaky thing happened. In a matter of seconds, my status was up, but instead of my message being shown to the world it was the words “I love Orange.”

“I love Orange?” I said, confused and worried about who could take over my account. I went back on to the home page, and those words were *everywhere*. I love Orange, I love Orange, I love Orange. Every single line of speech, every thread, and even the logo, all saying their love for Orange, whatever that meant.

I didn’t go on my computer for weeks after that. I was too scared about what had happened on that forum, and who had control of every single user on Terraria Online? Every night, I had nightmares about this ominous “Orange” person. Yet the temptation to find out what had happened to Terraria was too strong, and so one day, after school, I clicked on the blood red logo of Terraria, and started to play.

After getting through the new, apocalyptic title screen, I was relieved to know my characters were untouched by the sadistic developer that had changed this game. I clicked mine, a character covered in Hallowed Armour, who also had a Excalibur in his inventory. I clicked him, and in seconds my world loaded up.

The grass was blood red as well, and the sky was also in an eternal blood moon, stuck at midnight, on a full moon. This meant that packs of werewolves were surrounding my castle, made of blue dungeon brick. Thank goodness that I had made my wire-filled fortress from that material, otherwise the Clowns waiting to pounce at me outside the thick walls would blow me to pieces.

The background was the same as on the main menu; a line of smoking volcanoes and black stumps of burnt trees. The music was also new: it was these low, tenor chords, slow and sinister, from what

sounded like an electric organ. It was a bit disturbing, to say the least. Stone mounds that used to be outside my miniature citadel were now a crimson red colour, like Adamantine, but darker. Curiosity told me to go out there, but how? With swarms of mobs ready to destroy me, how could I get to that new ore? Using my Hamdrax, I effortlessly started to create a tunnel under my base, to the sweet material that lay a few feet away from me. The Clowns started to jump, and threw down their Smiley Bombs. This is when I realised why my plan wasn't going to work. First, the Clowns would blow up my tunnel, get in and kill me. Or, the Wraiths would effortlessly go through the wall and cause my Softcore character to reappear in my base, back to square one in my quest to get this ominous new ore. Actually... talking of Wraiths, I hadn't seen any yet. The yellow bomb exploded, and in a puff of pitch-black smoke the tunnel had a giant crater in it. Smiling in its sadistic way, the Clown started to edge towards me. And then turned away. What? The Clowns, instead of killing my character, went up the way into my base. "NO!" I cried out, but it was too late. I could hear the explosions as my base was mutilated by their bombs. Yeah, the exterior would stay the same, but all my furniture would disappear. Why didn't I go get them back? Because the Clowns started to patrol my shattered home. What was this? Why had the developers made these mobs *intelligent*? With no hope for my base, I decided I may as well just mine over to the new, mysterious ore. With my trusty Hamdrax, I immediately started to mine the new ore. To my surprise, it took a very long time. Only after a minute or so, the stone fell loose, and was sucked into my inventory. When I put my cursor over it, it said "The Guide's Flesh." Ew. Pretty sick idea. But at least I had a new ore! I couldn't quit the game now, seeing as I would appear in my ruined base, where I would have to face millions of clowns. Instead, I had to make a new bed. And that involved getting some Cobwebs. So, I started to dig down.

TTACIT

Blurb for a Terraria fanfiction set on a multiplayer server – grapple-hooking assassin &c.

The world of Ter is in chaos.

The Portals that lead to the other worlds, worlds pupils from the prestigious Terrarian Academy will one day own, are disappearing.

Tribes all over the world have clashed together in civil war, hindering any progress to a unified world.

Professor Godfrey III has been assassinated in his office, by an unknown assassin known simply as The Crystal. In his place, a sinister man has arrived: Dr Steelblue.

Betrayal is rife inside the green walls of the Academy, as each teacher plots.

And deep in the Earth, undisturbed for many years, is an item that could plunge Ter into destruction...

The Two Staffs

Prologue

Flames licked the giant totems that stood in front of the small, insignificant Magikoopa, his sky blue robes covered in water, sweat and patches of burnt fabric, from the various lava traps he had experienced along his adventures through the temple which lingered behind the giant stone doors behind him. His gold wand quivered in his cadmium hand, the red jewel on top of the magical artefact now a dull grey, devoid of all magic power. Slowly, he put his feet forward, and started to walk to the sandy, ancient beige steps, that led to a blinding red light.

Magikoopa 5 had always been the best, rising far above his Mage apprentices that now guarded the last remaining Airship Fleet that contained the dying body of Bowser, now barely the size of the Bodyguard Bros. that stayed by his bed every day. With Kamek being his father, he was bound to have great, dark potential. Yet still he wasn't given the luxury of a name.

That's what he would soon earn, the thing all Magikoopa's yearn for. By coming to the darkest depths of the Clockwork Ruins, he would soon prove his loyalty to the great leader of the Universe: Bowser!

But to think... *a name*! No longer simply being a weak minion, but a proper official of Bowser's Empire! Then, he could rise even higher, and then take over his foolish father Kamek, and then maybe even take over Bowser's throne, and then the Universe would be in his grasp...

Magikoopa 5 reached the steps, and put his tired left foot on to the steps, laid down by ancient Whittle slaves.

5 barely had any time to cling on to the middle step when it happened. The ground broke into a million fragments, as hidden flamethrowers activated, covering the empty sky in a carpet of flames. Fearfully, the talented warlock looked down, to see the dark void of a black hole, crushing the floor he had been standing on into dust.

With all his remaining strength, 5 pulled himself towards the distant door, until he was standing, shaking, now without his precious wand.

Damn it! Kamek's son thought. *I should have been looking out for traps like that. You dodged three, why did this one have to be any different?*

The pull of the black hole, freed from the ancient prison it had stayed in for millennia, was now tearing the flamethrowers apart, spilling magma into the sky, melting fragments of totems and walls. Sprinting for his life, the 5th Magikoopa born into the 1264th Brigade dodge a piece of intricate stone wall, as it submitted to the black holes grip. In the exact same time as the destruction had started, Magikoopa 5 reached the gargantuan doors, and punched them with all his might. Strength never had been his best point.

Soon, however, a crack appeared in the door, and raised Magikoopa 5's spirits. As he turned it into a proper hole, the pressure of the black hole swept the Koopa away, until he was mid-air. If he hadn't gripped on to the door, he would have been crushed by the raw power of darkness that was slowly ripping the temple apart.

With all the power he could muster, Magikoopa 5 leapt through the hole, and found an uneasy silence.

The room was circular, and statues of Luma's seemed to guard a silver staff, with a crackling orb of energy lying on top. It was so black that every second the Magikoopa looked at it, he felt his heart

grow cold, as if he had just learnt he was going to die.

Trembling, he stretched his scaled yellow arm out, brushing a praying Luma, and grabbed the rod. He screamed.

Chapter 1:

"Your move, Mario" said The Chimp, his voice silky and sinister.

Mario looked at the table in front of him, a red table, the spinning dice in front of him. The blue primate smirked as he saw Mario's face deep in thought, as he twirled a golden coin in his fingers.

"A lot to play for, you know. Your whole fortune, your Spaceship...yet, still, you have the cheek to challenge me! The Chimp! The Greatest Gamer of the Universe!" The monkey in question then loudly laughed, being incredibly overdramatic.

Mario sighed, as his red overalls drooped down. "I know, I know, you've said that a million times..." The Chimp sat down, shrugging his shoulders towards the turquoise Luma in the corner, refereeing the match.

"Gee, you seem blue. What's wrong?" The Chimp said, leaning over the table. "The Mushroom Universe is in peace, Bowser has disappeared and all the Galaxies are in no danger. It's a utopia, mate, and you've made it."

"Exactly!" Mario loudly said, making the turquoise Luma flinch. "There is nothing left to do! I'm obsolete! With no danger, I have nothing better to do but play games with you or snooze on Beach Bowl Galaxy!" Mario stood up, and started to pace around the red and gold Casino, found inside his own planetoid.

"I need action! I know this sound crazy, Chimp, but I am bored out of my wits. Princess Peach has baked me enough cakes for a lifetime, no beast dares to stand up against me and there are no new galaxies. What can I do?"

"What about that big rebellion-thingy-majig back on your homeworld?" The Chimp asked, secretly wanting Mario to spin the Chance Cube in front of him than spill out his feelings for the perfect sanctuary that Mario had created.

Mario simply chuckled, shaking his head.

"Please, Queen Nectarine and her Toad followers are simply a whimpering crowd of anti-royalists. And anyway, if I stopped them, however happy my fiancée would be, any survivors of the separatists would spread the word I had subjugated free rights or some crap like that."

The Chimp raised an eyebrow, spinning his Gold Coin on his knuckles. "Never knew you knew so much about politics." He said.

Mario shrugged. "With all this tedious *peace* these days, I've had time to brush up on it."

The plumber sat down, sighing, before he rolled the Chance Cube, much to The Chimp's delight. As each square flashed up in seconds, it finally landed on a picture of five green mushrooms. It puffed into smoke, and five of the said fungi spread across the room.

"Five Lives to Mario!" the pale blue Luma announced. "Added to the ultimatum score, Mario wins! All betting's of The Chimp go towards Mario!"

As The Chimp looked crestfallen, Mario scooped up his heap of Gold Coins, merged with a few shiny Blues, a look of boredom spread on his portly face.

"Mario!" came the voice of Lubba, as the chubby, large Luma squeezed through the green Warp Pipe. He wobbled over to him, exhausted at the exercise he had just performed. A look of worry was painted across his liquid face.

"You have to come up to the ship, Captain. Something terrible has happened..."

Mario just stared at the chaos in front of him, his mouth wide open, surrounded by the sombre crew of his ship. When he was told to come up to see something urgent, he thought that it would be

something useless that only Lubba would care about, like biscuit supplies dwindling. Instead, it was something on a galactic scale of destruction.

A giant black hole stood in the center of where the Clockwork Ruins once stood, each tendon of darkness (tinged with red antimatter) crumbling historical planets to dust. Mario made out the shape of a Whittle, being pulled into the core of the void, before being ripped apart and turned into a pile of stomach-turning splinters, tinged with white sap.

Podiums of the temples orbited freely through a field of asteroids and mass, all reduced to tiny specks of dust. One of the oldest Galaxies of the Universe, brought to its knees by the biggest Black Hole ever recorded.

"When did this happen?" Mario said, his voice trembling.

"One second, the Galaxy was intact," Lubba said, with sparkling tears in his eyes. "The next that black hole came from nowhere, and destroyed the planets in seconds," Lubba turned to Mario, filled with grief. "No one survived. "

Mario shook his head, and sat on a tree stump nearby. "But what could cause that to happen? I thought we had every Power Star in the known universe, so it can't be th-"

The eruption came so fast everyone on board was thrown into the air in surprise, as an ear-splitting noise trembled through the fertile ground, boiling rocks under the surface, until they erupted into geysers of lava.

Shaking in his boots, Mario pulled himself together and tried to get to the wheel, to escape from the bombardment that had just ripped a quarter of the ship away from its parent planetoid. Gasping for breath, the Italian plumber collapsed right in front of the wheel that could take him away from this hell-hole, but however hard he tried getting up was futile.

How many were dead? How many had survived? Could the ship still fly? These questions flared through Mario's mind, like a sea of migraines.

In the corner of his eye, he could see all the power star fuel turning into a trail of white-hot energy, disappearing into the black sky, set against the backdrop of the cosmic flames that danced around the red man's beloved home-from-home.

Pulling himself up, Mario grudgingly stood in front of the wheel, to see that the Clockwork Galaxy was gone. In fact, most of the empty space that used to surround the massive temple had transformed into a giant orb of death, evil and chaos.

In the middle of it was a shape that Mario couldn't recognise, but he was cackling loudly, demonically in fact. At first Mario assumed it was Bowser, but the figure was too frail, and held some kind of staff, which glinted in the destructive hole in the space-time continuum that set the backdrop of the megalomaniac.

The last thing Mario saw was the figure coming closer, before his head slumped, and he fell unconscious on board the crumbling planet.

Mario woke to find blaring sunlight hit his pupils, causing him to close them again in seconds. Groaning in pain, he slowly opened them again, before sitting up in confusion. The sky around him was pale blue, tinted with fluffy cotton balls of cloud. Mario himself was standing on what seemed to be a yellow panel, but four gigantic rivets were hammered into each corner.

"You're awake."

Mario started, and turned around, before gasping in surprise and a bit of confusion.

"Polari!" The plumber exclaimed. The maroon Luma nodded, gravely.

"Indeed, but sadly we have met at such grim times. I was just able to escape from the Comet Observatory."

Mario's face fell. "You mean..."

Polari nodded, as a black tear left his sky blue eye. "The black hole opened right beside us. All the Luma's were sucked in. Rosalina sacrificed herself to try and save her celestial children, but she failed..."

Polari, surprisingly, grabbed onto Mario and started into his eyes. "She put all of her belief into you, and if you don't sort this then I will--"

Mario, startled from the elderly stars burst of bitter rage, shook his head vigorously.

"But...how?"

"Sit down and I'll explain," Polari said, back to his usual calm self in a matter of seconds. The red hero obliged. Feeling slightly patronised, Mario started to listen to Polari's tale.

As you know, when Lumas die, their stardust turns into new galaxies and planets, making the Universe go in an endless cycle of change.

No one knows exactly how this cycle started. Some say an unimaginable explosion of energy started it, while others think Gods and Goddesses came from their Heavens to create the Mortal Realm.

What I know is that in the 5th Cycle of the Universe, the most powerful beings were the Lumas.

However, they weren't any ordinary Lumas. They were Dark Lumas.

When an ancient Luma reached the end of the universe, he found a dark wall of shimmering Chaos. In his careless adolescent mind, he thought it would be a good idea to touch it.

When he did, the evil discord from beyond our universe obliterated his soul, and he went on a rampage in the Citadel galaxies, where Lumas silently lived their lives, most of them bound to a Vow of Silence.

The Dark Luma's family were killed by his evil lust to wreck vengeance, and many people became addicted to the darkness that was inside this poor, once-white Luma.

With an army of demonic celestial beasts behind him, the Chief Dark Luma ruined every galaxy they passed. Majority of the Luma's were forced to transform into dust. They were lucky. The unlucky ones were brainwashed to join the host of chaos in his crusade against everything. His name was Zithalon. Zithalon had to be stopped, so the purest of Luma's met in one of their ruined cities, built on a desert planet. It is now known as the Slipsand Galaxy.

The survivors used all their energy into making a staff of immense power, that if harnessed could use the power of Light to destroy any foe. Only one 'Pure Luma' was left and the youngest member of the resistance group held the powerful weapon, and charged straight into the Dark Luma horde.

With each swing, white light vaporised many of the chaotic soldiers, until only eight were left. They realised that to survive, they had to make a rod that equalled the staff the Pure Luma wielded.

And so, the Staff of Chaos was born.

The fighting lasted for millennia, each Luma locked in an endless duel. Shots that missed their target destroyed the Universe around them, but Zithalon didn't notice. Neither did Quarorrti, the Pure Luma.

Generations passed, and the dead Luma's assembled themselves into various satellites, and created a new universe. New-born Lumas watched in awe at the battle on top of the ruined pyramid, where the wizened star beings fought.

Eventually, with a final blow, Zithalon had been defeated. For his crimes, Quarorrti banished the emperor of darkness into the Staff of Chaos, and locked it deep inside another city, which had become known as the Clockwork Ruins. You see, Mario, these cities were protected by Cosmic Chains, an invisible force, that protects anything inside its grasp by the flow of time.

With the evil of the Dark Lumas vanquished, Quarorrti placed the Staff of Order inside the Slipsand Galaxy, to never be used again. In his final breath, he state that if the Dark Lumas awaken again or if the Staff of Chaos is used again, to go forth into the Temple of Pure Lumas and recover the legendary artefact.

But you see, one Dark Luma survived against Quarorrti's massacre. A beam of light energy brushed him, and was enough to cleanse his soul, without killing him. He wandered the Universe for eons, until he came across a passing Comet in the sky. A woman in pale blue robes saw the vagrant, and welcomed him into her Observatory.

That Dark Luma was me.

Mario was silent, amazed at Polari's story. He had never known much about him, except he was the wisest and kindest Luma he had ever met, but now his eyes had been opened to what he had faced. "The Staff of Chaos has been used again, and is bringing death and misery to the Universe," Polari said, a sense of leadership in his voice. "When we have the Staff, you can use it to turn back time, before this horrible crisis occurred, and stop it. Then, I can still be with Rosalina, and the Galaxies will be peaceful again. You are the Cosmos' only hope, Mario."

Mario sat in silence, gazing across the sky, to unknown dangers, people and the most powerful relic known to Luma and man.

"Let's go."

Chapter 3

"Kamek...", Bowsers croaking voice called out, weak and puny, barely audible.

Kamek sighed, closed his eyes in exasperation, and turned back to the Koopa King, sitting in a cot, his breathing coming heavily.

"Yes, my lord?" the Chief Magikoopa said, his voice on the edge of rage. Three hours he had been in his highness' chambers, feeding him milk and mushy porridge (for nothing else could fit through his micronized stomach).

It was humiliating, to say the least.

"I...I...I need milk," Bowser said, before exploding into a fit of coughs, as his claws gripped his chest sharply.

As if that would stop his outbreak of mucus-filled cold.

You're our leader, for Gods sake! Kamek thought darkly and filled with rage. Your great empire is down to three airships; our land on the Mushroom World has been washed away and filled with fields of grass and there is talk of rebellion on the decks. Yet here you are, crying like a baby.

"Of course, sir!" Kamek said brightly, but even Bowser could see his mood was the polar opposite of 'brightly'.

"Don't...don't...blame me," he wheezed, as he struggled to find breath. His three-foot frame moved up and down slowly. "Blame Ma....ma...ma--"

"Mario." Kamek said, finishing the emperor's sentence with malice.

He was right. Mario had defeated his glorious king and humiliated him to the point of devolving him into a crying infantile creature. He had helped in the great purge of Bowsers lands, killing many

innocent Kooplings. Three of them were Kamek's cousins.

Kamek fumed in silence at his antagonist, as he gave Bowser another milk bottle.

One second Bowser he was sucking the teat of the glass jar, the next the world was filled with shadows and dark explosions.

Before Kamek could even feel any slight urge of panic, he was in a world of deafening eruptions and weightlessness.

And then the world crashed around the advisor.

Gasping, Kamek dragged himself up on a ruined table, filled with splinters and cracks. One such wooden nail dug into Kamek's hand, causing a small river of crimson blood to drip down his scaled hand.

Of course, that was his least worries.

Dazed from the black flames that surrounded him, Kamek staggered on to the deck, more orbs of destruction and chaos filling the air.

The deck was worse than His Highness' Quarters. Three koopas were on fire, while two others had run off deck, just to escape the evil they had seen.

If Kamek had seen into their eyes, he would have seen they were nothing but white orbs that would never see.

"Captain Tulch!" Kamek screamed, above the noise of burning wood. "Captain Tulch! Where are you?" A sphere of darkness exploded in front of the Archmagikoopa, throwing him to a collapsing mast.

"Here...sir..." moaned the captain of the ship, a large Hammer Bro. Muscles bulged from every centimetre of his body, excluding his squat head and his stumpy legs. His faithful war hammer was in pieces beside his claw, drenched in crimson blood. A fragment of the ship jutted from his ribs. Every breath he took caused pain.

"Tulch!" Kamek exclaimed in surprise and anguish. "Let me perform a healing spe-,"

But Tulch was dead.

Kamek knew he didn't have any time to do a Resurrection spell. One, he didn't have the energy.

Two, he was too busy dodging giant balls of evil chaos that were slowly destroying the airship he was standing on.

Before Kamek could stand up and possibly escape from the burning galleon, his stomach flipped, as he felt the flooring tilt towards cold, inky space.

Unnerving screams echoed around Bowser's personal servant, while his eyes captured memories of reptilian sailors hopelessly clinging on to the ship.

Digging his curved nails into the sky boat, Kamek soon found himself dangling above a void of nothing but stars, and that sea of impossibly dark flames. *This is the end.* Kamek thought to himself. *Top of my class, nurtured Bowser for all his life...and this is what I get. A nice roasting on some mystical black flames.*

As if on cue, he then saw the midget rolling helplessly across the floor of the airship, scrambling for something to hold on to.

His weak eyes locked on to Kamek's, just as he slid past him.

Not this time. Kamek thought, as he heard another explosion hit the hull. *You can die with me as well.*

Kamek loosened his grip, and fell into the curtain of burning discord that surrounded the ship.

Before he could regret abandoning his master, he had burnt to nothing but black dust.

Bowser watched Kamek lose his grip in life, as he saw his body vaporised by this...evil.

He loved evil. It was his life line, his power house.

But this was beyond control. It scared him.

This wasn't abnormal. He got scared very easily. Not that he told anyone; he had a reputation to keep.

Well, he used to. Before Mario came along and crushed his hopes of an empire.

His ship, his *beautiful* ship, was still being bombarded by indigo flames. The frigate was tipping even more, causing Bowser to dig his claws into the wooden boards. An unsettling creaking noise quietly spoke out.

The wooden board snapped away from the ship, into the abyss below.

Boswer flailed his stubby arms helplessly, as he tumbled to a certain death of flames. His eyes saw the horrific sight of his ship, as it exploded violently in a plume of cruel flames. Shards of gilded wood spun into space, like missiles, aiming towards a slow disintegration.

One such spike passed inches away from the Koopa King's head instead grazing his arm.

This one small movement was enough to send Boswer on a completely different course, away from the shield of death below him.

Screaming out loud, the shelled meteorite rocketed through space.

Chapter 4

It was when he reached the ruins of the Honeyhop Galaxy, the giant honeycombs and forests now replaced with barren floating rocks, that Mario learned of the Diamond Power Star, key to the Temple of The Lumas.

"What?" Polari said, slightly stunned at the red plumber's expression of shock and surprise. "You really thought that the Pure Lumas would simply just leave the Staff of Order without any protection?" Polari shook his celestial body, and sighed.

"Whippersnappers..." the bourbon star murmured.

Mario scowled at him. *What the hell is wrong with him? He's never been this bitter before.* Then again, he had just lost everything he loved.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?!" Mario exclaimed, as the giant ? Block narrowly dodged a wandering asteroid. The skeleton of a space bee lay sprawled on top, the alien's claws digging into the now-gone grass.

"You might have decided not to do this," Polari said. He scrutinised him. "Might have been too much work."

Mario looked at the elder Luma, speechless in irritation.

"What are you talking about?! I'm the universe's only hope now! Even if it is too much work, then I don't really have a choice, do I?"

Polari murmured something incoherent, but it was clear he didn't completely believe the Italian.

"So where can we find this Diamond Power Star then?" Mario said, hoping to quickly stop some kind of bitter feud between him and Polari.

"We need to make it. You see, the Pure Lumas wanted no one to ever enter their Temple ever again, until a universe-threatening force came. So, they split it into five different Power Stars. Then, the location of the stars would be revealed to the Chosen One, and therefore that legendary hero can come and use the Staff of Order."

Mario raised an eyebrow.

"And I'm that 'Chosen One' I guess?"

Polari nodded, before whispering what sounded like "sadly."

"The stars are;" Polari started, before counting off each power source. "The Platinum Power Star, the Gravity Star, the Organic Star, the Magma Star and the Rainbow Star. I don't know how exactly we will find them, but allegedly the Chosen One will be able to see their location."

Polari glared at Mario. "Go look."

Mario just stood there, waiting for some miraculous burst of knowledge to enter his brain, and then

be able to heroically go forth to create the Diamond Power Star.

But nothing happened.

Polari sighed in frustration.

"I hope you can see them. Otherwise, I'll have picked the wrong hero."

Yes, Mario thought, during a silence between the ex-Dark Luma and himself, *He really is bitter.*

Grando stamped his foot on to the soft belly of Bowser.

In a sharp stab of pain, Bowser woke up.

The first thing the King of Koopas noticed was that a giant goomba was looking down at him.

He was broader than the usual Goomba, but still had the same features; greyish skin, smooth edges, and two black beads for eyes always scowling.

The second thing he noticed was that he was breathing easier. That bombardment of darkness and discord must have somehow made him bigger, therefore making his organs actually work.

The third thing he noticed was that he was lying on a...rainbow? No, wait, he was lying on Rainbow Road! Except it wasn't like before, that was for sure.

Some of the coloured glass had been smashed by meteorites, leaving giant craters dotted around what was once a race course. The enemies that used to mingle here had been replaced by much more vicious things. Goombas corrupted by the recent darkness, circular Boos with their slobbering tongues, renegade Magikoopas, and so many other evil creatures now sulking over the fragile race course.

Dark storm clouds brooded overhead, instead of the usual fluffy, pink ones.

"Grando?" Bowser said, surprised to find his best Goomba still alive and beside him. He was the only Goomba known to not have died after being stomped on by Mario.

"Oh, thank goodness you're here! Now, help me up! I've been attacked!"

Grando grinned toothlessly at the former leader at his feet. He laughed dirtily.

"Nae chance, mate. New universe, new rules."

Bowser was first confused then angry. He got up on his feet himself, to see he was surrounded by a whole gang of Goombas.

"The way things are decided around here, is based on how well yae do on the race.

Grando nodded over to a ball, with a power star inside, floating in some kind of membrane.

"Balance on that, all the way through the race, and win. After that, we'll see yae as leader."

Grando went right into Bowser's face, which was about as big as him now.

"But fae now... well, the weak ones are pretty pissed at always losing, so it'll be nice for them to have something to kill." The whole gang started to laugh, finally getting their vengeance against the tyrant that had ruled over them for so long.

Bowser raised an eyebrow. "And if I don't race?"

The fallen emperor felt his hands pulled back, as he was carried by what seemed to be a green-shelled Koopa, but with an eye patch. Bowser knew he wasn't part of his battalion; he was a renegade.

The koopa criminal held Bowser over the edge of the Rainbow Road, with surprising strength.

"Or," Grando said, grinning wildly. "Or, he drops you. So, waddya say?"

Bowser thought about it, and came to a decision quite quickly.

"Okay, I'll race."

He was dropped back on the track.

Grando started to laugh.

"Excellent...to be honest though, if you had said yes or no wasn't going to matter anyway," Grando walked over to his Star Ball, a giant orb with a Grand Star trapped inside.

"Ye where going to die anyway."



A webcomic by AyeAye12. Set in a metaspace known as the YiYa Model, it details the last generation of Gods and the tumultuous domain they inherit. Updates every Monday, at a repsectable GMT time (for now).

NEWS

JUNE 22th: 2015

End Of Scene One

So! How is all four followers of this webcomic enjoying it? Unless there's more readers because I accidentally hid the Follow button, or something equally silly. Because I'm such a goofgoose.

The next update will be on the 20th of July. A whole month! I hope you can wait that long. Why? Because holidays and such. Silly European sun stealing me.

Thank you very much if you are reading this. Please spread the word, and also if you wish update the Wiki and all that lovely stuff.

Cheers again!

~Aye

MAY 26th: 2015

A Beginning Of Sorts

Hello all! As you can see the comic is up, all fitted out with a lovely prologue. Mhmm, that vague foreshadowing and dense world-building.

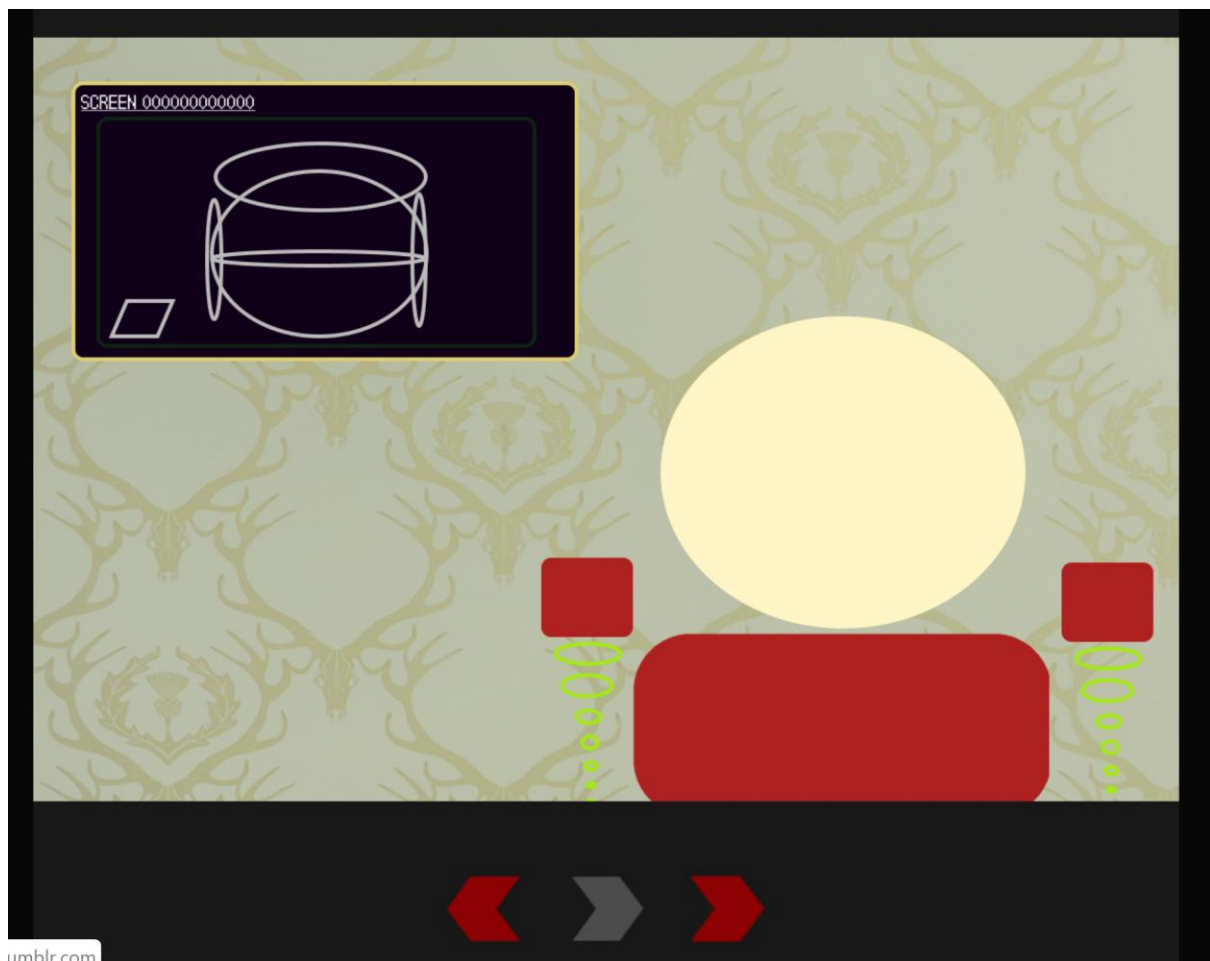
I've been doing exams for the past month, and my last one is on the May 29th. So, updates will start on the 1st June. From then on, for now, we'll say updates happen every Monday. It's a flexible thing. A very promiscuous timetable, if you will. Which you won't. Er, yes.

So yeah! I hope you've liked it so far. Feel free to comment your thoughts/praise/criticisms/satanic incantations in the comments on each page! And follow me on my respective social media shenanigans too.

In the words of Tony Kushner: The Great Work Begins.

(Posts by the author/me will be signed off as “~Aye”)

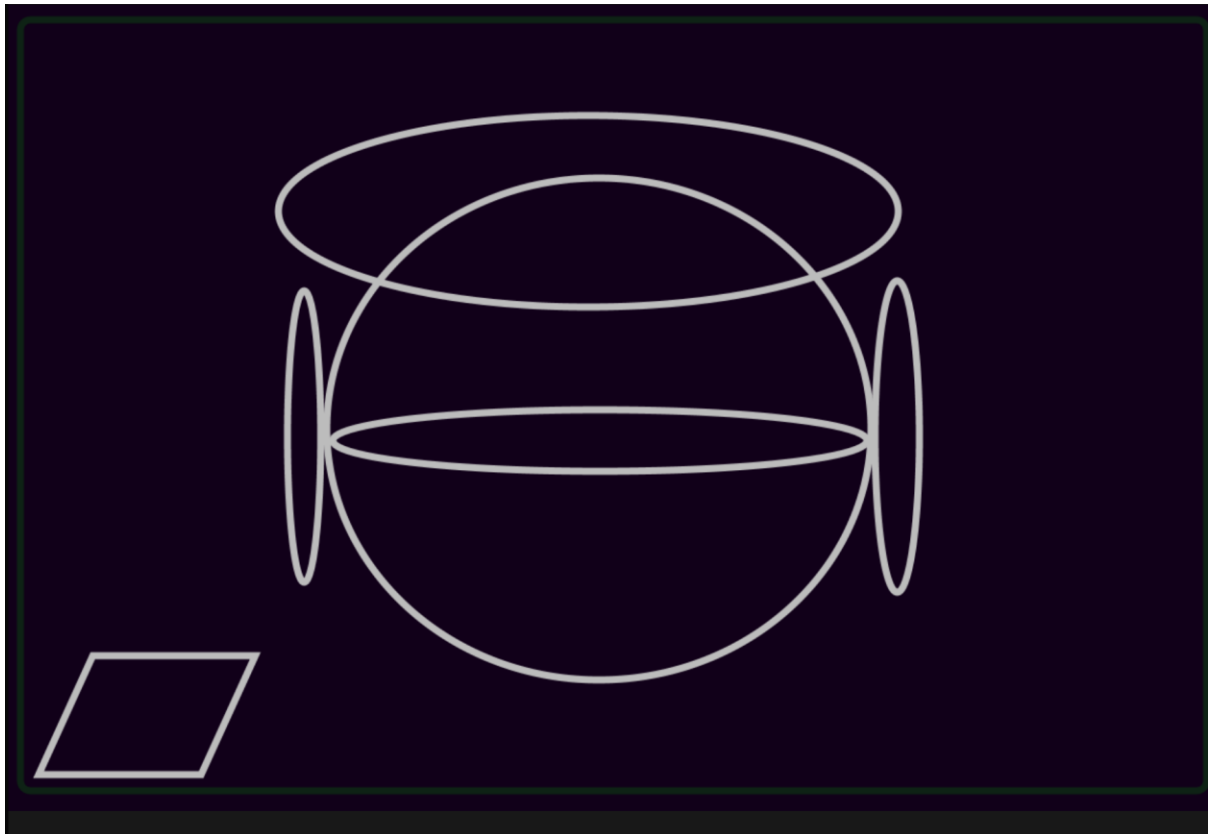
~Aye



Greetings. I am your narrator, The Poet. Yes, the beige orb. It's hard to establish what is what here. Who is background? Who is character? The YiYa Model is a dizzying world. If you saw our true forms the incomprehension would kill you; be grateful for the minimalism.

What follows is the events that are to push All off its razor-thin precipice. Be it for the best, or for the worst. It is the heralding of rebellion, deception, consumption, apathy... the final generation of Gods, the last spawn of the Pantheon. The Priori Progeny.

Let us begin.



Our story is set in every-every, in All. Its incomprehension has led to this particular theory, the YiYa Model, as being accepted. No other is particularly any better.

The northern hemisphere is known as the Ya Side. Here resides every universe, multiverse, multimultiverse, megaverse and so forth. The nebulous Pantheon, that uppermost ellipse, rules all of this section, therefore ruling All.

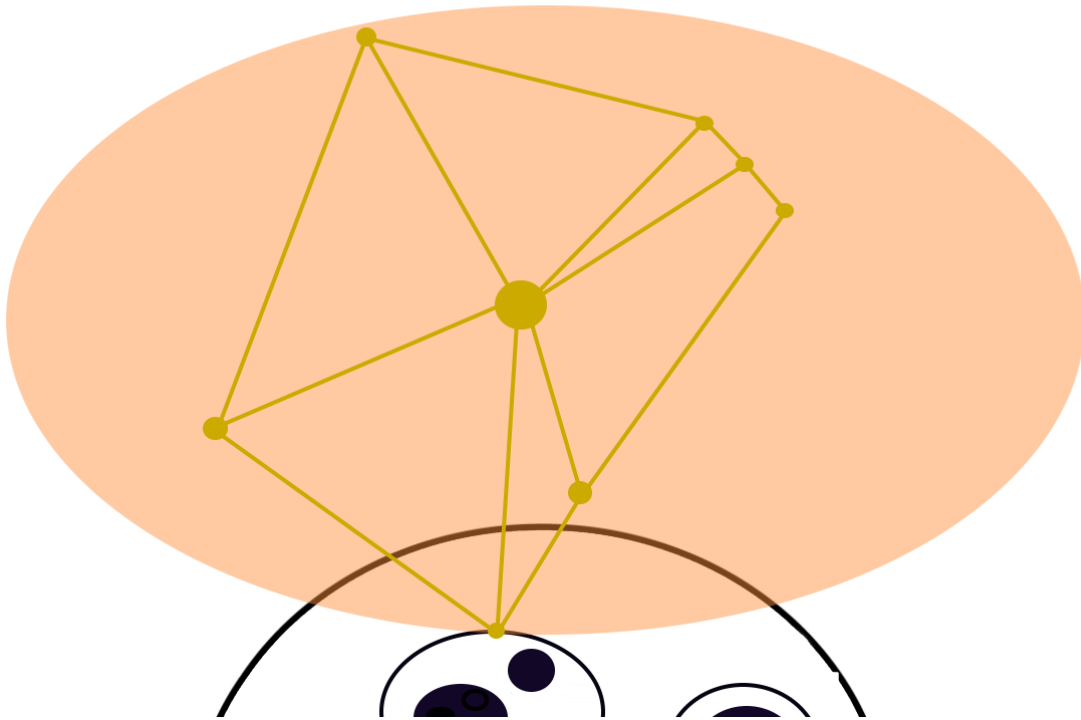
(I should note; the Pantheon both refers to the governing body of deities and their location. If you exist, you are at the whims of divine.)

The southern hemisphere is the Yi Side. It is the complimentary nothing to the everything above. Without this region, the Ya Side would burst and filter its being into a perpetual surge of contradiction. This is the basis for our uttermost basic principle: Nothing Is Something. Yet the very being of Nothing is to be Not-Something. These clashing truths create an ever-recurring paradox, which keeps the whole Model buoyant.

Those against the Pantheon are sent here in exile, to the Omnivoid. The Pantheon believe they would disintegrate into metaplasma at witnessing the sheer absence of. This is a foolish thought to have.

The western and eastern ellipses are the Paradox Seas, the “Yo and Ye Sides”. The Limbionic Belt is the ultra-river that connects the two, and separates Yi from Ya. Those who have escaped from the Yi Side live in godless bliss here.

The rhombus is the Panepit. It is less an approximation as it is an acknowledgment; no one knows what the afterlife of meta-beings is like. Well, I do, but I shall not tell. It is not the right time.

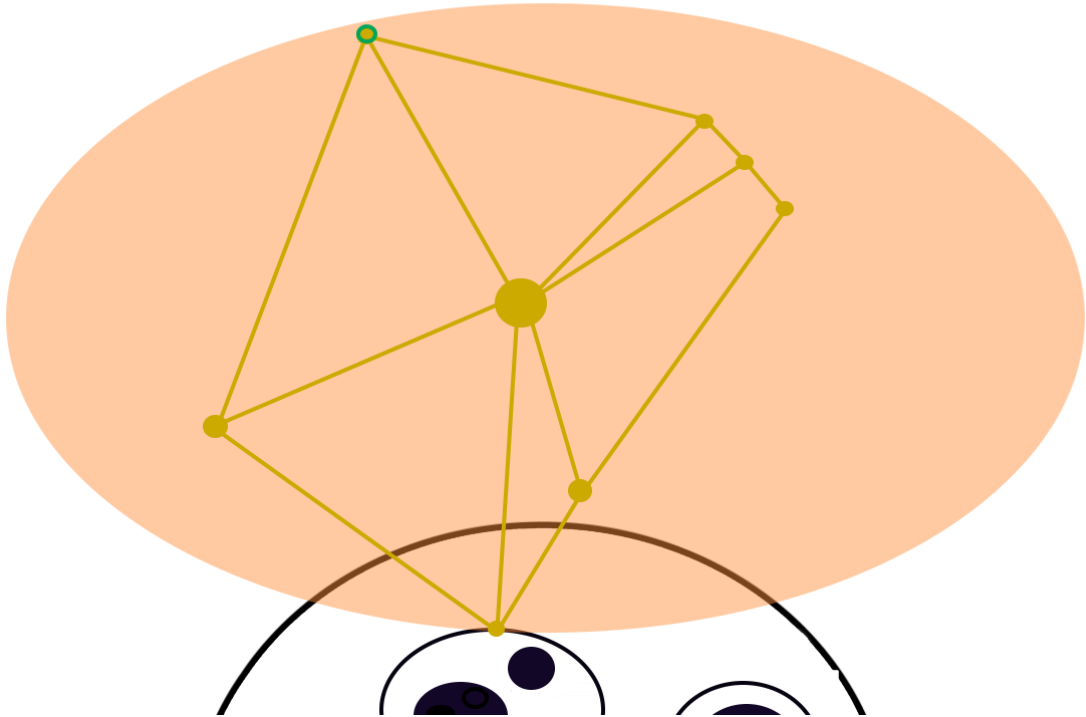


Rather, we shall focus on the Pantheon. This is where our story takes place.

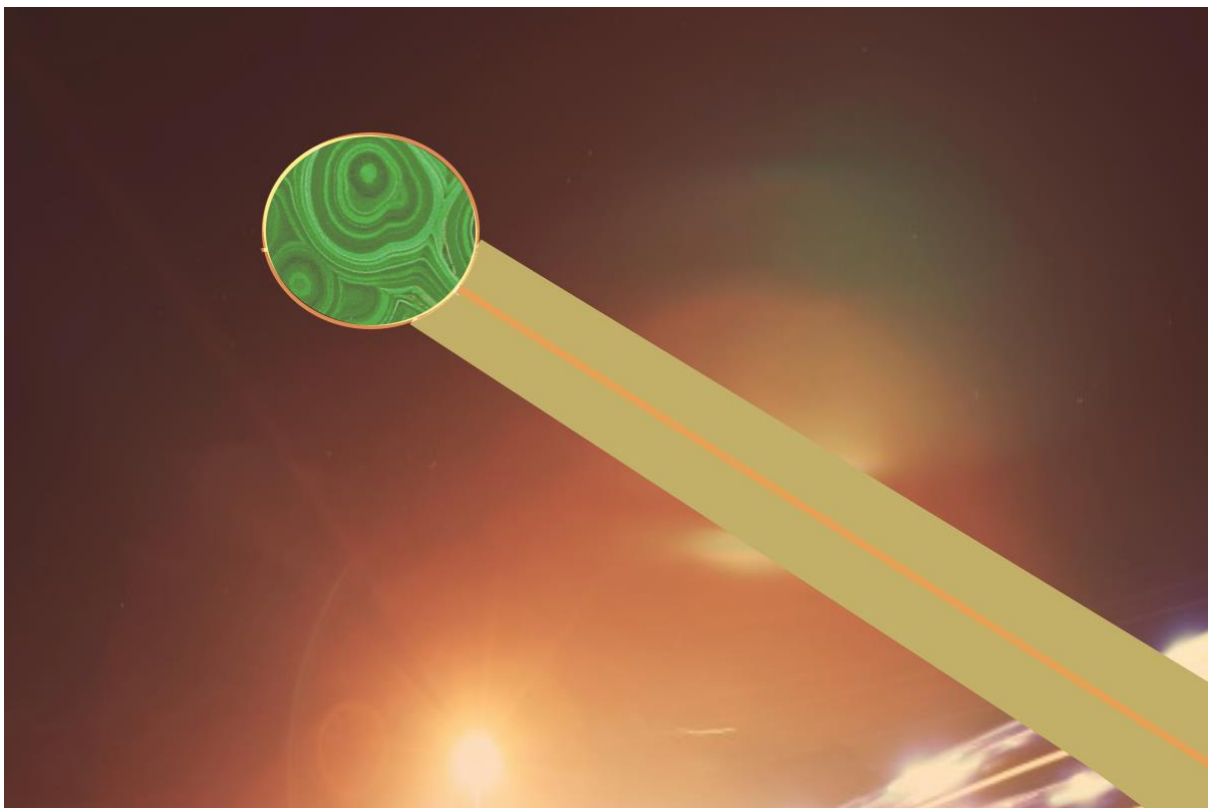
This cloud is filled with pre-primordial particles. It is where All occurred, from the destruction of the Preverse. Hence, the “planets” are not only enormous, but from constant attack from pre-Creation debris. Hence all the divine bodies are connected by Panthonium warp-tunnels and protected by shells of the same material. Omnera is the biggest. It is the seat of power, where Zeu, the Master God, resides and listens to the debates of his parliament.

South-west from Omnera is Bael, the planet of the Angels. It is the most isolated place in the Pantheon.

Brushing with the edge of the northernmost metaverse, the edge of the orange cloud, is Sila, a trading port with the Ya Side. Following the north-eastern tunnel from there leads to Valhalla, the Pantheon’s primary military base.



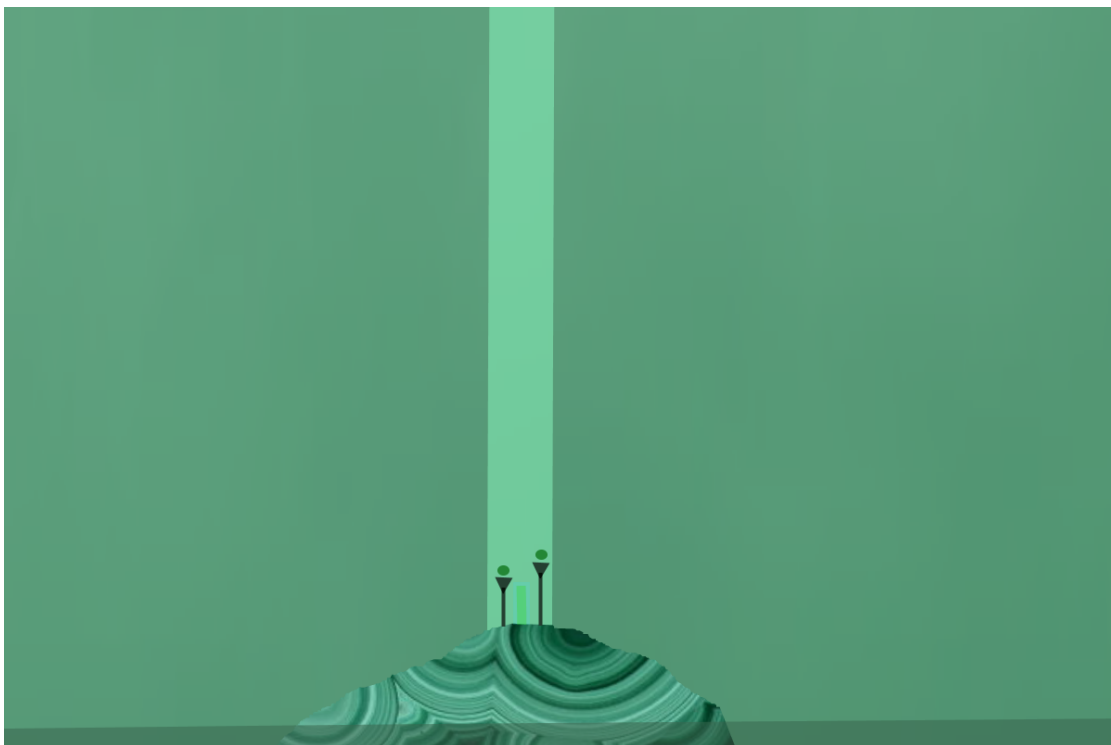
North-west from Omnera is Qivon.



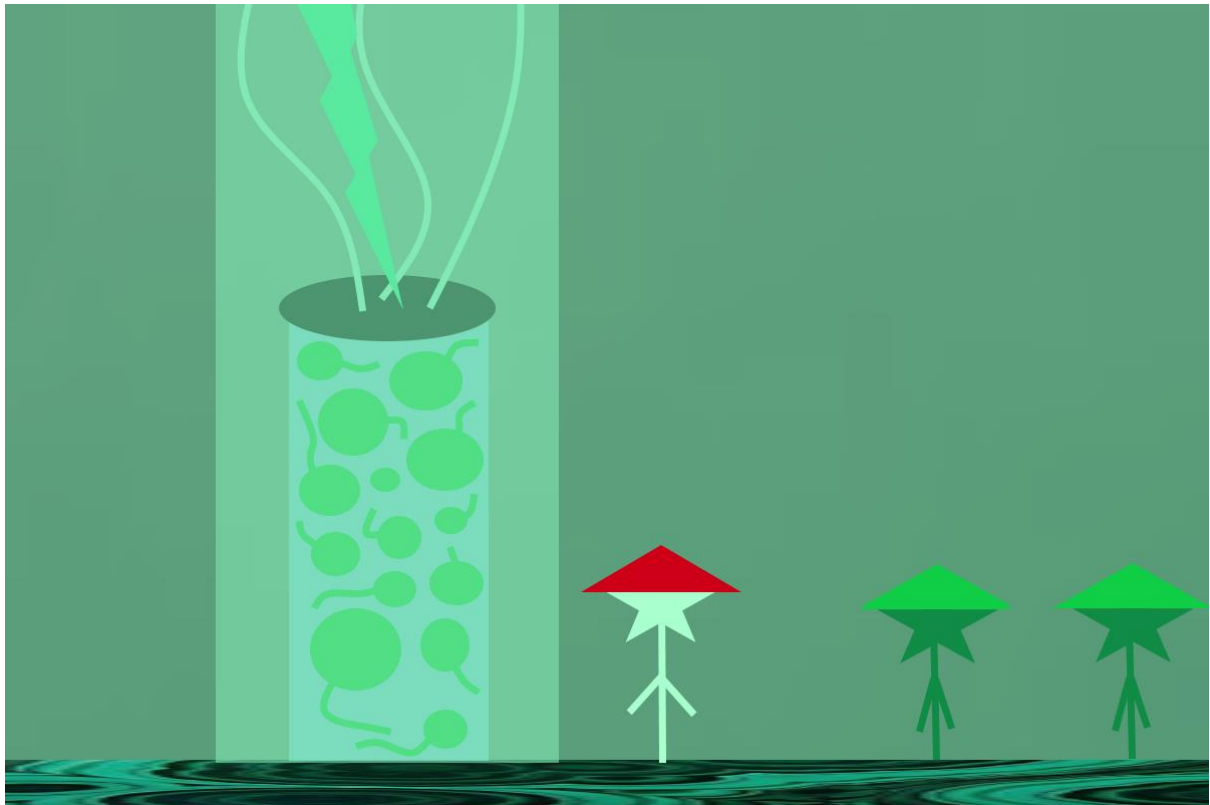
It is where Gods are born.



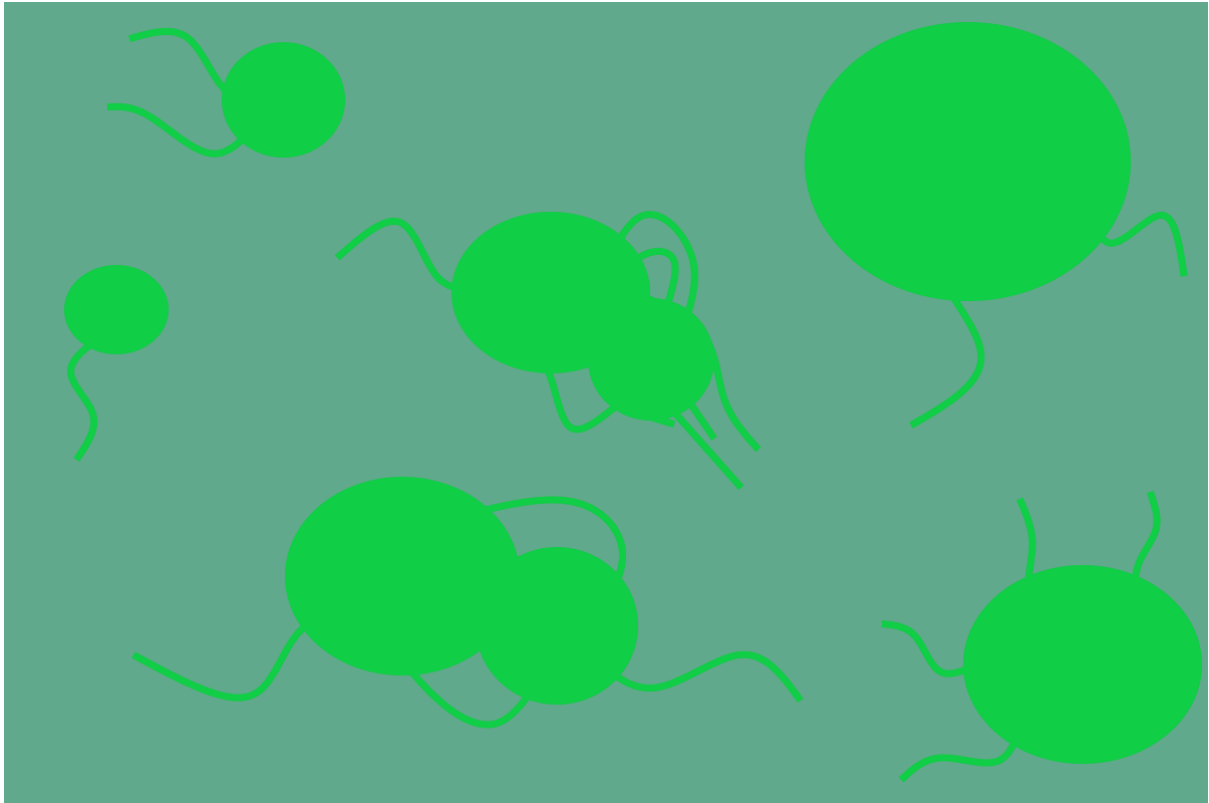
The whole planet is covered in tumultuous oceans of protoplasmic swirling with frequent emerald lightning. The planet is in close proximity to the mystical Creator Dimensions, domain of the ever-indifferent Metagods. The resulting excess energy from such places mixes with the atmosphere, creating storms of divine life.



Where the lightning strikes most is holy ground. Thousands of islets hold sacred shrines to great powers beyond the YiYa Model.



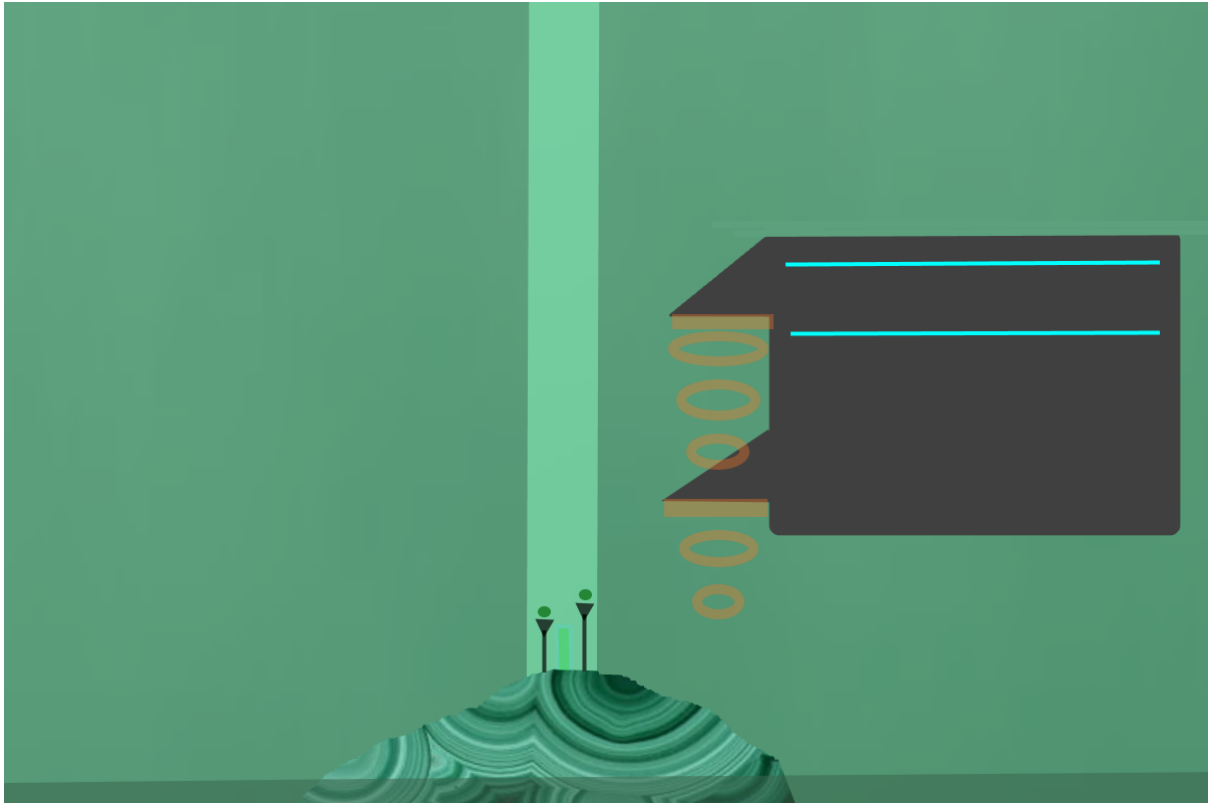
A Sister presides over each birthing place. Having resigned from their standard roles as Glitchsters, resigned from being guardians of The Code, their skins are pale from sheer radiation. Life is a destructive process.



When lightning strikes the vat, all the protoplasm is energised and splits into dozens of fetuses. Their first thought is to survive, to eat the others, to grow stronger.

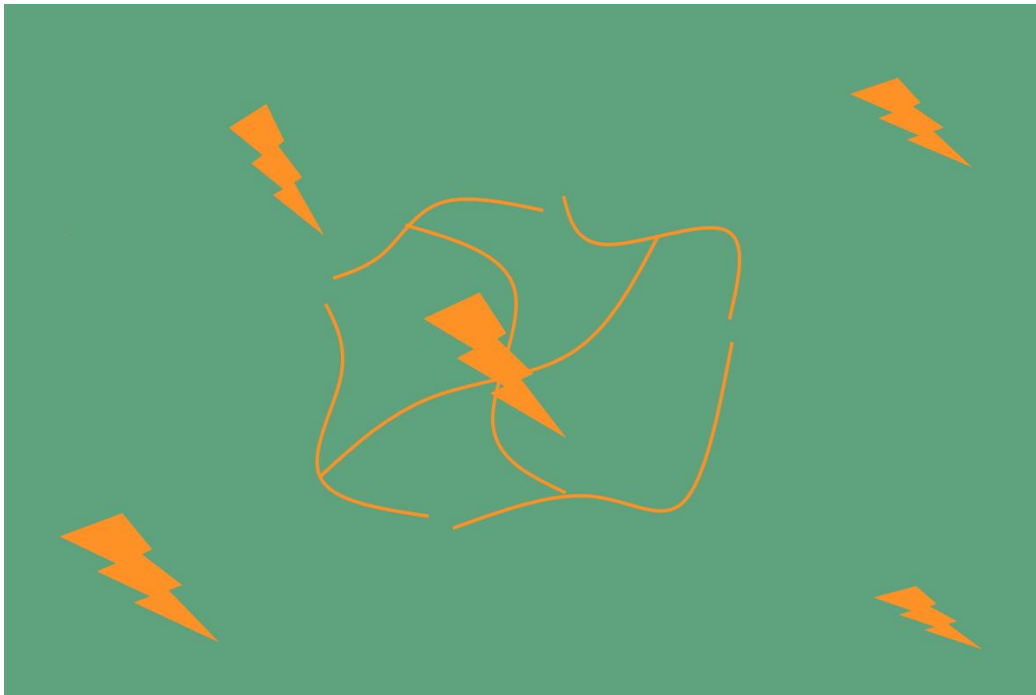


The successful foetus performs a simple teleport out of the vat. Their skin solidifies, as they embrace their prize: cold, bitter winds.

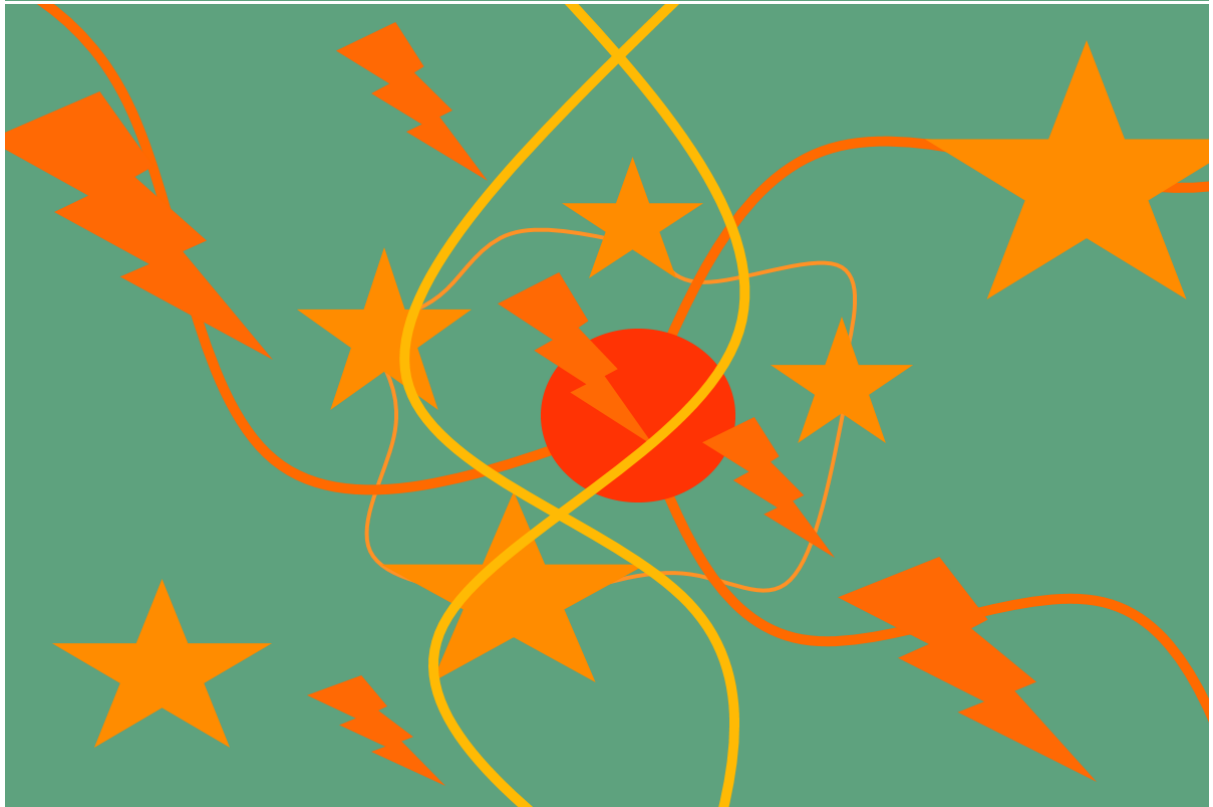
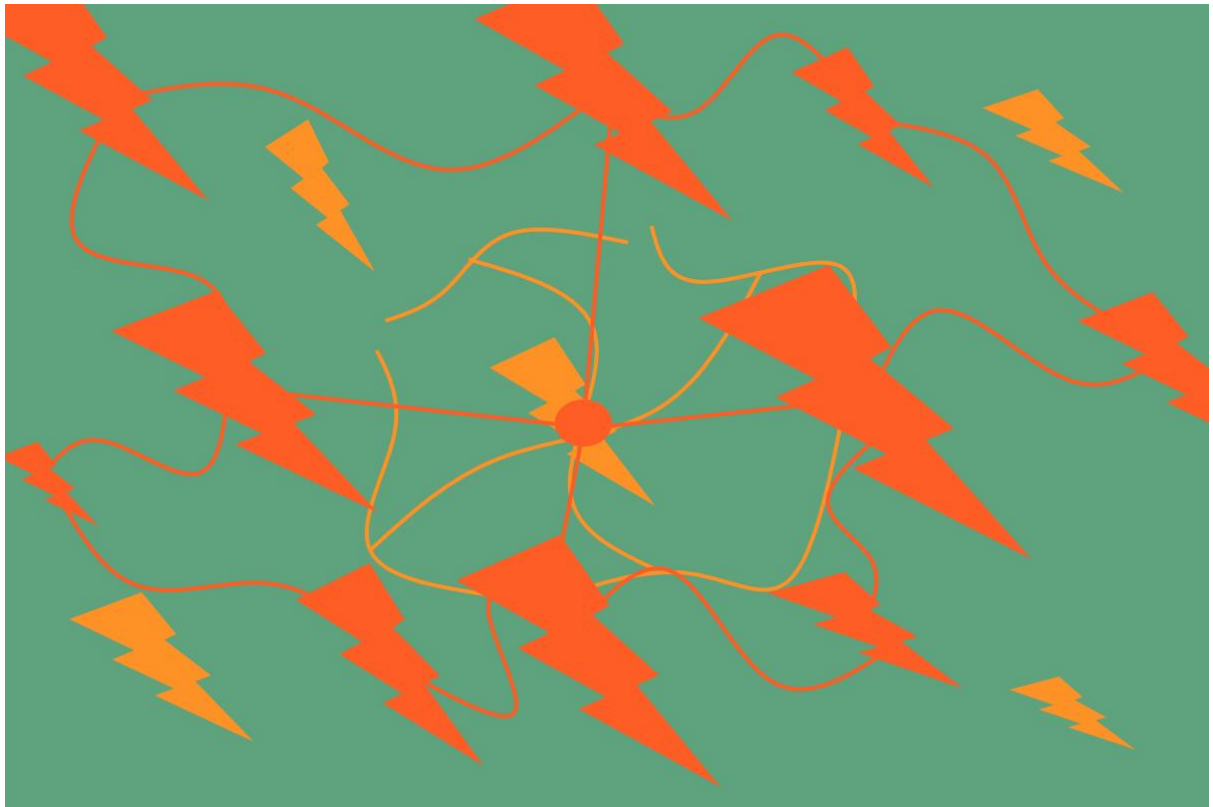


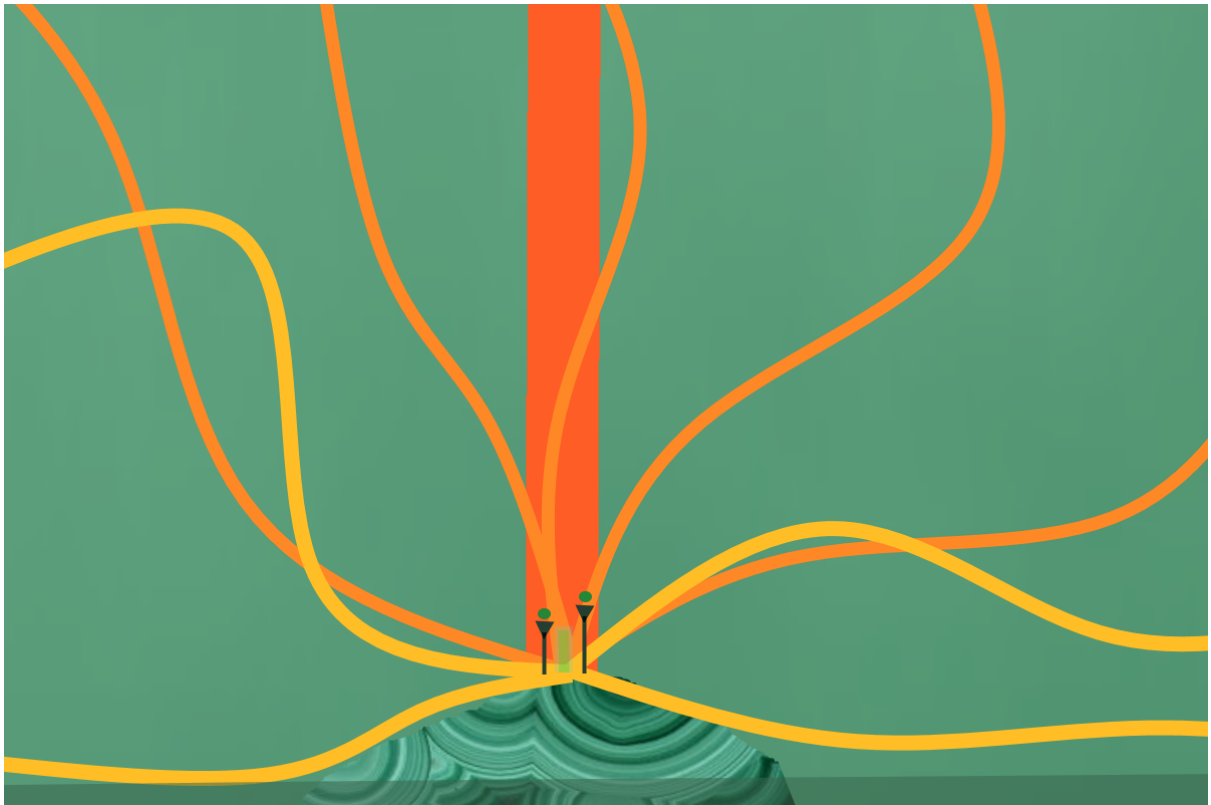
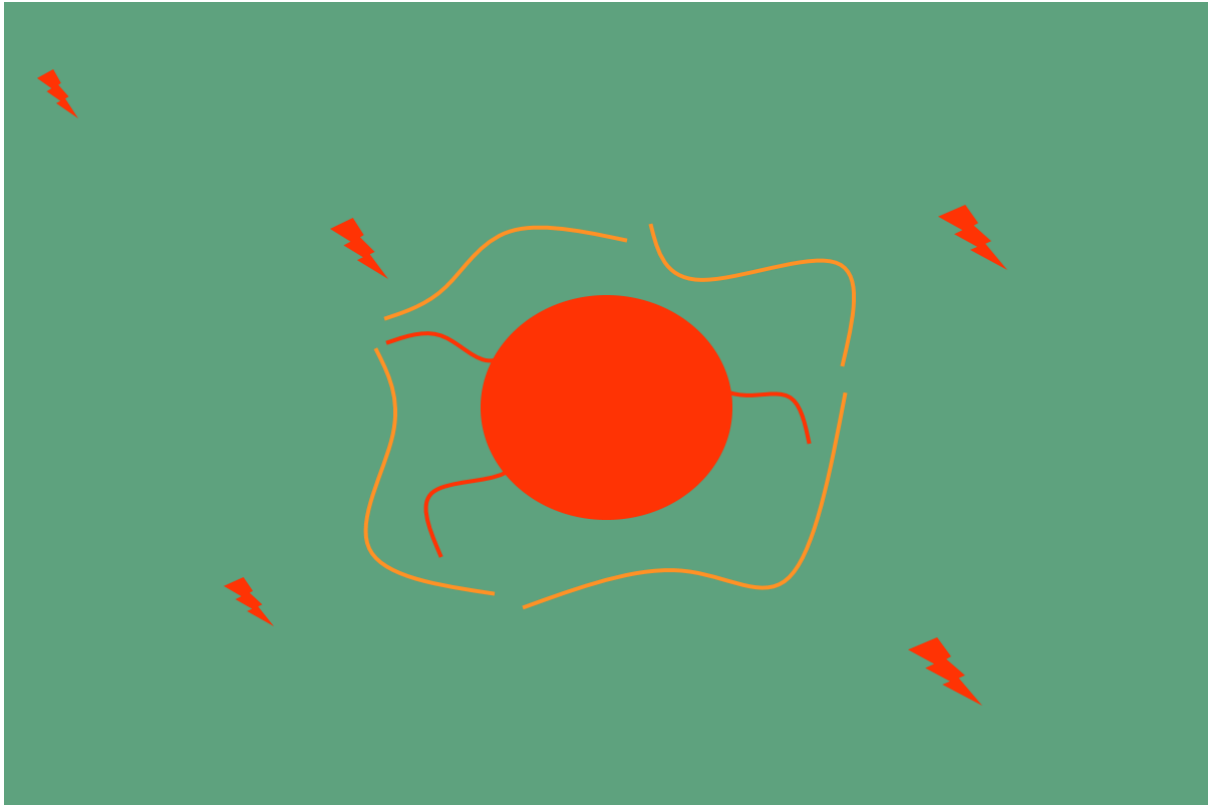
A nursery-ship picks up the successful infants soon after. They are fed through tubes and cared for by machine. By the end of the ship's journey, the infants will have grown into Godlets. The second they get off the ship they begin their educative career.

This process occurs without fault.



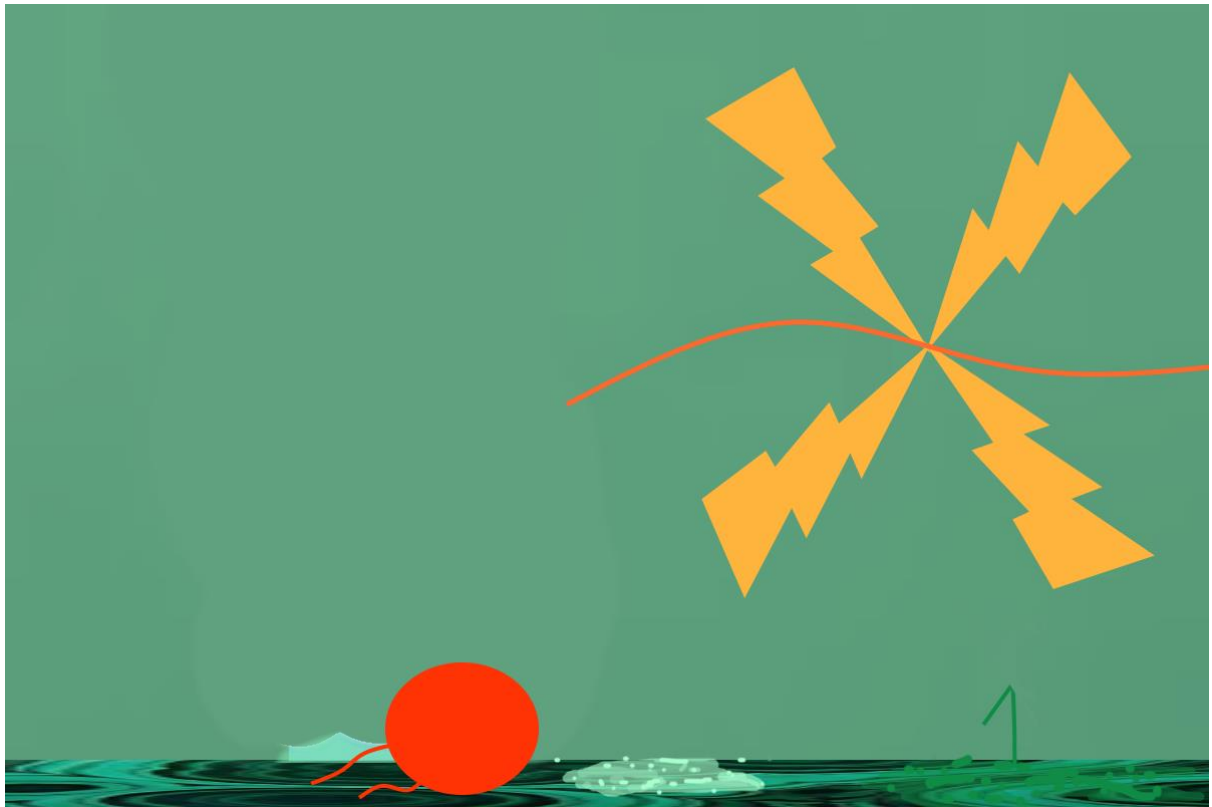
Of course, there is always an exception.







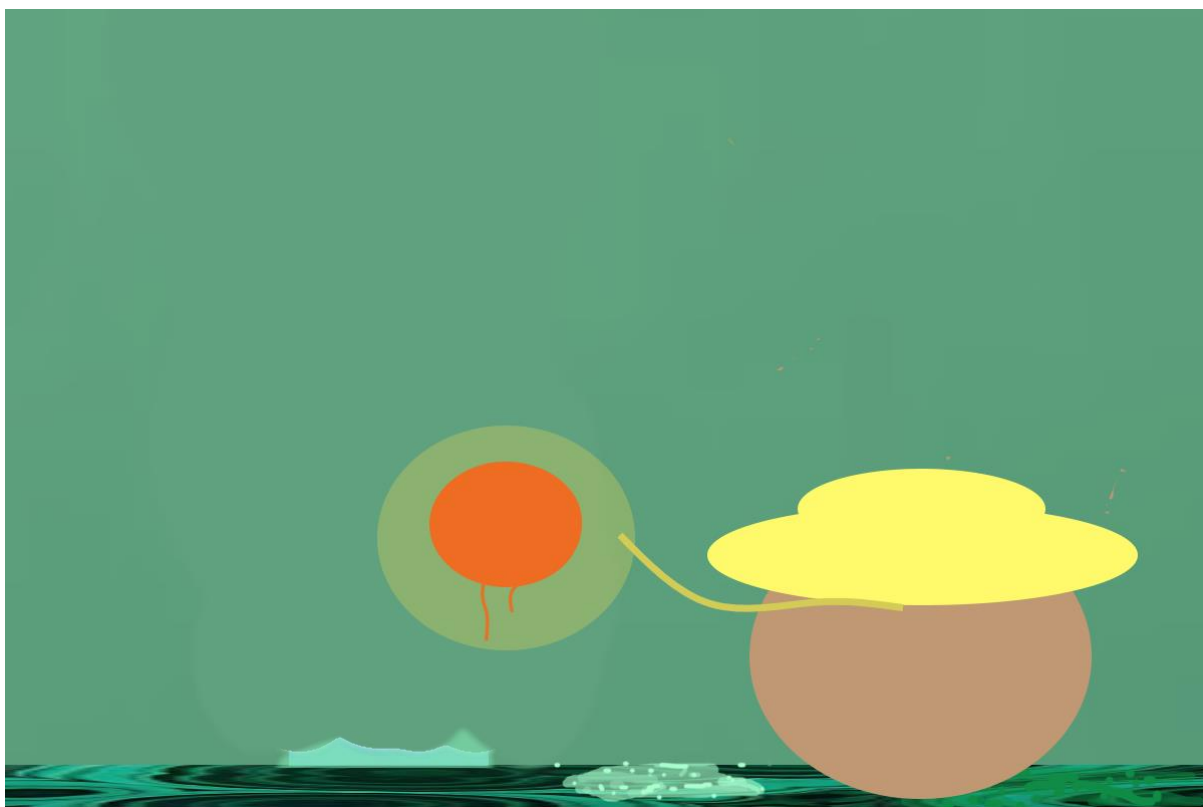
His name was Veroshima. The Last God.



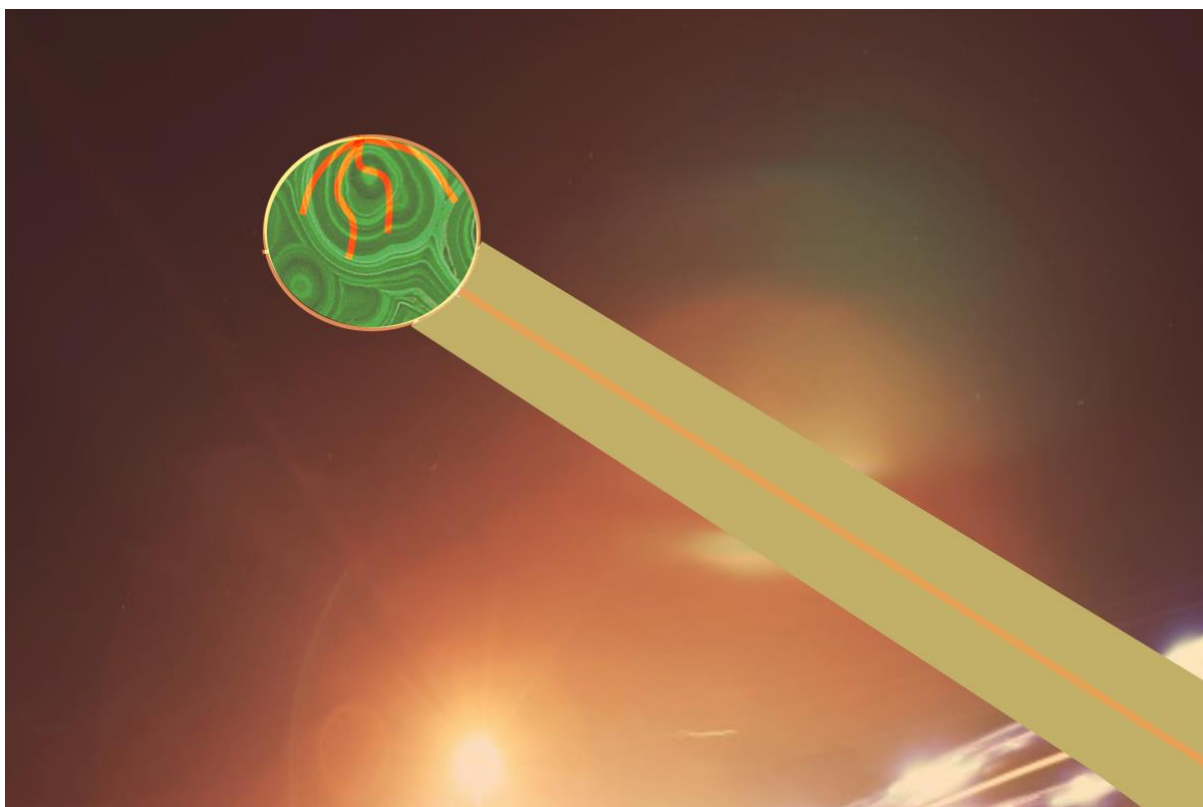


ARKMASTER

Ah, the final seed. Pre-All flame immortalised in foetus... my device. You will wake one day, and the chaos will be righteous. I pray to myself for it.



ARKMASTER: Come.



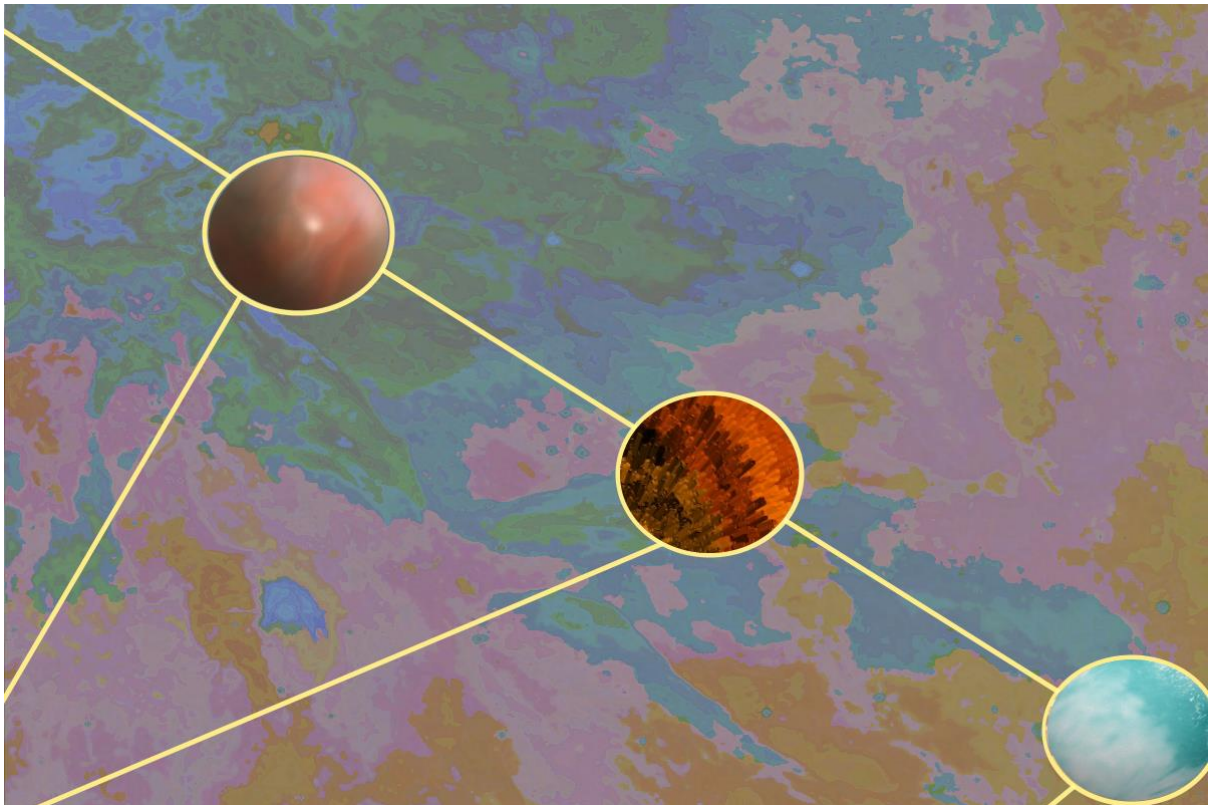
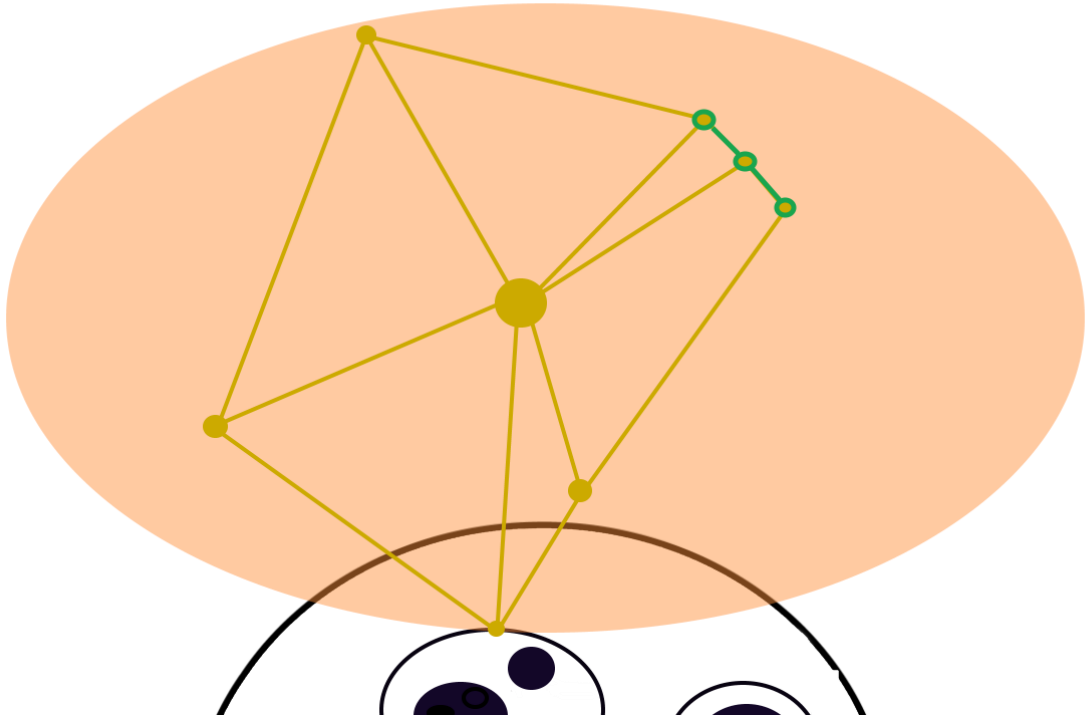
ARKMASTER: There is enlightenment to be done...

PRIORI PROGENY

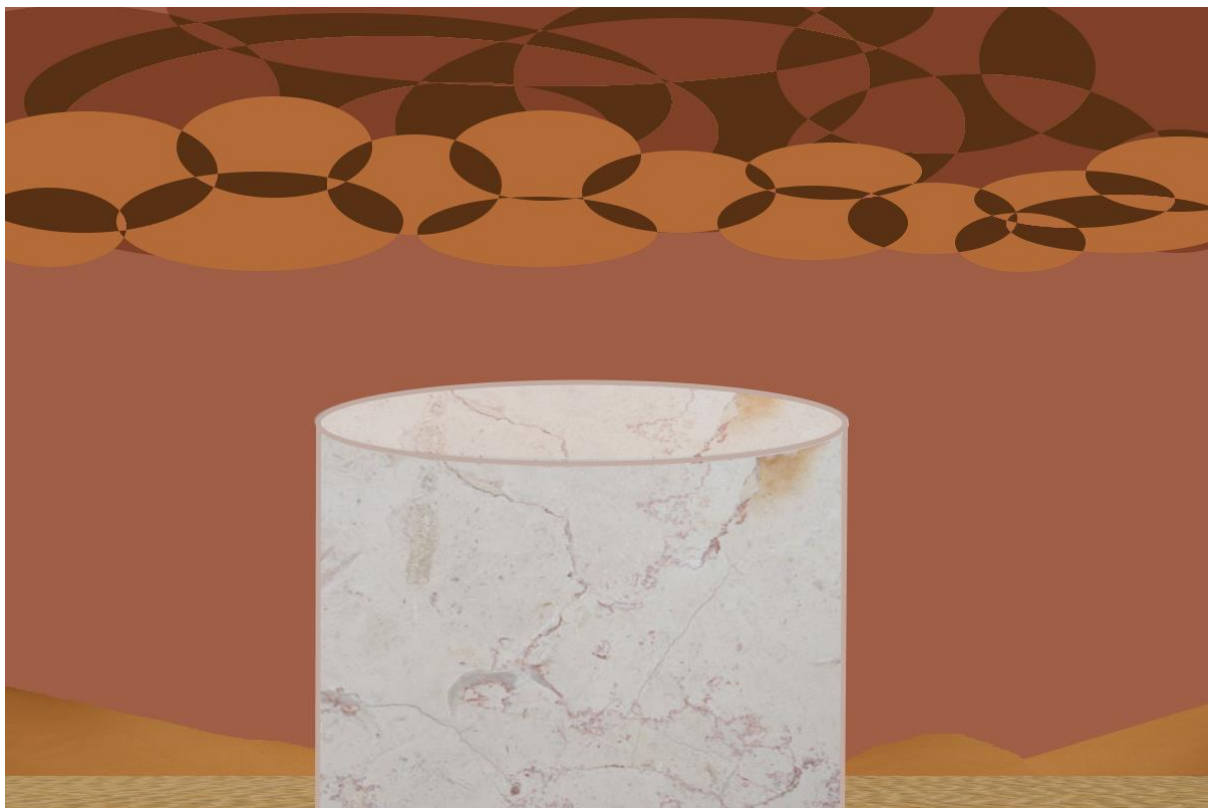
ACT 1: GODLET

"There is nothing more difficult to take in hand, more perilous to conduct, or more uncertain in its success, than to take the lead in the introduction of a new order of things."

Niccolo Machiavelli

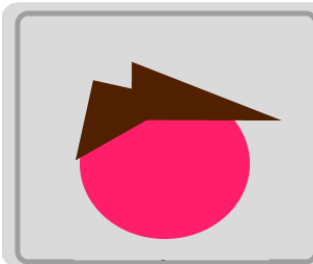


The Education Planets.



Planet Ue. The first one. This is the Godlet Academy, a marble prison amidst desert and clay storms.





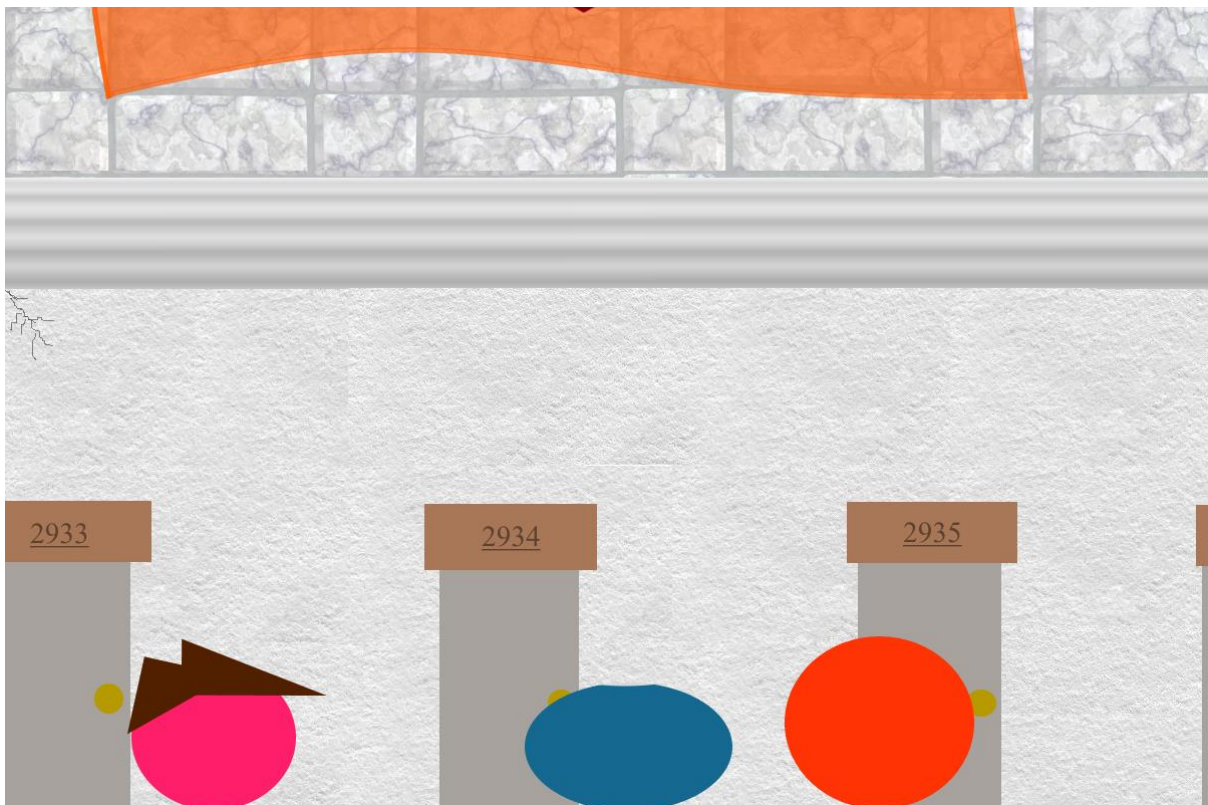
ROSEN

I don't understand...



GILDE

Understand what?



ROSEN: Why haven't we seen any new Godlet batches recently?

GILDE: That's just how things are.

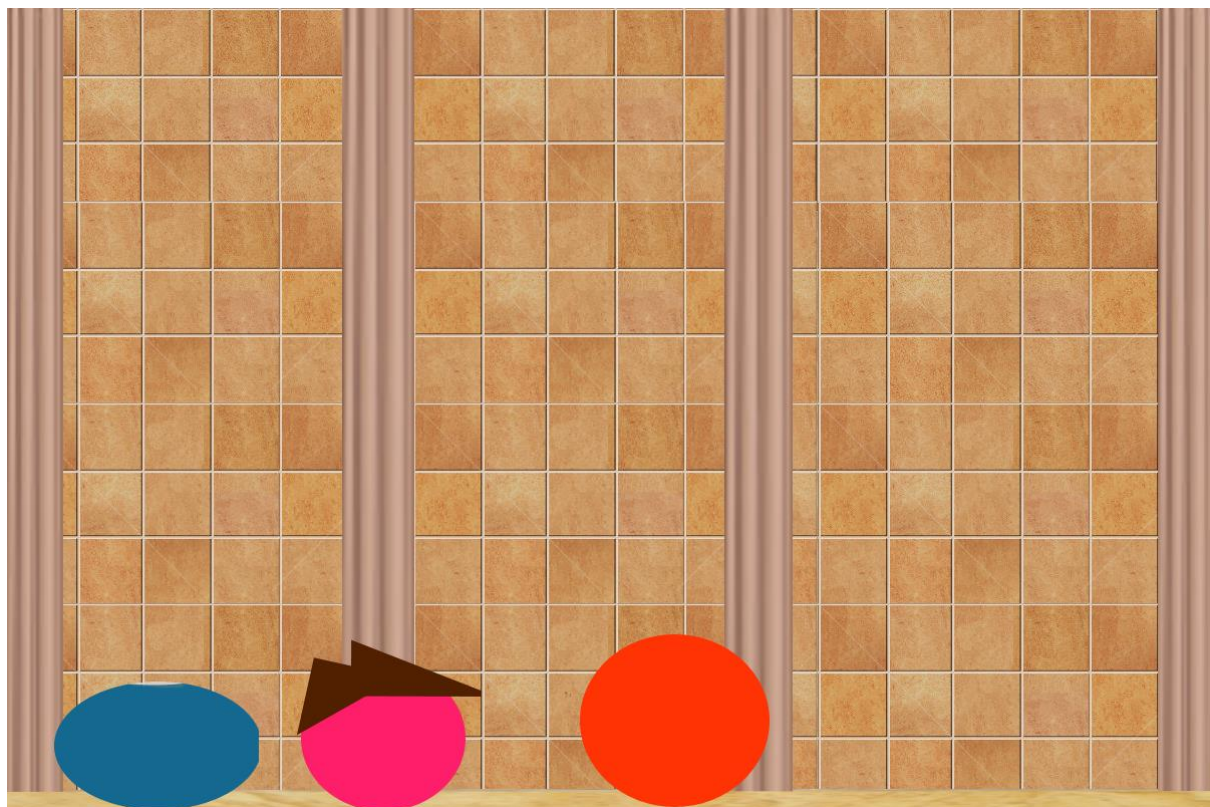
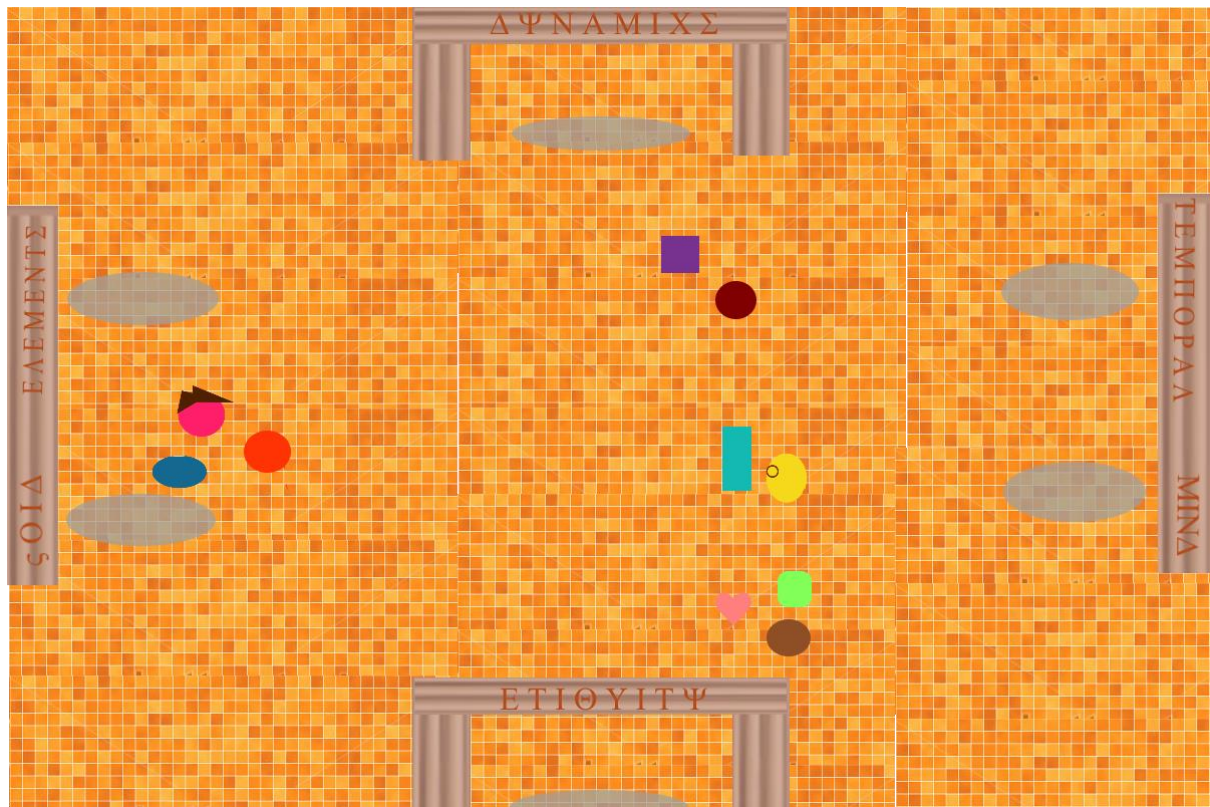
ROSEN: Last year's senior batch seemed worried about it.

GILDE: You're going to trust the senior batch?! The ones who massacred thirty of our own?

ROSEN: Not as bad as the one before them. Look, I'm just saying I don't like being in the dark, is all.

VEROSHIMA: But you're a Void House, I thought you were into that sort of stuff!

ROSEN: Oh ha ha.



VEROSHIMA: Also, “year”? You’ve been listening to your Dynamics teacher way too much.

ROSEN: It’s the only subject I actually like. How universes and multiverses and stuff work... it’s fascinating.

VEROSHIMA: Eh. Creating isn’t really my thing.

GUILDE: Unless it’s a genius plot.

VEROSHIMA: True, true. Talking of which...



VEROSHIMA: Kalness, oh what a wonderful surprise! How’s Verdray doing?

KALNESS: Dead. He’s dead.

VEROSHIMA: Oh well, he was a pathetic specimen anyway. He’s probably better off dead than having to listen to your ignorant vitriol constantly.

KALNESS: You ruined my whole operation!

VEROSHIMA: Oh please, “operation” is a bit too flattering, don’t you think? “Amateur mess” would be a more appropriate term to use.

KALNESS: My operations, was, is, the best in this metagoddamn Academy.

VEROSHIMA: I'd have to disagree. Paradox Tea is too mild, Gods like their narcotics to be much more hallucinogenic.

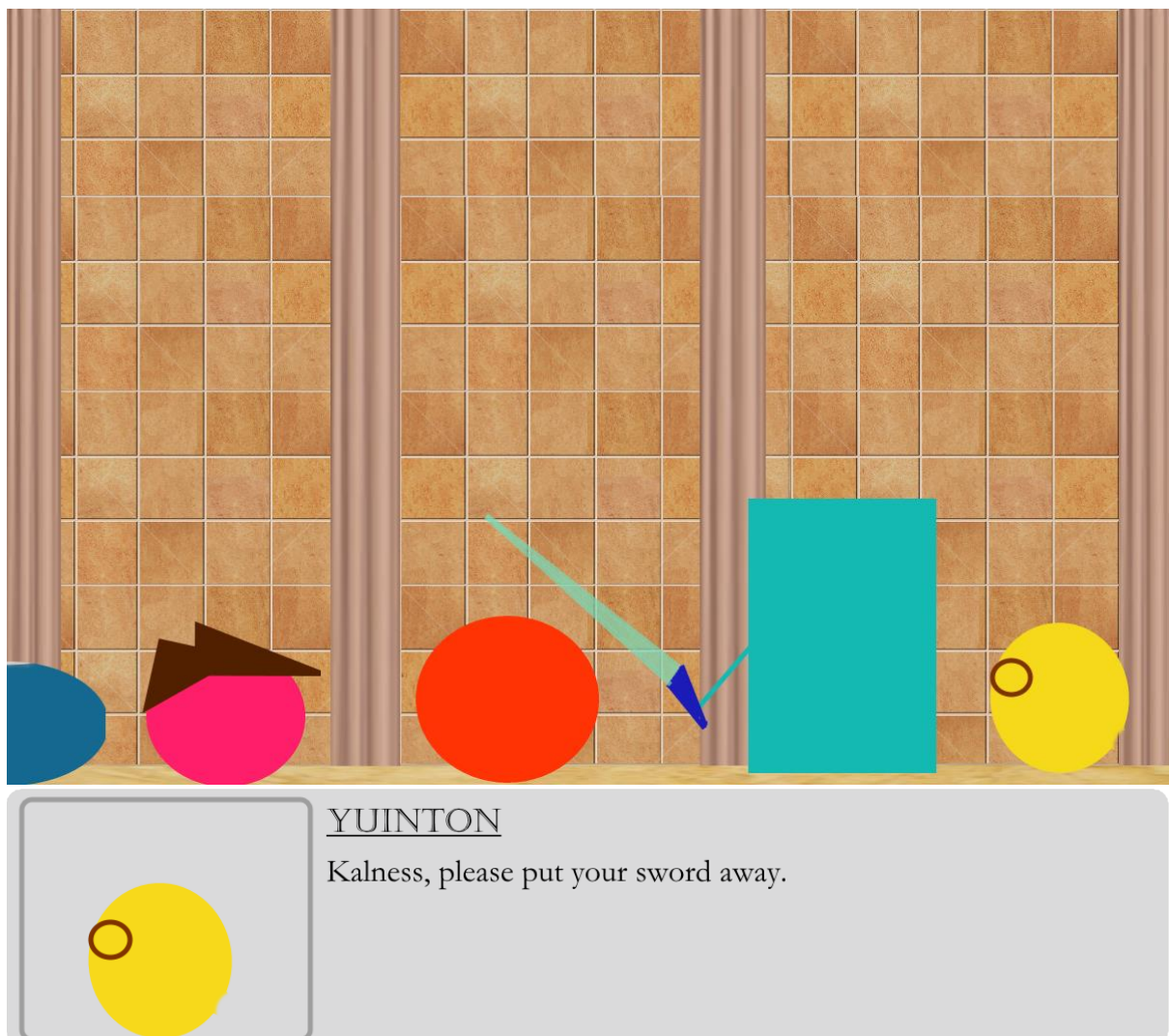
KALNESS: Mild?! My produce has resulted in deaths! I bet you haven't even tried any of it before.

VEROSHIMA: No, I haven't, because I'm not an idiot.

KALNESS: Oh, you are awful, you know that? I swear to-

VEROSHIMA: Who? Swear to who? Me? That's the only holy being between us, you understand, so I'm incredibly flattered if you are beginning to swear to me, I really am.

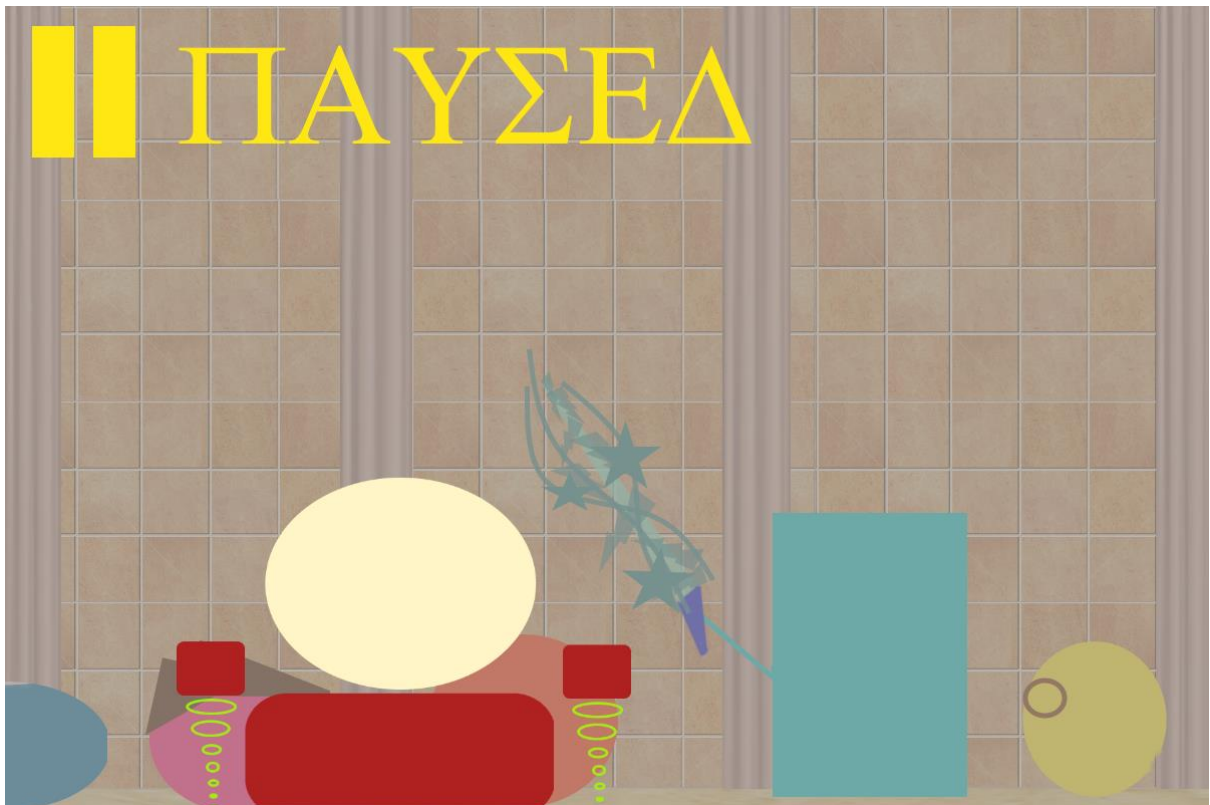
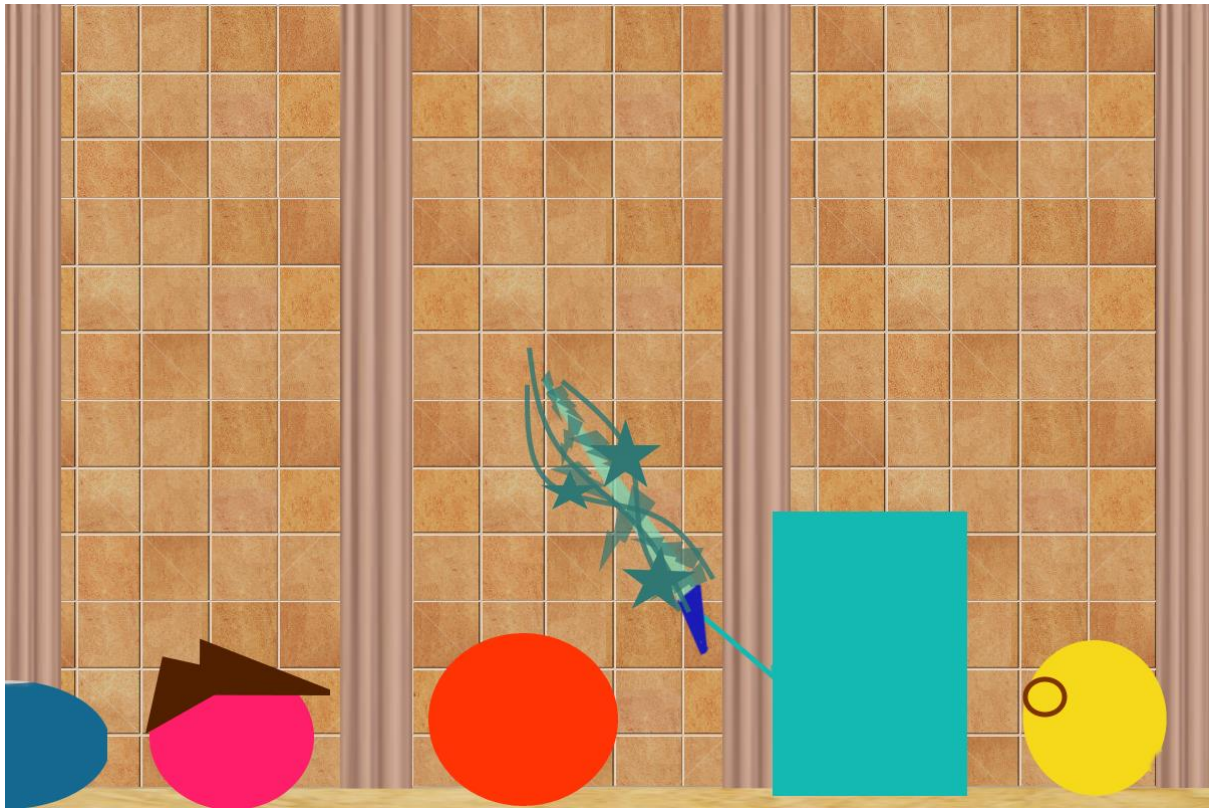
KALNESS: That's it, enough with your big words. We end this now.



VEROSHIMA: Your friend's right.

ROSEN: Haha, you don't want to repeat what happened last time!

KALNESS: Oh shut up Rosen, you obnoxiously-haired ass. I've had extra lessons, I know all your tricks! Now DIE!

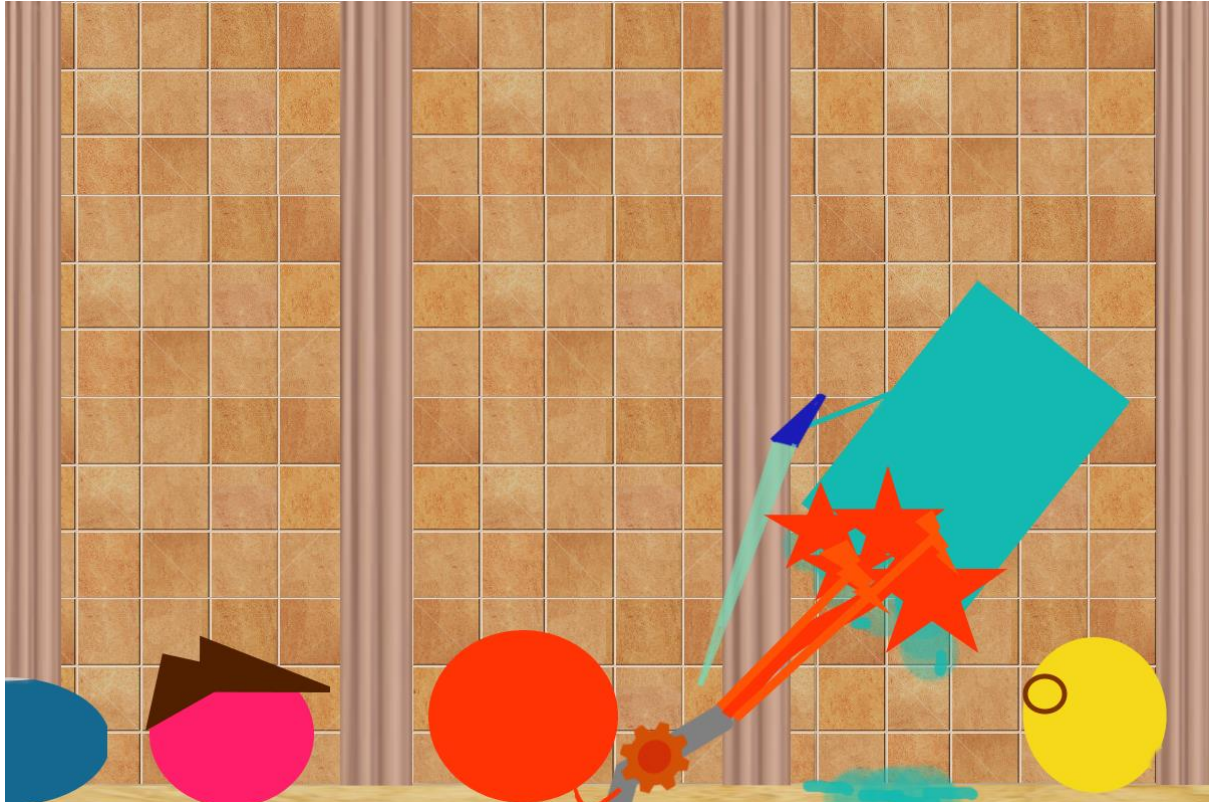


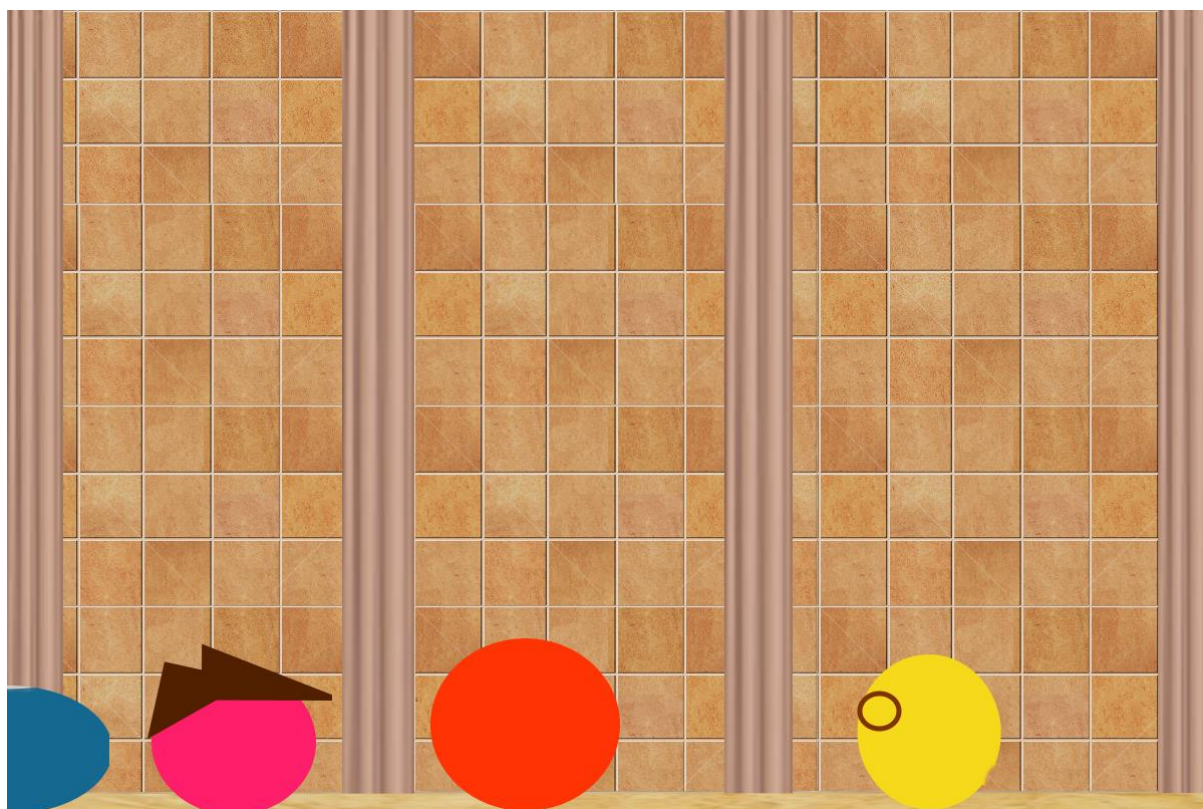
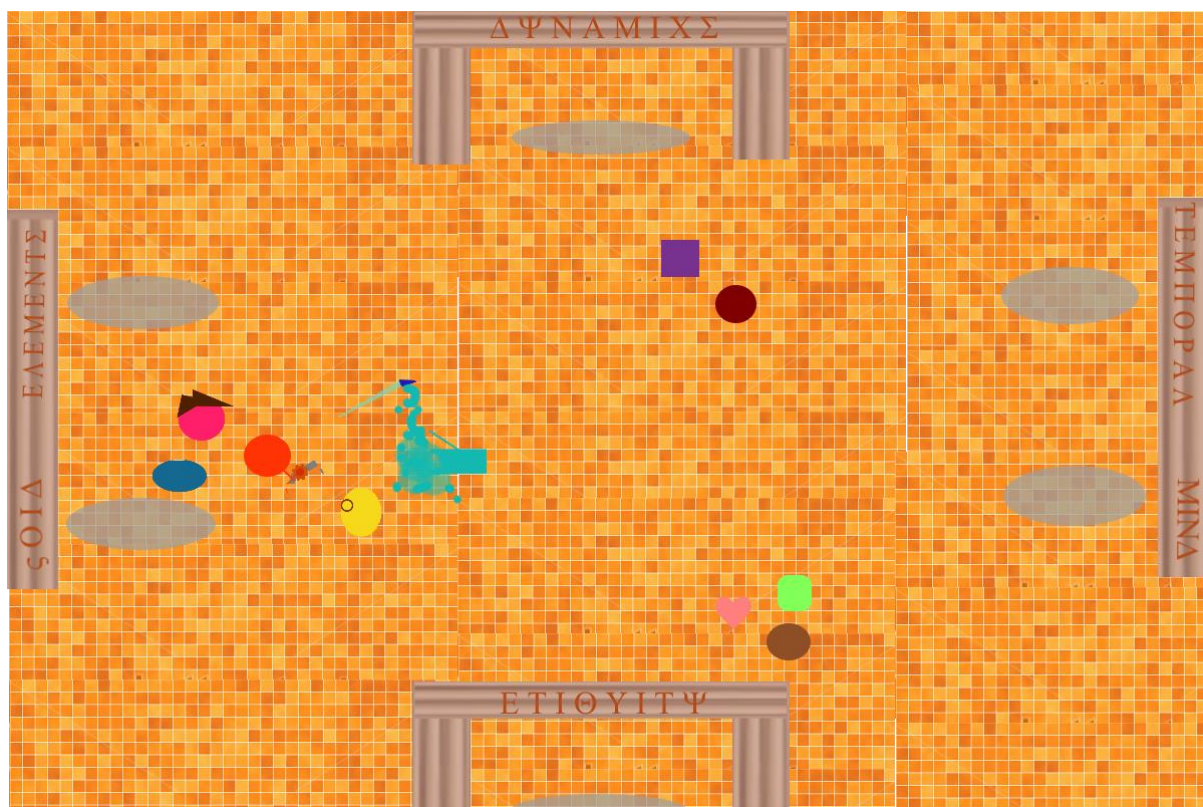
I should explain.

Although Gods themselves are immortal and omnipotent and such like, Godlets and Godlings are not. Even if you are a God, it is possible to become so damaged that you have to regenerate a new form. This can take between seconds to millennia, and by which time your role (i.e, what you are the God(dess) of; fire, time, etc.) will have been put up to lobby and probably bought by another God(dess) before you can fully regenerate. Now with no purpose in the Pantheon, you'll be sent to the Panepit, as a dead being.

Therefore there is always the risk of oblivion for any God, Godling or Godlet.

Let's continue.





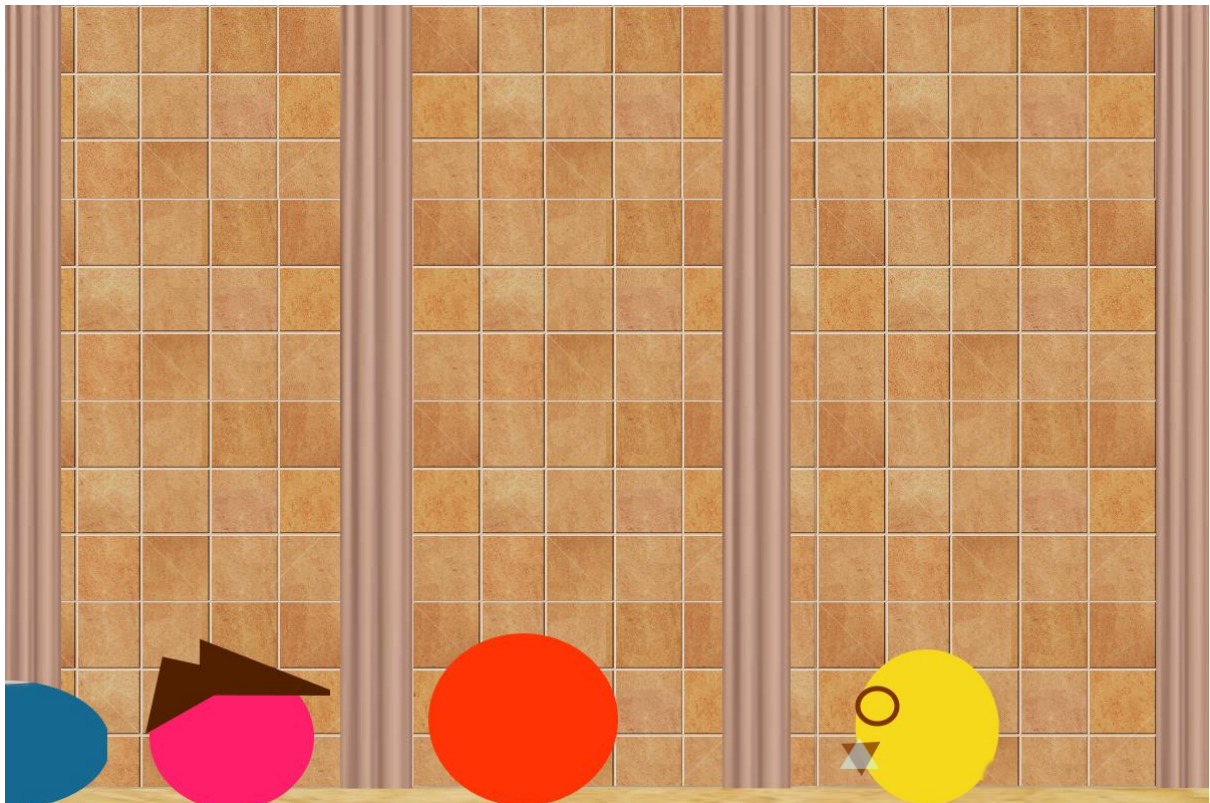
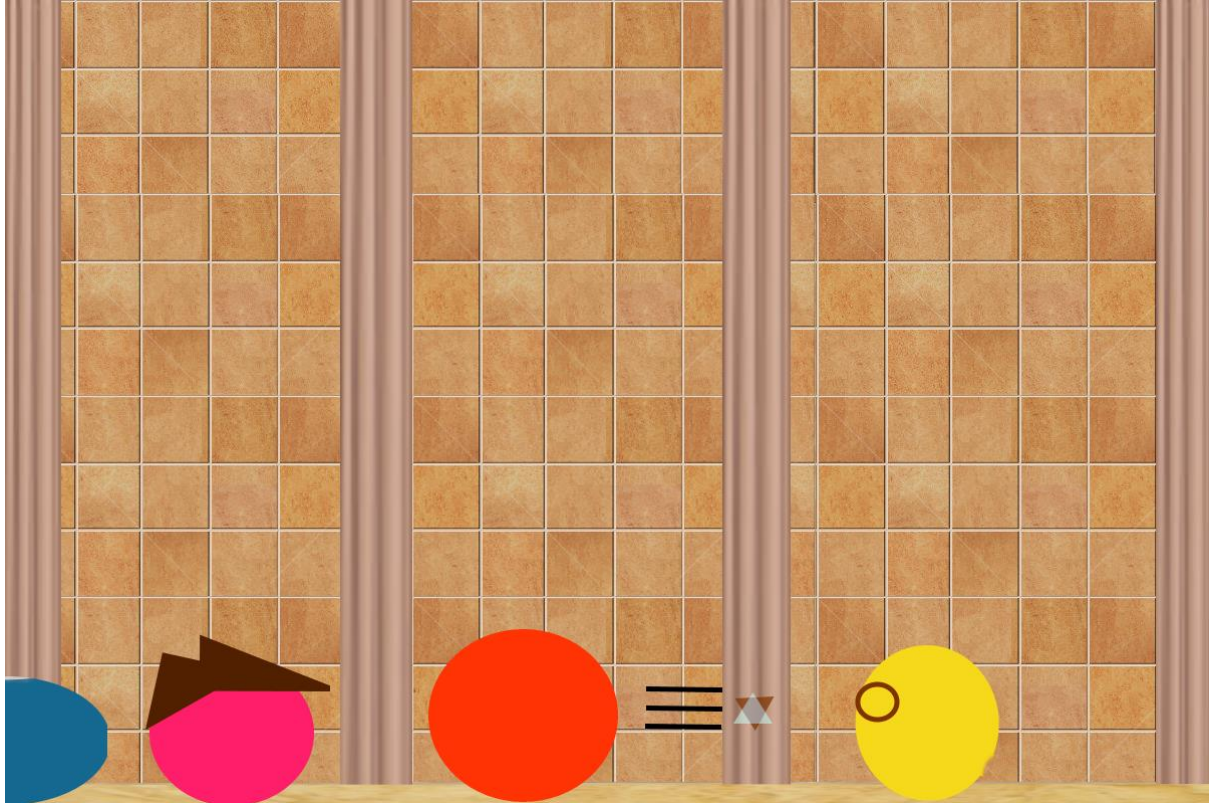
YUINTON: Well, that is quite a mess.

VEROSHIMA: Thanks for all your work, Yuinton.

YUINTON: I'm not happy about this, okay? All those bribes to the teachers has got me into big debt.

VEROSHIMA: I'll handle that.

YUINTON: You better. And my prize?



GUILDE: Pretty good, that one. Tried it myself a few times.

YUINTON: Cheers. Usually I wouldn't dabble, but... I can't stand the Pantheonics.

ROSEN: Which one? History, Culture or Literature?

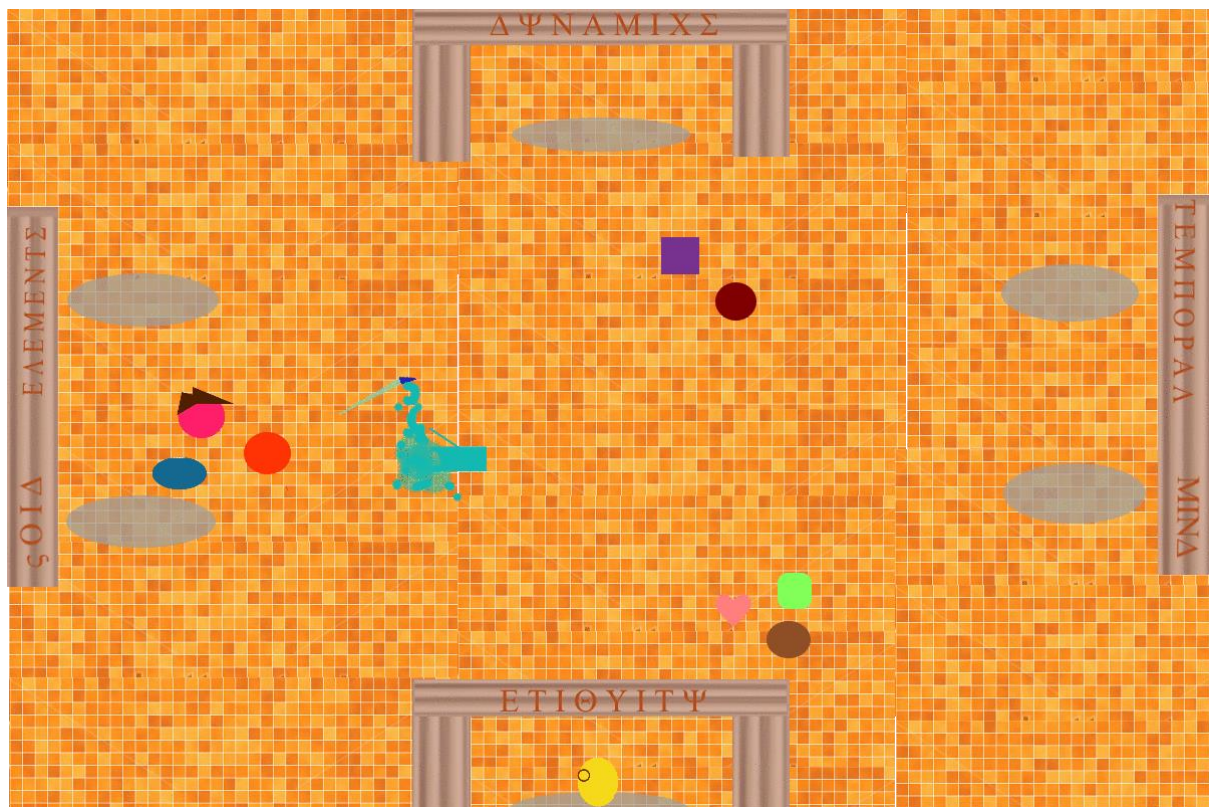
YUINTON: All of them. But these should help me focus in class, right?

VEROSHIMA: Absolutely!

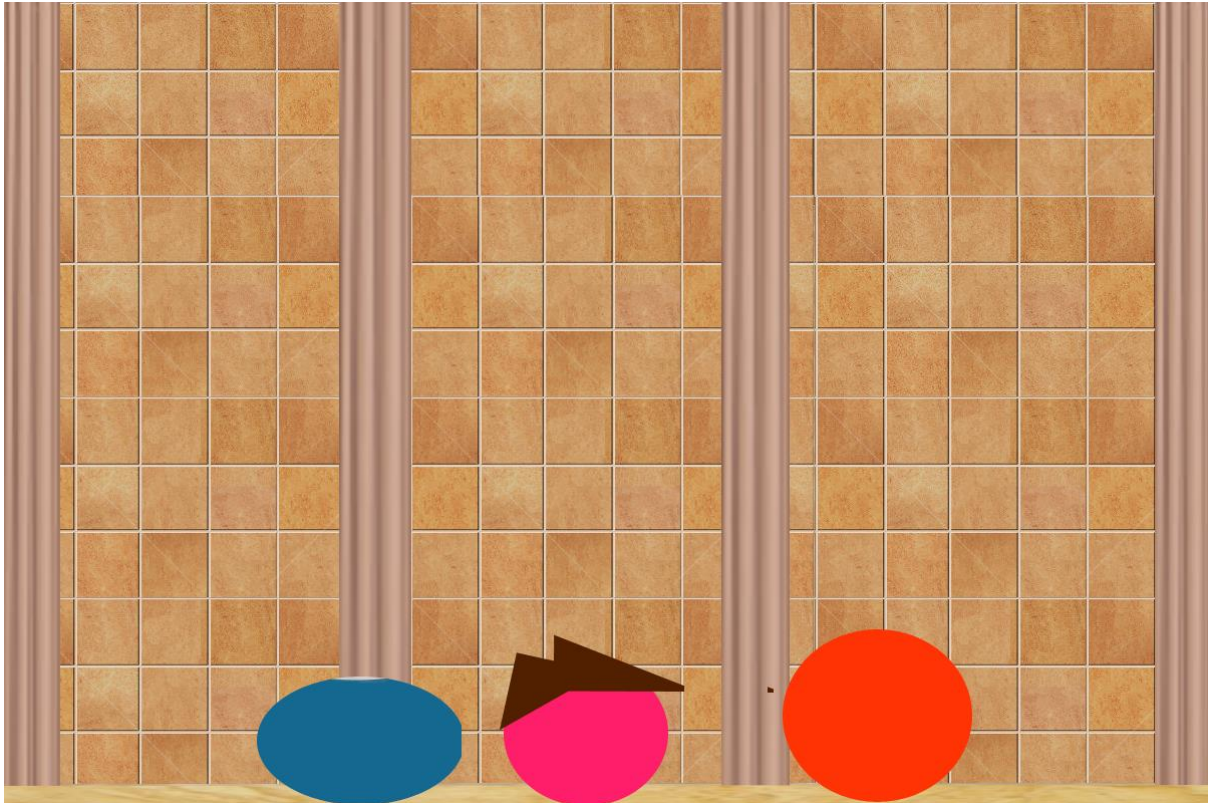
YUINTON: They better; I got a good friend killed for this, and forced a bunch of Divine Appropriation mentors to teach him fatally wrong tactics, therefore jeopardising their already terrible careers. So if these don't work, I am going to get my revenge. Understand?

VEROSHIMA: Of course.

YUINTON: Cool. See you in class, then.



[teleport gif]



GUILDE: ...Those drugs are going to ruin him, aren't they?

VEROSHIMA: Yup. And once he's gone that'll be the last of that gang, and we'll have a monopoly on drugs in the school again.

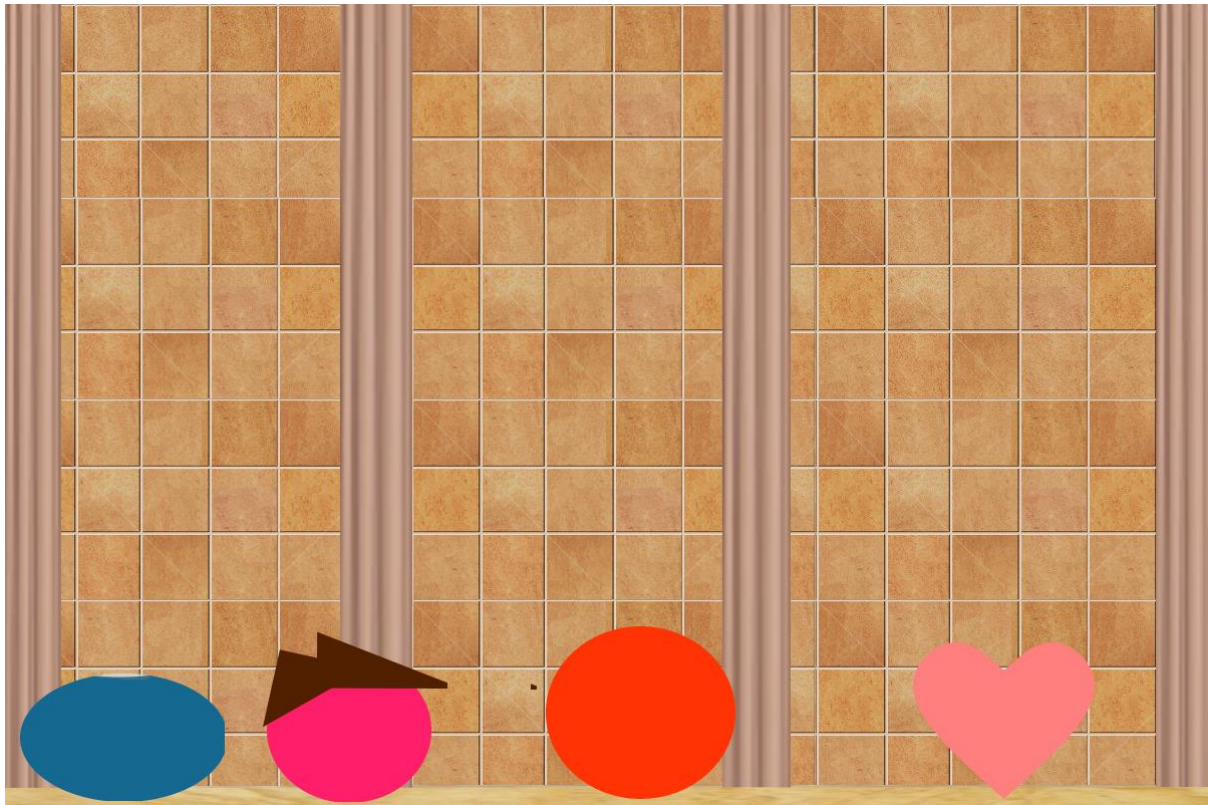
ROSEN: And with the income from that we can continue bribing our way to the top of our classes, right?

VEROSHIMA: Exactly.

GUILDE: ...But how are you going to deal with the Bloodbath?

VEROSHIMA: I'm working on. Don't worry, we'll get out of this alive. All three of us, I promise. Now, who next to pick...

???: You are a MONSTER!



VEROSHIMA: Now there, please don't jump to any conclusions. I'm a perfectly respectable Godlet, you just watched some uncomfortable business. It isn't run-of-the-mill, I promise.

FERROSEA: Liar! You killed Verdray too, didn't you?

VEROSHIMA: I did. Although Rosen helped greatly, too.

ROSEN: Oh, you! I just held him down, you did all the nasty work.

VEROSHIMA: True, true.

FERROSEA: I can't believe this. It makes me sick. And the worst thing is, you won't get in trouble for it. No, you'll be applauded for it. Applauded for sociopathic, awful, cruel, cruel CRUEL murder!

VEROSHIMA: Now let's all calm down here. Consider this a positive.

FERROSEA: A... positive?!

VEROSHIMA: Yes. Think. We are within turbulent times. We are suffering from trade embargoes with the Paradox Seas. There is rumour that there are those who have survived within the Omnivoid, and they have been planning an attack against the Pantheon. Eventually, if we are lucky, we are going to be in charge of All, the entirety of everything AND every part of the Everything's absence.

FERROSEA: ...What's your point?

VEROSHIMA: My point is that with everything resting upon us, we must be cold-blooded. There is no time for benevolence. A soft pillar like you will tumble into sand.

FERROSEA: A stone-hard pillar like you cracks when it has to adapt.

VEROSHIMA: Perhaps, but it keeps its building up regardless. A worthy sacrifice. If it will make you feel better, consider Verdray and Kalness' deaths as that: sacrifices. Sacrifices for a secure All.

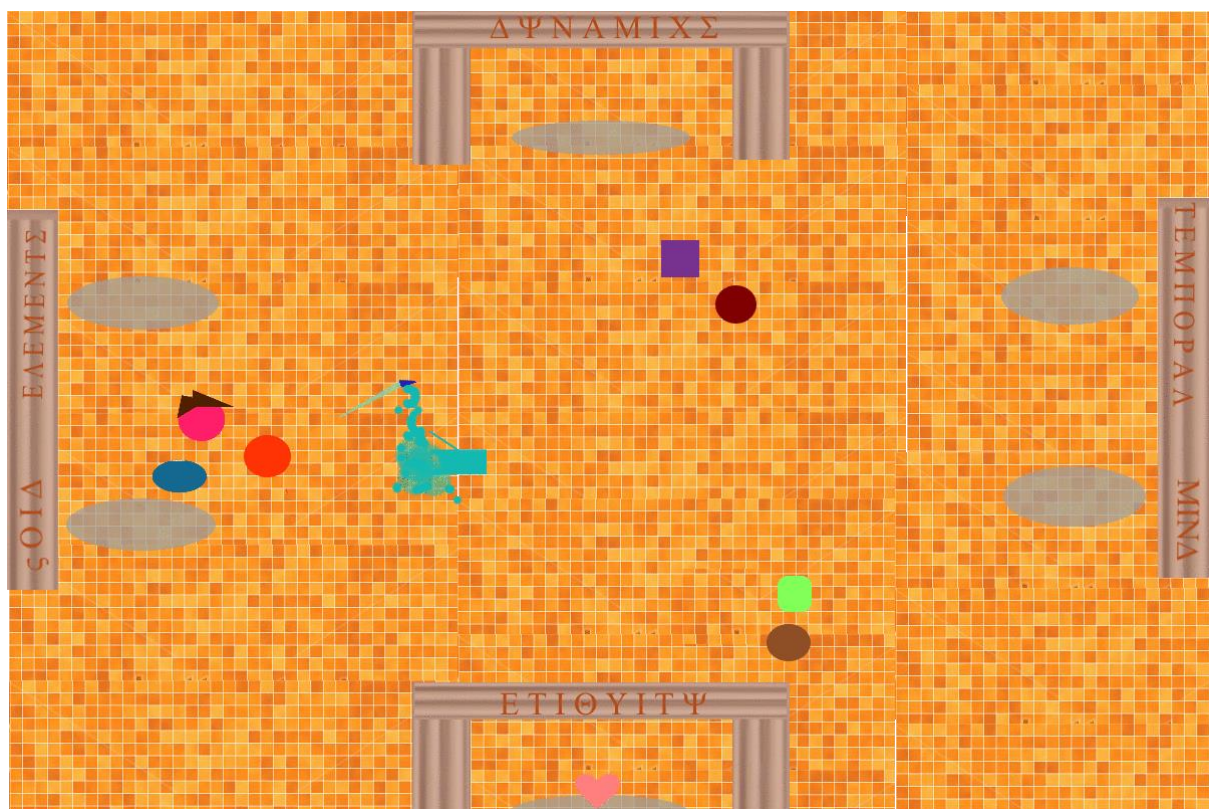
FERROSEA: Do you really think this is going to last? This arrogant, pompous attitude? You might have a band of cronies now, and a personality cult based on fear, but one day that fear will lash out and hit you in the face. And I hope it does. There are no more Gods after us; Qivon has been destroyed. If we keep on killing each other so flippantly, then those in power right now will have an easier time culling us, and nothing will change for the better.

VEROSHIMA: Careful now. A wrong slip of the tongue to the right people and you could end up like Sebastia.

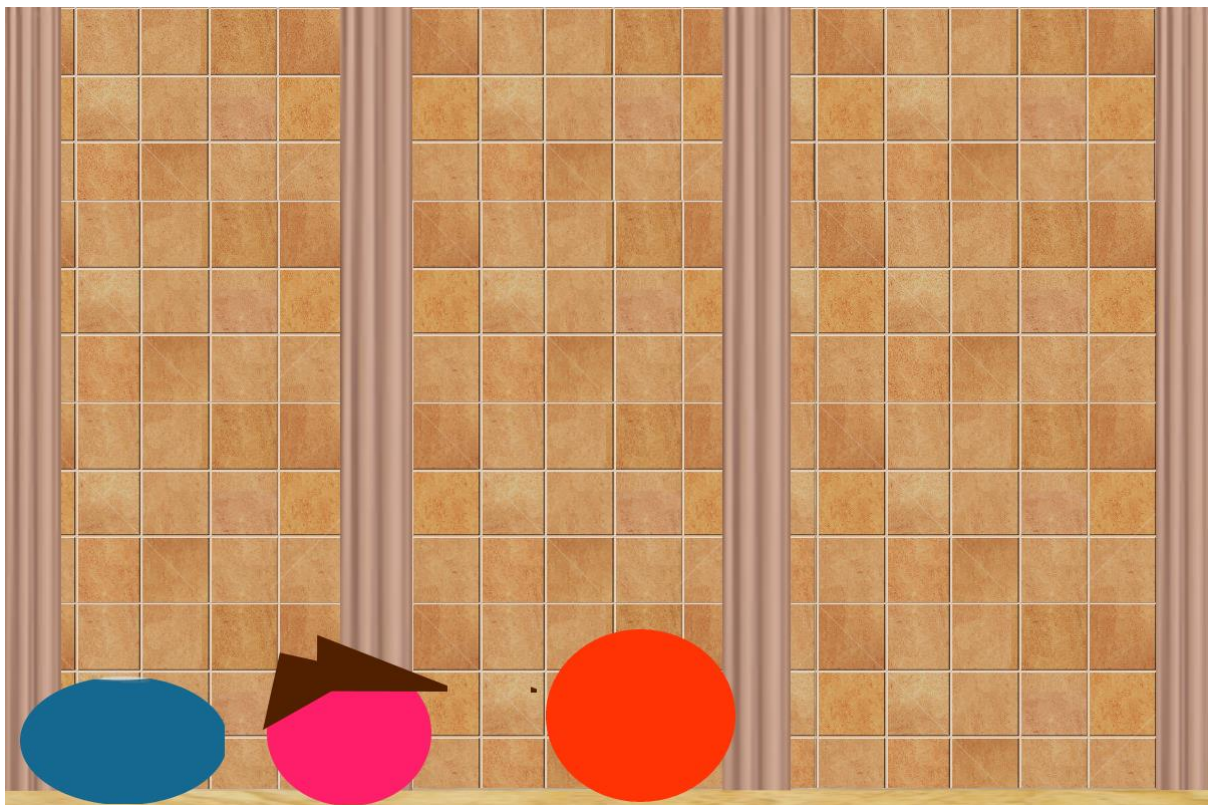
FERROSEA: What, being publically executed in this very Central Hall? Yes, I am fully aware of the risks.

VEROSHIMA: Then why are you telling me all of your sacrilegious feelings?

FERROSEA: I... I don't know. Anger at what you are doing, I guess. It clouds all judgement, anger. It is about time we learnt that. Goodbye, Veroshima.

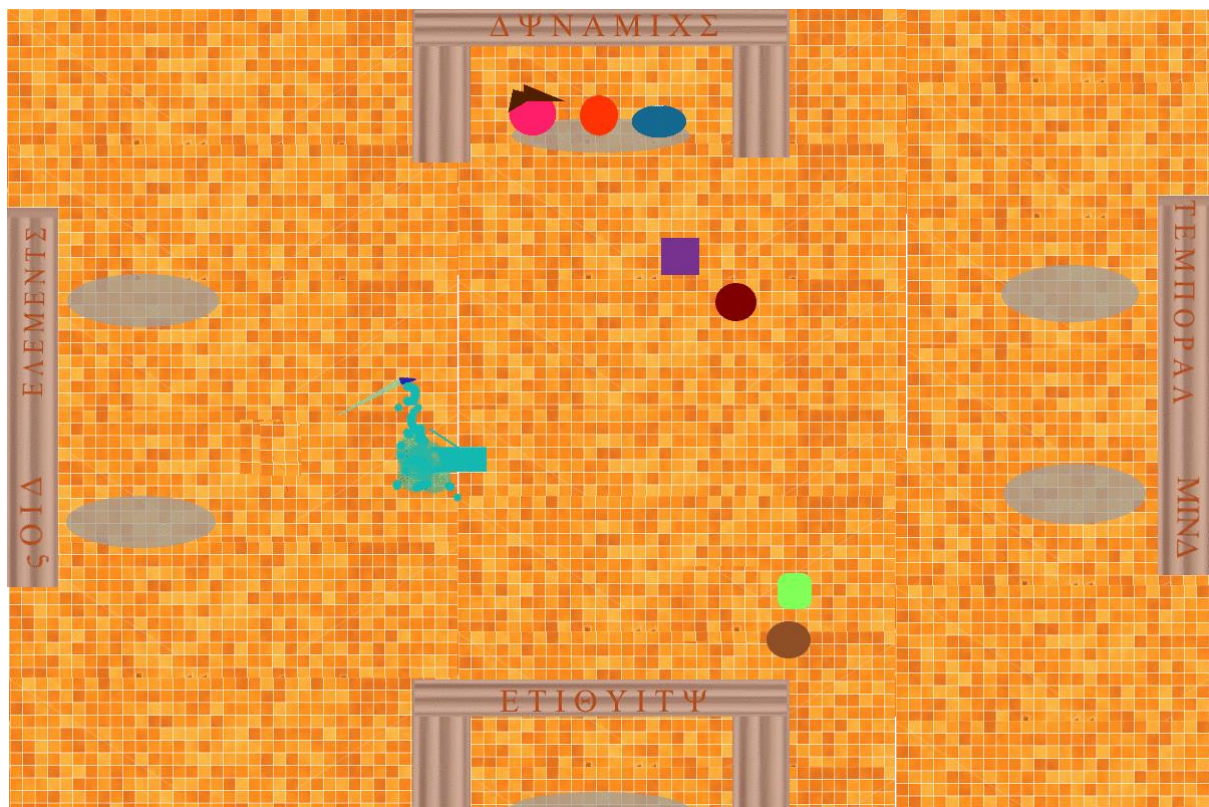


[teleport gif]



GUILDE: ...Is she going to be our next target?

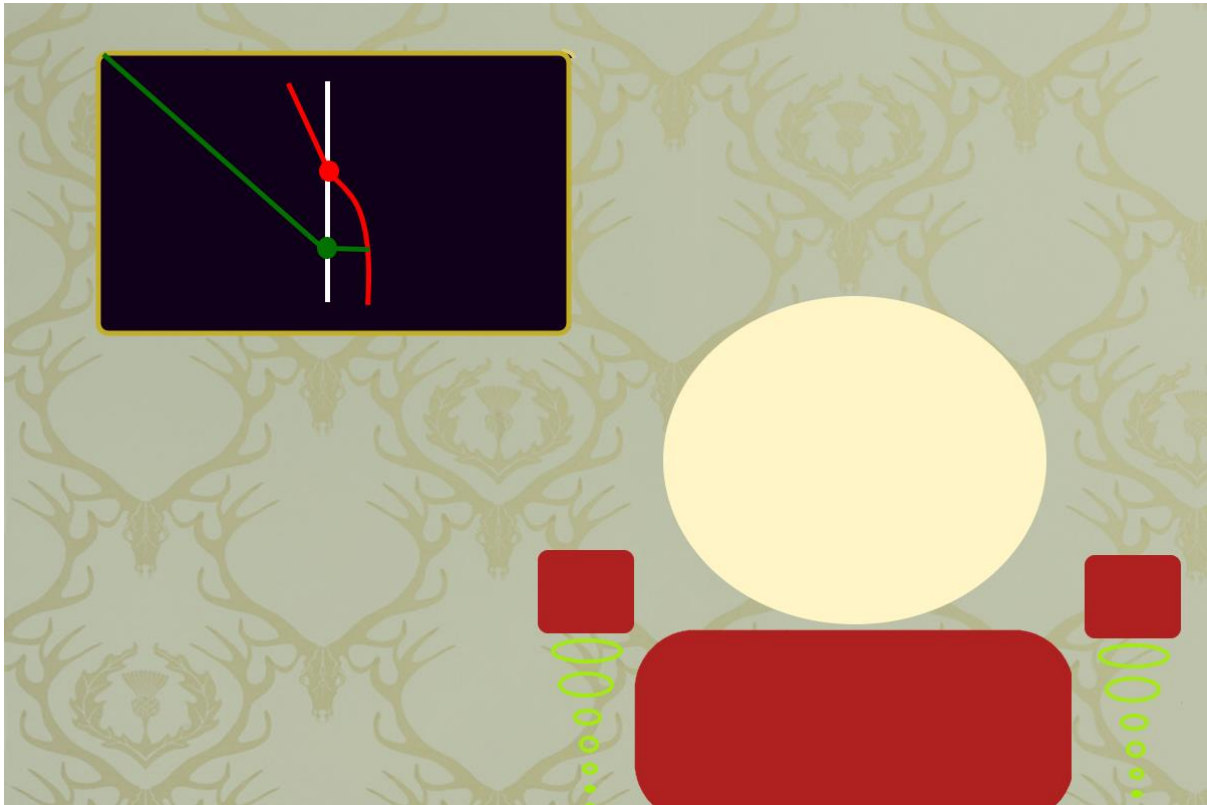
VEROSHIMA: No. I've got other uses for her. Come on.



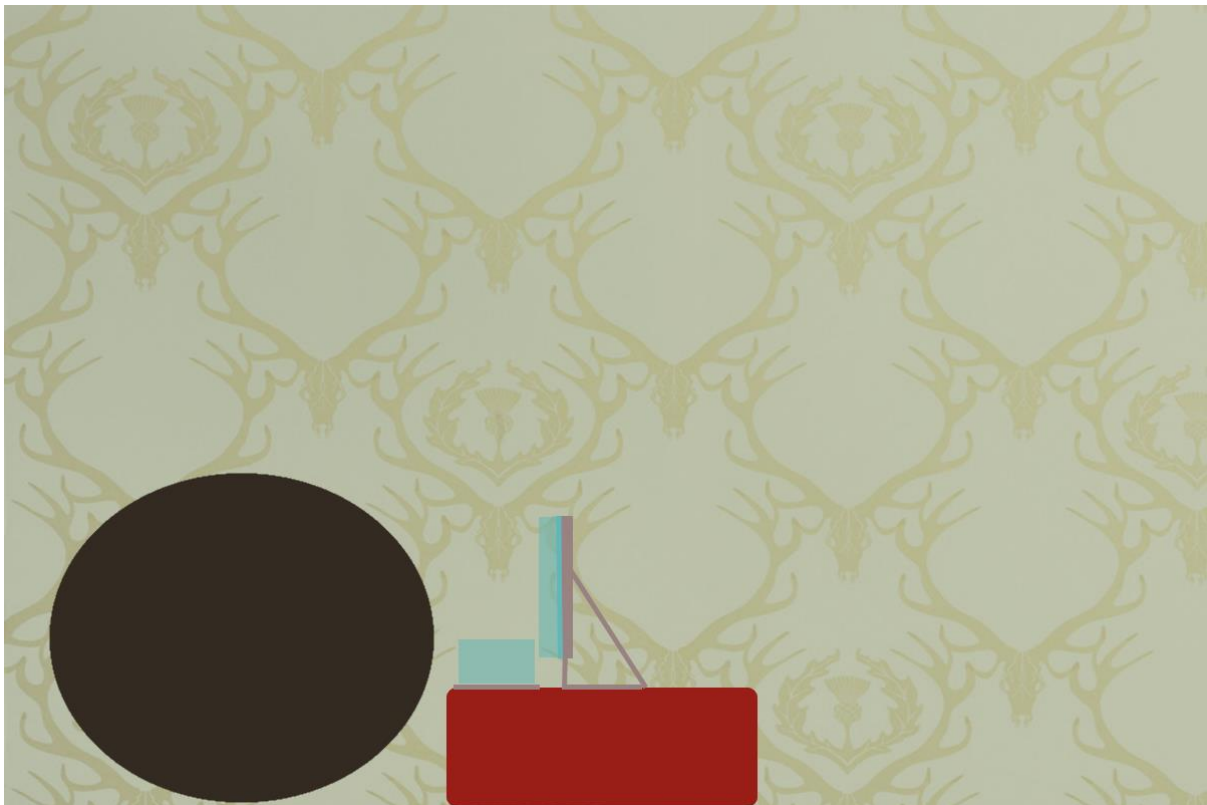
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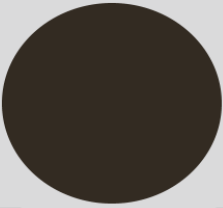
End Of Scene One

/exunt

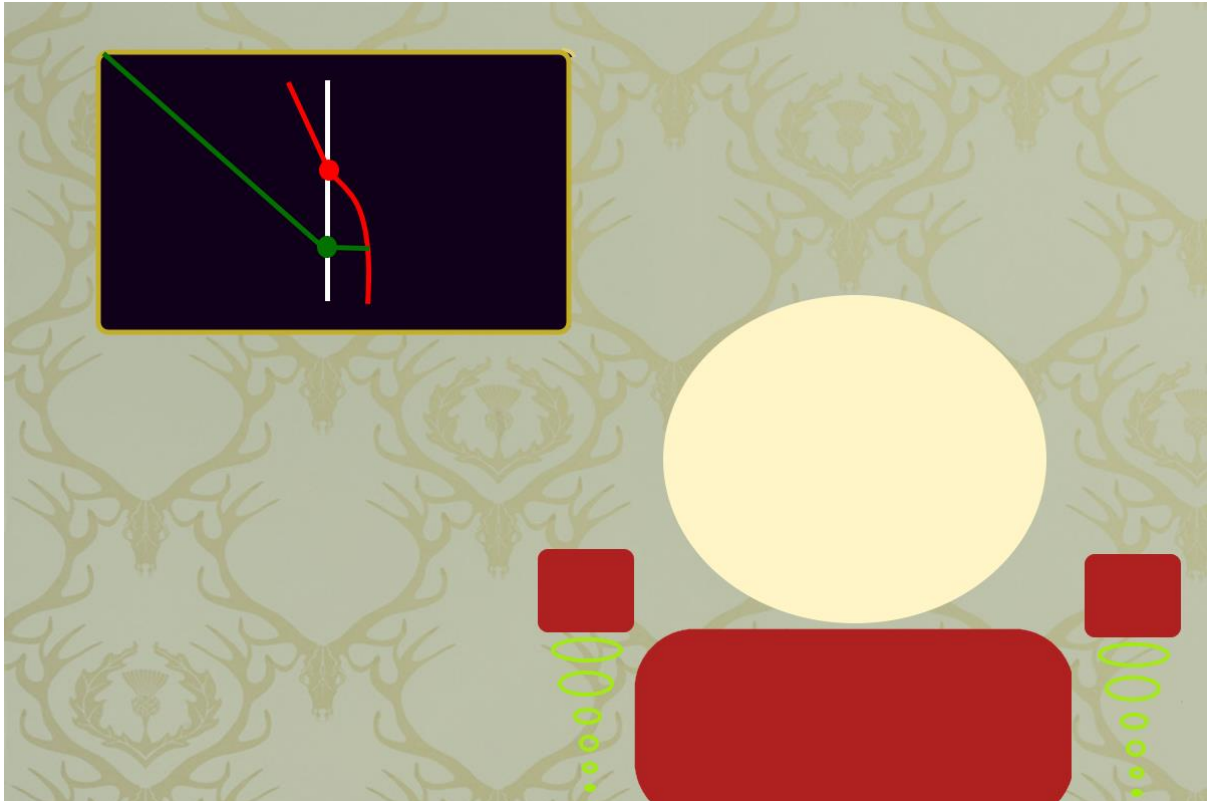


Well, that was exciting, wasn't it? Commentator, what's the audience reaction like?

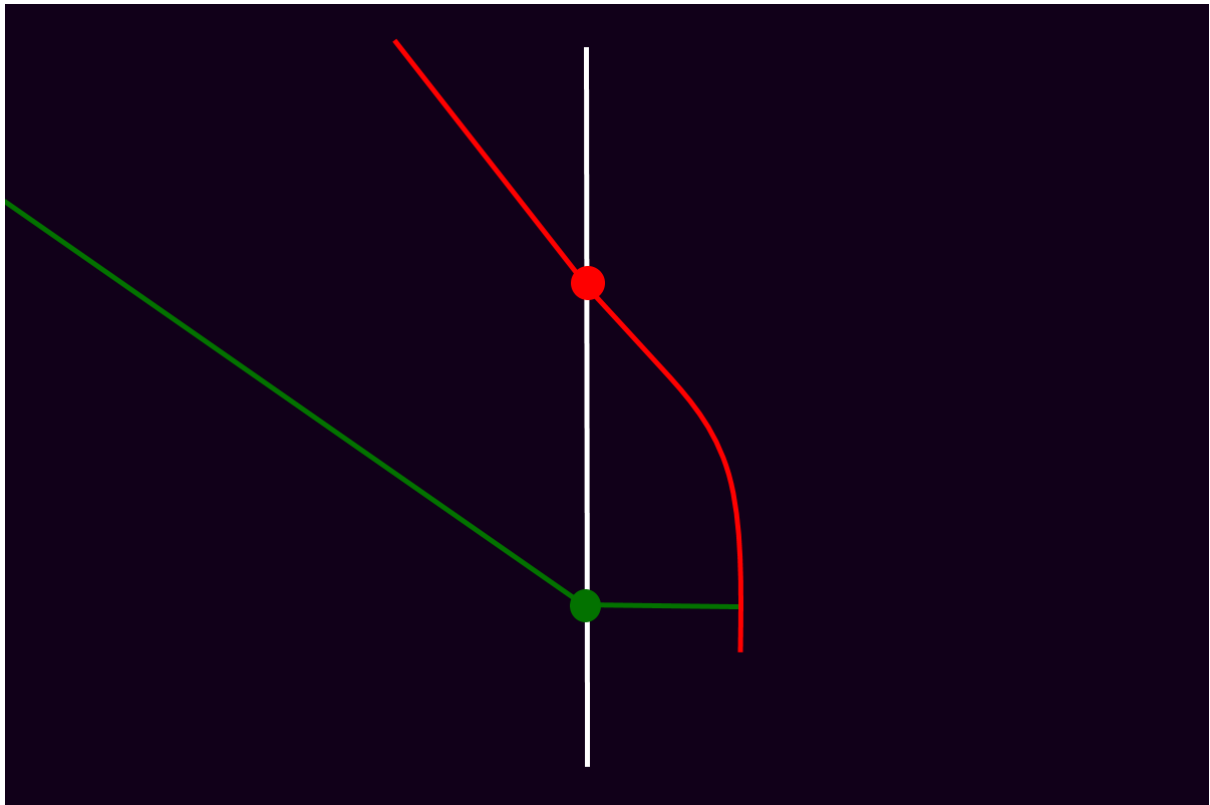




COMMENTATOR
Quiet and confused.

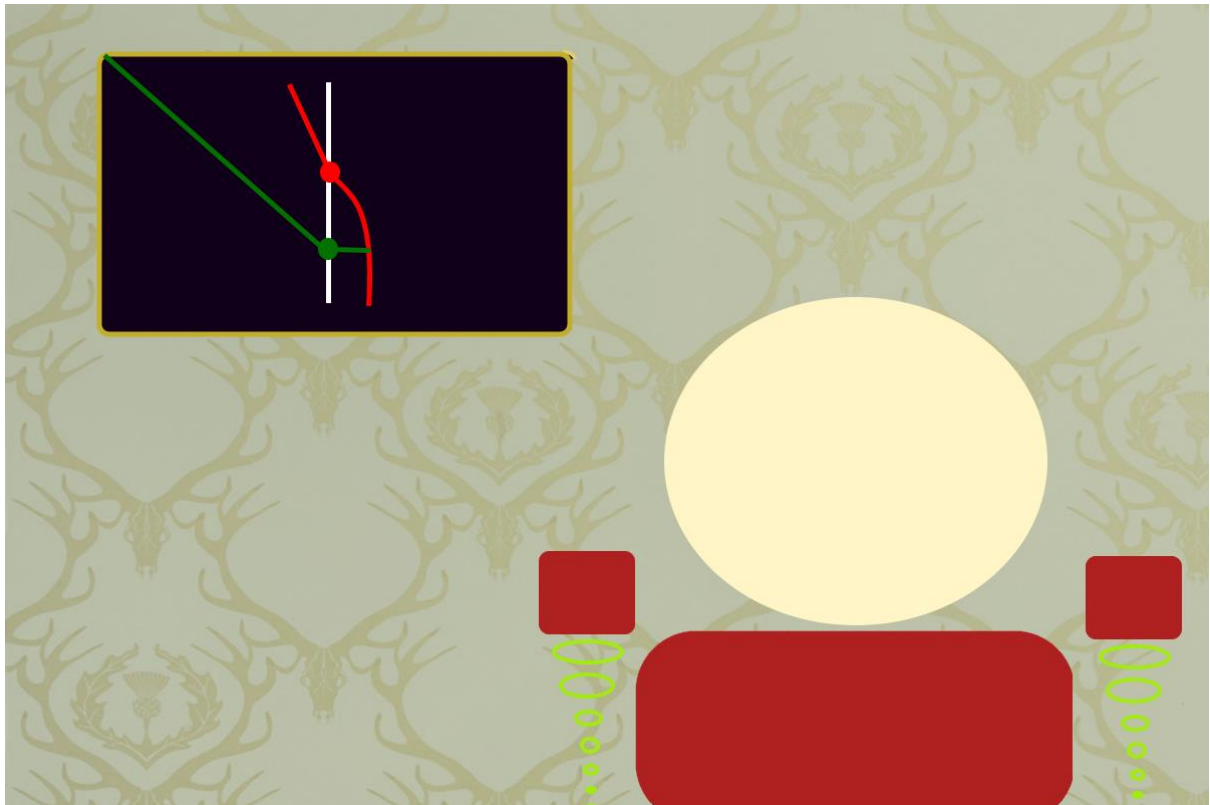


Perfect, just how I like it. Now, I believe it is time to introduce the concept of this comic's narrative structure.



This is the truKnot, a representation of this webcomic. Priori Progeny is three stories. Two act-long plots are entwined between the central thread, Priori Progeny itself. One if between Act 1 and the first half of Act 2. The second is an intermission between both halves of Act 2. Act 3 is uninterrupted.

After every scene you shall be redirected to me, where we may offer retrospectives or other such insights. Breaks, if you will; this performance is a monumental one. It requires every ounce of existence to portray the greatest battle ever conceived. That would be quite tiring to a mortal like you, I assume?



Anyway. Let's return to the Godlet Academy...